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## The Cambridge Poets

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*The*  
*Complete Poetical Works*  
*- of -*  
**W H I T T I E R**



Whittier's Birthplace

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY BOSTON

*Cambridge Edition*

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN 1888, Mr. Whittier supervised the preparation of a collective edition of his writings which was published in seven volumes, under the title of the Riverside Edition, uniform in general plan with the Riverside Edition of Longfellow's writings. For this edition the poet furnished introductions and head-notes, and in many cases revised the text. He decided which of his earlier poems to discard altogether, which to insert in an appendix, and which to include in the body of his poetry. He also determined on a classification of his poems, and divided the four volumes containing them into definite subdivisions, nine in all besides a small group of his sister's poems which he wished preserved with his own. Thus, very near the end of his life, he formed what was a definitive edition of his writings. He continued, however, to send out poems occasionally in the remaining four years, and these were gathered after his death into a small volume entitled "At Sundown." This little book was indeed the extension of one which he had issued privately in the last year of his life.

The present Cambridge Edition is based upon the original Riverside Edition. It contains the same text in the same topical arrangement, together with "At Sundown" and a few poems which were gleaned after Mr. Whittier's death and included in the authorized biography. The head-notes and the notes at the end of the volume are for the most part copies or abridgments of those used in the Riverside Edition, but a few have been added containing facts brought to light after Mr. Whittier's death. These are distinguished by being inclosed in brackets [ ]. As in the Cambridge Edition of Longfellow's Complete Works, a biographical sketch has been provided. The introduction which follows the sketch is that prepared by Mr. Whittier for the Riverside Edition.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

THE house is still standing in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, where John Greenleaf Whittier was born, December 17, 1807. It was built near the close of the seventeenth century by an ancestor of the poet, it sheltered several generations of Whittiers, in it John Greenleaf Whittier lived till his thirtieth year, and now it is likely to enjoy a long lease of life in association with his name, for since his death it has been purchased and held in trust as a shrine, and its chief room has been restored to the condition in which it was when the boy was living in it, the recollection of whose experience inspired that idyl of New England life, "Snow-Bound."

It is to "Snow-Bound" that one resorts for the most natural and delightful narrative of the associations amongst which Whittier passed his boyhood. His family held to the tenets of the Friends, and the discipline of that society in connection with the somewhat rigorous exactions of country life in New England in the early part of the century determined the character of the formal education which he received. In later life he was wont to refer to the journals of Friends which he found in the scanty library in his father's house as forming a large part of his reading in boyhood. He steeped his mind with their thoughts and learned to love their authors for their unconscious saintliness. There were not more than thirty volumes on the shelves, and, with a passion for reading, he read them over and over. One of these books, however, was the Bible, and he possessed himself of its contents, not only becoming familiar with the text, but penetrated by the spirit. When he began to write, his practice pieces were very largely paraphrases of scriptural themes, and throughout his poetry allusions to Biblical characters and passages fall as naturally from his lips as allusions to Greek or Roman literature and history from the lips of Milton.

Of regular schooling he had what the neighborhood could give, a few weeks each winter in the district school, and when he was nineteen, a little more than a year in an academy just started in Haverhill. In "Snow-Bound" he has drawn the portrait of one of his teachers at the district school, and his poem "To My Old Schoolmaster" commemorates another, Joshua Coffin, with whom he preserved a strong friendship in his manhood, when they were engaged in the same great cause of the abolition of human slavery. These teachers, who, according to the old New England custom, lived in turn with the families of their pupils, brought into the Whittier household other reading than strictly religious books, and Coffin especially rendered the boy a great service in introducing him to a knowledge of Burns, whose poems he read aloud once as the family sat by the fireside in the evening. The boy of fourteen was entranced; it was the voice of poetry speaking directly to the ear of poetry, and the new-comer recognized in an instant the prophet whose mantle he was to wear. Coffin was struck with the effect on his listener, and left the book with him. In one of his best known poems, written a generation later, when receiving a sprig of heather in bloom, Whittier records his indebtedness to Burns. To use his own expression, "the older poet woke the younger." He had been dreaming of Indians, much as a young Scotsman might have pleased his imagination by picturing border chieftains. He said himself, looking back with amusement to his poem of "Mogg Megone," "it suggests the idea of a big Indian in his war paint strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid." But except for one or two intentional imitations, Burns' influence over Whittier was summed up in that sudden illumination which showed him, not indeed the beauty of nature and the worth of man,—the knowledge of these was a birthright,—but what poetry could do in transfiguring both.

The home life which the boy led, aside from the conscious or unconscious schooling,

which he found in books, was one of many hardships, but within the sanctuary of a gracious and dignified home. The secluded valley in which he lived was three miles from the nearest village; from the date of the erection of the homestead till now no neighbor's roof has been in sight. The outdoor life was that of a farmer with cattle, tempered indeed in the short summer by the kindly gifts of nature, so happily shown in the poem of the "Barefoot Boy," but for the most part a life of toil and endurance which left its marks indelibly in the shattered constitution of the poet. Twice a week the family drove to a Friends' meeting at Amesbury, eight miles distant, and in winter without warm wraps or protecting robes. The old barn, built before that celebrated in "Snow-Bound," had no doors, and the winter snows drifted upon its floor, for neither beasts nor men, in the custom of the time, were expected to resist cold except by their native vigor. Whittier's companions of his own age were a brother and two sisters, one of whom, Elizabeth Whittier, was his nearest associate for the better part of his life, and the household held also that figure so beautiful and helpful in many families, an Aunt Mercy, as also a lively, adventurous bachelor, Uncle Moses. The father of the house, as we are told, was a man of few words; the mother, whose life was spared till that happy time when mother and son change places in care-taking, had a rarely refined nature, in which the Quaker graces of calmness and order were developed into a noble beauty of living.

The appendix to Whittier's Poetical Works contains a few out of a large number of poems written by him when he was a schoolboy. They display, as indeed did most of his writing for a few years to come, little more than a versifying facility and a certain sense of correct form as copied from correct, but rather lifeless models. They were, for all that, witnesses to the intellectual activity of a rudely trained boy, and showed that his mind was intent on high, oftentimes poetic themes. His mother and his sister Mary encouraged him, but his father, a hard-headed, hard-working farmer, of scound judgment and independent habits of thinking, was too severely aware of the straitened condition of the family to think of anything else for his son than a life of toil like his own. Mary Whittier, with a sister's pride, sent one of her brother's poems, unknown to the author, to the "Free Press" of Newburyport, a new paper lately started which commended itself by its tone to the Quaker Whittier, so that he had subscribed to it. The poem was printed, and the first that the poet knew of it was when he caught the paper from the postman riding by the field where he and his father were working. It was such a moment as comes to a young poet, believing in himself and having that aspiration for recognition which is one of the holiest as it is one of the subtlest elements in the poetic constitution. The poem was followed by another, which the author himself sent; and when it was printed, it was introduced by an editorial note, in which the fame of the poet was foretold, and a hint given as to his youth and condition. For with the publication of the first poem, "The Exile's Departure," the editor had become so interested that he had sought the acquaintance of the writer.

Whittier was at work in the fields when the editor, himself a young man, called. He held back, but was induced by his sister to make himself presentable and come in to see the visitor. It was one of those first encounters which in the history of notable men are charged with most interesting potentialities. Garrison, for he was the editor, had not yet done more than take the first step on his thorny path to greatness, and Whittier was still working in the fields, though harboring poetic visitants. Garrison was but a few years older, and in later life those few years counted nothing, but now they were enough to lead him to take the tone of an adviser, and both to Greenleaf and his father, who entered the room, he spoke of the promise of the youth and the importance of his acquiring an academic education.

It was against the more rigorous interpretation of the Friends' doctrine that literary culture should be made an end, and the notion that the boy should be sent to an academy was not encouraged; but a few months later, Garrison having left Newburyport for Boston, and Whittier making a new connection with the Haverhill "Gazette," the editor of that paper, Mr. A. W. Thayer, gave the same advice and pressed the consideration that a new academy was shortly to be opened in Haverhill. He offered the boy a home in his own

family, and the father now consented, moved also by the doubt if his son could stand the physical strain of farm work. He had no money, however, to spare, and the student must earn his own living. This he did by making a cheap kind of slipper, and devoted himself so faithfully to the industry in the few months intervening between the decision and the opening of the academy in May, 1827, that he earned enough to pay his expenses there for a term of six months. "He calculated so closely every item of expense," says his biographer, "that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had this sum of money in his pocket when his half year of study was over. It was the rule of his whole life never to buy anything until he had the money in hand to pay for it, and although his income was small and uncertain until past middle life, he was never in debt."

By teaching a district school a few weeks and aiding a merchant with bookkeeping, he was enabled to make out a full year of study, and meantime continued to write both verse and prose for the newspapers. By this means he paved the way for an invitation when he was twenty-one years of age to enter the printing office in Boston of the Colliers, father and son, who published two weekly papers and a magazine. One of the weeklies was a political journal, "The Manufacturer," the other a paper of reform and humanitarianism called "The Philanthropist." Whittier had editorial charge of the former, and occupied himself with writing papers on temperance and the tariff of which he was an ardent advocate, and with verses and tales. It was not altogether a congenial relation in which he found himself, though the occupation was one to which he was to turn naturally for some time to come for self-support; he remained with the Colliers for a year and a half, and then returned to his father's farm, with between four and five hundred dollars, the savings of half his salary. This he devoted to freeing the farm from the incumbrance of a mortgage, and himself took charge of the farm, for his father was rapidly failing in health.

The death of his father in June, 1830, while it set him free from his father's occupation, made it still more imperative for him to earn his living, since the care of the family fell upon him. He had been using his pen and studying meanwhile, and his verses were bringing him acquaintances and friends. Through one of these, the brilliant George D. Prentice, he was induced to take up editorial work again in Hartford; but after a determined effort it became clear that his health was too fragile to permit him to devote himself to the exacting work of editing a journal, and in January, 1832, he returned to his home. Just at this time he published his first book, a mere pamphlet of twenty-eight octavo pages containing a poem of New England legendary life, entitled "Moll Pitcher." He had contributed besides, more than a hundred poems in the three years since leaving the academy, and had written many more. But though thus active with his pen, his strongest ambition, it may be said, was at this time in the direction of politics. For the next four years he remained on the farm at Haverhill, and when in April, 1836, the farm was sold, he removed with his mother and sister to the village of Amesbury, chiefly that they might be nearer the Friends' meeting, but also that Whittier might be more in the centre of things. In his seclusion at East Haverhill he had eagerly watched the course of public events. He was a great admirer of Henry Clay, and a determined opponent of Jackson. With his engaging character, his intellectual readiness, and that political instinct which never deserted him, he was rapidly coming into public notice in his district, and his own desire for serving in office drew him on. To be a member of Congress he must be twenty-five years old, and at the election which was to occur just before his birthday there were many indications that he would be the nominee of his party. This was at the end of 1832, but before the next election occurred there was a grave obstacle created by Whittier himself, and thenceforward through the years when he would naturally engage in public life he was practically debarred.

It was not the precariousness of his health which kept Whittier out of active politics, though this was a strong reason for avoiding the stress and strain of a public life, but the decision which led him to enlist in an unpopular cause. In November, 1831, he had published his poem "To William Lloyd Garrison," which introduces the section Anti-Slavery

Poems in this collection. It intimates a personal influence under which, with a moral nature fortified by great political insight, he began to consider seriously the movement for the abolition of slavery which was making itself evident here and there. As a specific result of this study he wrote in the spring of 1833 the pamphlet "Justice and Expediency," and published it at his own expense. It was a piece of writing compact with carefully gathered facts and logical deduction, and earnest with the rhetoric of personal conviction. Every sentence was an arraignment of slavery and a blow at his own chances of political office. The performance was in answer to the appeal of his own truthful nature, and it was a deliberate act of renunciation.

Now also began, at first with remote suggestions as in "Toussaint L'Ouverture," then nearer and nearer as he sings his tribute to the men of his day, known or unknown, who had been champions of freedom, Storrs, Shipley, Torrey, those bursts of passionate verse which were the vent of his soul overburdened with a sense of the deep wrong committed against God and man by the persistency of African slavery in the United States. In the years immediately following his decision to cast in his lot with the small band of despised anti-slavery agitators almost all of the poems which he wrote were of two sorts, either breathings of a spirit craving close communion with God as in his hymns, his lines on "The Call of the Christian," "The Female Martyr," and other poems, or fiery, scarce-controlled outbursts of feeling upon the evils of slavery, and vials of wrath poured out on those who aided and abetted the monstrous wrong. Such poems as "The Slave Ships," "The Hunters of Men," "Stanzas for the Times," "Clerical Oppressors," "Massachusetts," "The Pastoral Letter," derive their power not from their poetic spirit and form so much as from the righteous indignation, the pity, the overcharged feeling which crowd them. And if, in the years before, Whittier's verses with their conventional smoothness had drawn notice by the gentle spirit which suffused them, now his loud cry, violent and tempestuous, broke upon the ear with a harshness and yet an insistent fervor which compelled men to listen. It is indeed a striking phenomenon in poetic growth which one perceives who is familiar with Whittier's compositions and casts his eye down a chronological list of his poems. Up to the date of his enlistment in the ranks of the anti-slavery army his ambition had been divided between literature and politics, with a taste in verse which was harmonious and an execution which was not wanting in melody yet had no remarkable note. After he stepped into the ranks a great change came over his spirit. He rushed into verse in a tumultuous fashion, careless of the form, eager only to utter the message which half choked him with its violence. There was a fierce note to his poetry, rough, but tremendously earnest. This was the first effect, such a troubling of the waters as gave a somewhat turbid aspect to the stream, and for a while his verse was very largely declamatory, rhymed polemics.

But such poems as "Expostulation," beginning

"Our fellow-countrymen in chains!"

were to people then living scarcely so much poems as they were sounds of a great trumpet which were heard, not for their musical sonance, but for their power to stir the blood, and Whittier, though living almost in seclusion, became a name of note to many who would scarcely have known of him had he been a mere legislator or smooth-singing verse maker. He was recognized by the anti-slavery leaders as one of themselves, and this not only because of his powerful speech in song, but because on closer acquaintance he proved to be a most sagacious and wise reader of men and affairs. His own neighbors quickly learned this quality in him. He was sent to the legislature in 1835 and reelected in 1836, but his frail health made it impossible for him to continue in this service. Nevertheless, he wielded political power with great skill aside from political office. He was indefatigable in accomplishing political ends through political men. No important nominations were made in his district without a preliminary conference with him, and more than once he compelled unwilling representatives to work for the great ends he had in view. It may be said here that though a steadfast leader in the anti-slavery cause he differed from some of his associates, both now and throughout his life, in setting a high

value upon existing political organizations. "From first to last," says his biographer, "he refused to come out from his party until he had done all that could be done to induce it to assist in the work of reform," and Whittier himself, in an article written about this time, exclaims, "What an absurdity is moral action apart from political!" meaning of course when dealing with those subjects which demand political action. Once more, in a letter written to the anti-Texas convention of 1845, he said that though as an abolitionist he was no blind worshiper of the Union, he saw nothing to be gained by an effort, necessarily limited and futile, to dissolve it. The moral and political power requisite for dissolving the Union could far more easily abolish every vestige of slavery.

We have anticipated a little in these comments the strict order of Whittier's life. In 1836 was published the first bound volume of his verse. It was confined to his poem "Mogg Megone," which he had before printed in the "New England Magazine." It may be taken as the last expression of Whittier's poetic mind before the great change came over it of which we have spoken, and he was himself later so aware of its lack of genuine life that in collecting finally his writings he buried this so far as he could in the fine type of an appendix; but at the end of 1837 Isaac Knapp, publisher of the "Liberator," Garrison's paper, to which Whittier had been contributing his stirring verses, without consulting the poet, issued a volume of over a hundred pages, entitled "Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the Years 1830 and 1838. By John G. Whittier." This was the first collection of his miscellaneous poems, and a year later another volume was issued by Joseph Healy, the financial agent of the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile Whittier had been staying awhile in Philadelphia, engaged in editing the "Pennsylvania Freeman." It was during this time that Pennsylvania Hall was burnt by a mob enraged at the gathering there of an anti-slavery convention. Besides his work on the paper, which was frequently interrupted by ill health, he devoted himself in other ways to the promotion of the cause in which he was so ardently involved, but early in 1840 he found it imperative to give up all this work and retire to his home in Amesbury.

From this time forward he made no attempt to engage in any occupation which did not comport with a quiet life in his own home, except that for a few months in 1844 he resided in Lowell, editing the "Middlesex Standard." He wrote much for the papers, and the poetic stream also flowed with greater freedom and it may be said clearness. He contributed a number of poems to the "Democratic Review" and other periodicals, and in 1843 the firm of W. D. Ticknor published "Lays of my Home, and Other Poems," the first book from which Whittier received any remuneration. The struggle for maintenance through these years was somewhat severe, but in January, 1847, he formed a connection which was not only to afford him a more liberal support, but was to give him a most favorable outlet for his writings, both prose and verse.

It had been decided by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to establish a weekly paper in Washington, and the editorial charge was committed to Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, an intrepid and able man of experience. The paper was named "The National Era," and Whittier was invited to become a regular contributor, editorial and otherwise, but not required to do his work away from home. The paper, as is well known, was the medium for the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its circulation was so considerable as to make it a source of profit to its conductors as early as by the end of the first year. From 1847 till 1860 Whittier made this paper the chief vehicle of his writings, contributing not only poems, but reviews of contemporary literature, editorial articles, letters, sketches, and the serial which was published afterward in a book, "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal."

In 1849 B. B. Mussey & Co. of Boston brought out a comprehensive collection of Whittier's Poems in a dignified octavo volume illustrated with designs by Hammatt Billings. It was a venture made quite as much on friendly as on commercial grounds. Mr. Mussey was a cordial supporter of the anti-slavery cause and had a great admiration for Whittier's genius. He was determined to publish the poems in a worthy form, and his generous act met with an agreeable reward. Its success was a testimony to the

repute in which Whittier was now held. At the same time his publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, were in negotiation with him for a new volume, and in 1850 appeared "Songs of Labor, and Other Poems."

These two volumes which gathered the fruit of twenty years show unmistakably the further growth of Whittier's poetic power. With the establishment of his anti-slavery convictions into firm working principles, the maturing of his experience, the enlargement of his political vision, and the increase in his friendship, there had come also a strengthening of his hand in the use of his pen, and a finer use, because more clear and restrained, of his poetic voice. Moreover, the religious feeling which was seen in his earlier life, and put to the test by closer association with men, had deepened into a serene confidence in God which pervaded his life and sustained him against all the shock of a disappointing age. Moreover, his eye and ear were in harmony with nature, and more and more he found not only an escape to nature as a relief from the world but a positive enjoyment in the field of beauty. Poetry, once a literary exercise, then a channel for the relief of a mind overburdened with its sense of an unconquered evil, was now become the full, free expression of a nature broadening under the thought of God, delighting in response to the world of beauty, strong and secure in a great purpose of humanity. It was his natural voice, which formerly broke under the strain of a changing constitution, but now was pure, sweet and far-carrying, obeying a trained impulse and resonant with a full force.

The establishment of "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1857 gave another impetus to Whittier's poetic productiveness. Here was a singular illustration of the growth in the community about him of a spirit quite in agreement with his own personality. Opposition to slavery lay at the base of the origin of the magazine, and yet in the minds of its projectors, this political bond was to unite men of letters and not simply antagonists of slavery. The "Atlantic" was to be the organ of the literary class, but it was to be by no means exclusively devoted to an anti-slavery crusade. Indeed it would almost seem as if this specific purpose of the magazine was almost lost sight of at first in the richness and abundance of general literature which it immediately stimulated. It is easy now to see how natural and congenial a medium this was for Whittier's verse. In subjecting his political and literary ambition to a great moral purpose, so that he could no longer hope for political official power, and, in his own words

"Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
The crank of an opinion mill,  
Making his rustic reed of song  
A weapon in the war with wrong.  
Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough  
That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to spring and grow," —

in doing this, though it cost him a struggle, he had fulfilled the true saying that to save one's life one must lose it. He had given up the name and place of a political magnate, but he had secured the more impregnable position of the power behind the throne in politics, and in place of a smooth versifier, holding the attention of those with whom poetry was a plaything, he had become one of the few imperative voices of song, and had taken his place as one of the necessary men in the group of men of letters who now came together to represent the highest force in American literature.

For it is to be observed that Whittier was now no longer regarded as only the singer of spirited songs flying with all their winged power straight at the enemy as they sped from a bow held by an Apollo. The passion which he had shown in his polemic verse had awakened his whole nature, and his poems on whatever theme came from a nature which had been developed in all its powers by this commanding purpose. Nevertheless, it is noticeable how the new opportunity afforded by the "Atlantic," and the increased association with the other great writers of the day, was consonant with if not the cause of a broadening of Whittier's mind, a sunny burst of full life, finding expression in such poems as "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "The Sycamores," "The Pipes at Lucknow," "Mabel

Martin," "The Garrison of Cape Ann," "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," "Telling the Bees," "The Last Walk in Autumn," as well as "The Eve of Election" and "Moloch in State Street."

The war for the Union naturally found Whittier strongly stirred, and more than ever watchful of the great issue which throughout his manhood has been constantly before his eyes, and his triumphant "Laus Deo" is as it were the Nunc Dimittis of this modern prophet and servant of the Lord. But Whittier was a Quaker not in any conventional sense, but by birthright, conviction, and growing consciousness of communion with God. Though he wrote such a stirring ballad, therefore, as "Barbara Frietchie," he wrote also the lines addressed to his fellow-believers : —

"The levelled gun, the battle brand  
We may not take :  
But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
And suffer with our suffering land  
For conscience' sake."

It is interesting also to observe how in this time of stress and pain, he escaped to the calm solace of nature. His poem "The Battle Autumn of 1862," records this emotion specifically, but more than one poem in the group "In War Time" bears testimony to this sentiment. Meanwhile other poems written during the years 1861-1865 illustrate the longing of Whittier's nature for relief from the terrible knowledge of human strife, a longing definitely expressed by him in the prelusive address to William Bradford, the Quaker painter, prefacing "Amy Wentworth," in which he says : —

"We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share  
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,  
Yet owning with full hearts and moistened eyes  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the living wall  
'Twixt law and treason, — in this evil day  
May haply fad, through automatic play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,  
And hearten others with the strength we gain."

Something of the same note is struck in the introduction to "The Countess." But before the war closed, Whittier met with a personal loss which meant much to him every way. His sister Elizabeth, as we have seen, had been his closest companion, his most intimate acquaintance. He had shared his life with her in no light sense, and now he was to see the flame of that life flicker and at last expire in the early fall of 1864. The first poem after her death, "The Vanishers," in its theme, its faint note as of a bird calling from the wood, is singularly sweet both as sign of the return of the poet to the world after his flight from it in sympathy and imagination with the retreating spirit of his sister, and as a prophecy of the character of so large a part of Whittier's poetry from this time forward. "The Eternal Goodness," written a twelvemonth later, may be said more positively than any other poem to contain Whittier's creed, and the fullness of faith which characterizes it found free and cheerful expression again and again.

Yet another poem which immediately followed it is significant not only by its repetition of his note of spiritual trust, but by its strong witness to the sane, human quality of Whittier's genius. "Snow-Bound," simple and radiant as it is with human life, is also the reflection of a mind equally at home in spiritual realities. It may fairly be said to sum up Whittier's personal experience and faith, and yet so absolutely free is it from egotism that it has taken its place as the representative poem of New England country life, quite as surely as Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" expresses one large phase of Scotch life.

The success which attended "Snow-Bound" was immediate, and the result was such as to put Whittier at once beyond the caprices of fortune, and to give him so firm a place in

the affections of his countrymen as to complete as it were the years of his struggle and his patient endurance. There is something almost dramatic in the appearance of this poem. The war was over : the end of that long contest in which Whittier, physically weak but spiritually strong, had been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. What was the force which had been too mighty for a great entrenched wrong? With no conscious purpose, but in the simple delight of poetry, Whittier sang this winter idyl of the North, and one now sees how it imprisons the light which shatters the evil, for it is an epitome of honest work and a family life lived in the eye of God, "duty keeping pace with all," and the whole issuing in that large hope.

"Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day."

The history of Whittier's life after this date is written in his poems. The outward adventure was slight enough. He divided his year between the Amesbury home and that which he established with other kinsfolk at Oak Knoll in Danvers. In the summer time he was wont to seek the mountains of New Hampshire or the nearer beaches that stretch from Newburyport to Portsmouth. The scenes thus familiar to him were translated by him into song. Human life blended with the forms of nature, and he made this whole region as distinctively his poetic field as Wordsworth made the Lake district of Cumberland, or as Irving made the banks of the Hudson. In such a group as "The Tent on the Beach," in "Among the Hills," "The Witch of Wenham," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "How the Women went from Dover," "The Homestead," and many others he records the delight which he took in nature and especially in the human associations with nature.

"The Tent on the Beach" again illustrates the personal attachments which he formed and which constituted so large an element in the last thirty years of his life. In actual contact and in the friendships formed through books, one may read the largeness of Whittier's sympathy with his fellows, and the warmth of his generous nature. Such poems as the frequent ones commemorating Garrison, Sumner, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, the Fields's, Mrs. Child, the Spoffords, Stedman, Barnard, Bayard Taylor, Weld and others illustrate the range of his friendship; but the poems also which bear the names of Tilden, Mulford, Thiers, Halleck, Agassiz, Garibaldi illustrate likewise a strong sense of the lives of men who, perhaps, never came within the scope of personal acquaintance.

Nor was it only through human lives that he touched the world about him. His biographer bears witness to the assiduity with which he compensated in later years for the restrictions imposed by necessity on his education in earlier years. He became a great and discursive reader, and his poems, especially after "Snow-Bound," contain many proofs of this both in the suggestions which gave rise to them and in the allusions which they contain. Northern literature is reflected in "The Dole of Jarl Thorkell," "King Volmer and Elsie," "The Brown Dwarf of Rügen," and others; Eastern life and religion reappear in "Oriental Maxims," "Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj," "The Brewing of Soma," "Giving and Taking," and many more, and history, especially that involved with his own religious faith, gave opportunity for "The King's Missive," "St. Gregory's Guest," "Banished from Massachusetts," "The Two Elizabeths," "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

Yet, as we suggested above, the most constant strain, after all, was that which found so full expression in "The Eternal Goodness." So pervasive in Whittier's mind was this thought of God that it did not so much seek occasion for formal utterance, as it used with the naturalness of breathing such opportunities as arose, touching with light one theme after another, and forming, indeed, the last whispered voice heard from his lips, "Love to all the world."

It was a serene life of the spirit which Whittier led in the closing years of his life, and he was secure in friendship and the shelter of home. He read, he saw his neighbors and friends, he wrote letters, he took the liveliest interest in current affairs, especially

in politics. He had been a Presidential elector in both the Lincoln campaigns; so that he used humorously to say that he was the only person who had had the opportunity to vote for Lincoln four times. He was much sought after for occasional poems, and he complied with these requests from time to time, as in his "Centennial Hymn," "In the Old South," "The Bartholdi Statue," "One of the Signers," and "Haverhill;" but he was quite as likely to take hint from an occasion without the asking. Yet all this time he was assailed by infirmities which would have shaken the serenity of most. He suffered intensely from neuralgic disorders, and was sadly broken in the last years of his life.

He sang up to the end, one may say. A few weeks before his death, he wrote the verses to Oliver Wendell Holmes which stand at the completion of this collection in the division "At Sundown." True to the controlling spirit of his life, he sings,—

"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

"For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives."

He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

H. E. S



## INTRODUCTION

THE edition of my poems published in 1857 contained the following note by way of preface : —

“ In these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

“ That there are pieces in this collection which I would ‘ willingly let die,’ I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author’s life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

“ The long poem of ‘ Mogg Megone ’ was in a great measure composed in early life ; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.”

After a lapse of thirty years since the above was written, I have been requested by my publishers to make some preparation for a new and revised edition of my poems. I cannot flatter myself that I have added much to the interest of the work beyond the correction of my own errors and those of the press, with the addition of a few heretofore unpublished pieces, and occasional notes of explanation which seemed necessary. I have made an attempt to classify the poems under a few general heads, and have transferred the long poem of “ Mogg Megone ” to the Appendix, with other specimens of my earlier writings. I have endeavored to affix the dates of composition or publication as far as possible.

In looking over these poems I have not been unmindful of occasional prosaic lines and verbal infelicities, but at this late day I have neither strength nor patience to undertake their correction.

Perhaps a word of explanation may be needed in regard to a class of poems written between the years 1832 and 1865. Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest and often vehement expression of the writer’s thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth : they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer’s heart, forged

at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given. Such as they are, they belong to the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, and may serve as way-marks of its progress. If their language at times seems severe and harsh, the monstrous wrong of Slavery which provoked it must be its excuse, if any is needed. In attacking it, we did not measure our words. "It is," said Garrison, "a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil." But in truth the contest was, in a great measure, an impersonal one, — hatred of slavery and not of slave-masters.

"No common wrong provoked our zeal,  
The silken gauntlet which is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel."

Even Thomas Jefferson, in his terrible denunciation of Slavery in the "Notes on Virginia," says: "It is impossible to be temperate and pursue the subject of Slavery."

After the great contest was over, no class of the American people were more ready, with kind words and depreciation of harsh retaliation, to welcome back the revolted States than the Abolitionists; and none have since more heartily rejoiced at the fast increasing prosperity of the South.

Grateful for the measure of favor which has been accorded to my writings, I leave this edition with the public. It contains all that I care to republish, and some things which, had the matter of choice been left solely to myself, I should have omitted.

J. G. W.

## PROEM

Written to introduce the first general collection of Whittier's Poems.]

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are her

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies ;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind ;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown ;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine

AMESBURY, 11th mo., 1847.



## NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS

### THE VAUDOIS TEACHER

This poem was suggested by the account given of the manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry. They gained access to the house through their occupation as peddlers of silks, jewels, and trinkets. "Having disposed of some of their goods," it is said by a writer who quotes the inquisitor Rainerus Sacco, "they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these, inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."

The poem, under the title *Le Colporteur Vaudois*, was translated into French by Professor G. de Felice, of Montauban, and further naturalized by Professor Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, who quoted it in his lectures on French literature, afterwards published. It became familiar in this form to the Waldenses, who adopted it as a household poem. An American clergyman, J. C. Fletcher, frequently heard it when he was a student, about the year 1830, in the theological seminary at Geneva, Switzerland, but the authorship of the poem was unknown to those who used it. Twenty-five years later, Mr. Fletcher, learning the name of the author, wrote to the moderator of the Waldensian synod at La Tour, giving the information. At the banquet which closed the meeting of the synod, the moderator announced the fact, and was instructed in the name of the Waldensian church to write to me a letter of thanks. My letter, written in reply, was translated into Italian and printed throughout Italy.

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;  
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

The lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls

Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;  
And she placed their price in the old man's hand and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,— "My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings;  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;

"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old,  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book, Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!

"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!  
Nay, keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that highborn maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,

And given her human heart to God in its  
beautiful hour of youth !

And she hath left the gray old halls, where  
an evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train,  
and the maidens of her bower ;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by  
lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are  
rich in the perfect love of God !

### THE FEMALE MARTYR

Mary G——, aged eighteen, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

"BRING out your dead !" The midnight  
street  
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low  
call ;  
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,  
Glanced through the dark the coarse white  
sheet,  
Her coffin and her pall.  
"What — only one !" the brutal hack-man  
said,  
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall !  
The dying turned him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die !  
Onward it rolled ; while oft its driver  
stayed,  
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho ! bring out  
your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place ;  
"Toss in your load !" and it was done.  
With quick hand and averted face,  
Hastily to the grave's embrace  
They cast them, one by one,  
Stranger and friend, the evil and the just,  
Together trodden in the churchyard dust !

And thou, young martyr ! thou wast there ;  
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,  
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
Giving thee to thy God ;

Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper  
gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave !

Yet, gentle sufferer ! there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling,  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels,  
keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of  
sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well ;  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell :  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone !

Where manly hearts were failing, where  
The throngful street grew foul with death,  
O high-souled martyr ! thou wast there,  
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.  
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious  
dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind !  
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
And holy mysteries of Heaven !  
How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
In mute and awful sympathy,  
As thy low prayers were given ;  
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the  
while,  
An angel's features, a deliverer's smile !

A blessed task ! and worthy one  
Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Before life's pathway had begun  
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
Had sealed her early vow ;  
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless truth

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
Could be for thee a meet reward ;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear :  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard  
The joys prepared, the promised bliss  
above,  
The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy,  
These have but frail and fading honors ;  
thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble  
down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,  
The herald's line of long renown,  
The mitre and the kingly crown, —  
Perishing glories all !  
The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a  
part.

#### EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND"

Originally a part of the author's *Moll Pitcher*.

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning !  
Its rites foredone, its guardians dead,  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning !  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak !  
No more along the shadowy glen  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men ;  
No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone ;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone !  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;

No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered  
sashes !  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;  
No more their mimic tones be heard,  
The mew of cat, the chirp of bird,  
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
Of the fell demon following after !  
The cautious goodman nails no more  
A horseshoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit ;  
The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned !  
Our witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features ;  
Their sorcery — the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;  
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
Along the charmed Ausonian shore !  
Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,  
Sleeps calmly where the living laid  
her ;  
And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress free,  
Hath found no gray and skilled invader.  
So perished Albion's "glammary,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
His charméd torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise, —  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

## THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail ;  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the  
corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of  
him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered  
limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad  
cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and  
gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good King James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell ;  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red  
nose,  
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old man !

He comes with a careless " How d' ye do ? "  
And seats himself in my elbow-chair ;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,

And he wipes his glasses and clears his  
throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and  
look

Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone, —  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance, which  
seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's  
dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns, from the self-same  
book,  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe, —  
Some prisoner's plaint through his dun-  
geon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear !

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,  
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door ;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music, the night before,

From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs  
meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I 've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size  
Which a Christian man is presumed to  
meet,

But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I 've crossed the Psalter with Brady and  
Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I 've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

“ *Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum !* ” — still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me, —  
The exorcism has lost its skill ;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah ! commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues, to the  
wandering Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm ' him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man !

### THE FOUNTAIN

On the declivity of a hill in Salisbury, Essex County, is a fountain of clear water, gushing from the very roots of a venerable oak. It is about two miles from the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimac.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling  
By the swift Powow,  
With the summer sunshine falling  
On thy heated brow,

Listen, while all else is still,  
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
By that streamlet's side,  
And a greener verdure showing  
Where its waters glide,  
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
O'er the sloping hill,  
Beautiful and freshly springeth  
That soft-flowing rill,  
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,  
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
In that magic well,  
Of whose gift of life forever  
Ancient legends tell,  
In the lonely desert wasted,  
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies,  
Where his forest pathway lay  
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
With the dusky brow  
Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
Crossed the swift Powow,  
And betook him to the rill  
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone  
Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stooped him down  
To the fountain's grassy side,  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven

Lendeth to its bow ;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
With his chains of sand ;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twixt the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimac.

Over village, wood, and meadow  
Gazed that stranger man,  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward pane  
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of their wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe ?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood  
Down their sides the shadows throwing  
Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept !

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now ;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear ;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever  
Loved to linger here ?  
These bare hills, this conquered river, —  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness  
Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,

While the western half of heaven  
Blushed with sunset still,  
From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
But he came no more  
To the hillside on the river  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers, —  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.

### PENTUCKET

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Chaillons, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door. In a paper entitled *The Border War of 1708*, published in my collection of *Recreations and Miscellanies*, I have given a prose narrative of the surprise of Haverhill.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone !  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,

With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough,  
The milkmaid caroled by her cow ;  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay.  
—So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimac along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hushed grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound,  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat ?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood ?  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?  
No, — through the trees fierce eyeballs  
glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear ;  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock ;  
Then rang the rifle-shot, and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain.  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,

And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and scalp-knives bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat filled the air,  
No shout was heard, nor gunshot there ;  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped  
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak,  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare ;  
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard ;  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

### THE NORSEMEN

In the early part of the present century, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited the northeast coast of North America and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !  
A relic to the present east,  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
And beating of the waves of Time !  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block ?  
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam ;  
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
The circles widen to its shore :

And cultured field and peopled town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,  
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear, —  
A spell is in this old gray stone,  
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change ! — The steepled town no more  
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore ;  
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud :  
Spectrally rising where they stood,  
I see the old, primeval wood ;  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
I see its solemn waste expand ;  
It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
It arches o'er the valley's rill,  
And leans from cliff and crag to throw  
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
Flows on, as it will flow forever !  
I listen, and I hear the low  
Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,  
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark ! — from wood and rock flung back,  
What sound comes up the Merrimac ?  
What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
The light spray from each rushing prow ?  
Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?  
Then frozen sails the low, pale sun  
Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way !

Onward they glide, — and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew ;  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky.  
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide ;

Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Northmen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
A sound of smitten shields I hear,  
Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme ;  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among ;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune ;  
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well ;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'T is past, — the 'wildering vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes !  
The forest vanishes in air,  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;  
I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again ;  
The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone ;  
And if it be the chiselled limb  
Of Berserker or idol grim,  
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,  
Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love-awakening Siona,  
I know not, — for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.  
Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
This glance upon its darkness cast,  
My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,  
Who fashioned so the human mind,  
That, from the waste of Time behind,  
A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
Can summon the departed forth ;  
Quicken the Past to life again,  
The Present lose in what hath been,  
And in their primal freshness show  
The buried forms of long ago.  
As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
The frozen solitude of Death,  
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,

To whisper — even when it seems  
But Memory's fantasy of dreams —  
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
Of an immortal origin !

### FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS

Polan, chief of the Sokokis Indians of the country between Agamanticus and Casco Bay, was killed at Windham on Sebago Lake in the spring of 1756. After the whites had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were upturned, placed the body of their chief beneath it, and then released the tree, which, in springing back to its old position, covered the grave. The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side;

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide, —  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasseled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done : the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,  
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place,  
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,  
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed, —  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer !

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound, —  
And they have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O peeled and hunted and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !  
Great Nature owns her simple child !

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known, —  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,  
The spirit of our brother man !

### ST. JOHN

The fierce rivalry between Charles de La Tour, a Protestant, and D'Aulnay Charnasy, a Catholic, for the possession of Acadia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by D'Aulnay, and successfully de-

fended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack however followed in the fourth month, 1647, when D'Aulnay was successful, and the garrison was put to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days in the hands of her enemy, and then died of grief.

“To the winds give our banner !  
Bear homeward again !”  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne !  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell ;  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemaquid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh, well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.

“ Now, why from you battlements  
Speaks not my love !  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above ? ”

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt ;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

“ Speak, son of the Woman  
Of scarlet and sin !  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within ? ”  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke :

“ No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball !  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

“ Pentagoet’s dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey.”  
“ But what of my lady ? ”  
Cried Charles of Estienne.  
“ On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen :

“ Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon !

But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe !  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe !

“ In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall !  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment, — and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men !

“ Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John.”  
“ Let the dastard look to it ! ”  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
“ Were D’Aulnay King Louis,  
I’d free her again ! ”

“ Alas for thy lady !  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free ;  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thraldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door ! ”

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour staggered back ;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shalllop again.  
“ We cruise now for vengeance !  
Give way ! ” cried Estienne.

“ Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot’s wrong,  
And from island and creekside  
Her fishers shall throng !  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo  
The Puritan’s gun ! ”

Oh, the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o’er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him :

But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on ;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John !

## THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogeess, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress-tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering  
day, —  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storms swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill ;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,  
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?  
The Moslem's sunset-call, the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids, the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogeess sing :  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,

In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head —

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But on the fainting soul to shed  
A light and life divine —

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay ?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake.  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong, —  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling  
prayer.

Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save ;  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

## THE EXILES

The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macy was one of the first, if

not the first white settler of Nantucket. The career of Macy is briefly but carefully outlined in James S. Pike's *The New Puritan*.

THE goodman sat beside his door,  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—  
The dark green woods were still ;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight,  
clothed  
His tranquil countenance,—

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall:  
It told of wrongs, but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend ! wilt thou give me shelter  
here ?”  
The stranger meekly said ;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted, — evil men  
Are following in my track ;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back ;

“And much, I fear, 't will peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,  
“Come in, old man !” quoth she,  
“We will not leave thee to the storm,  
Whoever thou mayst be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down ;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

“Now, Goodman Macy, ope thy door, —  
We would not be house-breakers ;  
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with  
rain,  
The parish priest he saw.

“Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin.”

“What seek ye ?” quoth the goodman ;  
“The stranger is my guest ;  
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong, —  
Pray let the old man rest.”

“Now, out upon thee, canting knave !”  
And strong hands shook the door.  
“Believe me, Macy,” quoth the priest,  
“Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore.”

Then kindled Macy's eye of fire :  
“No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
Made welcome to my hearth.”

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
The matchlock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
By fiery Ireton's side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
With shout and psalm contended;  
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,  
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :  
" My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
Of evil men on thee ;

" And for thyself, I pray forbear,  
Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
And sheathed His follower's sword.

" I go, as to the slaughter led.  
Friends of the poor, farewell ! "  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
Back on its hinges fell.

" Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,"  
The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman's prayer was  
heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell ;  
Those scenes have passed away ;  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
Brood o'er that evil day.

" Ho, sheriff ! " quoth the ardent priest,  
" Take Goodman Macy too ;  
The sin of this day's heresy  
His back or purse shall rue."

" Now, goodwife, haste thee ! " Macy cried.  
She caught his manly arm ;  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm.

Ho ! speed the Macys, neck or naught, —  
The river-course was near ;  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,  
Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small light wherry swung.

A leap — they gain the boat — and there  
The goodman wields his oar ;  
" Ill luck betide them all," he cried,  
" The laggards on the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,  
The burly sheriff came : —  
" Stand, Goodman Macy, yield thyself ;  
Yield in the King's own name."

" Now out upon thy hangman's face ! "  
Bold Macy answered then, —  
" Whip women, on the village green,  
But meddle not with men."

The priest came panting to the shore,  
His grave cocked hat was gone ;  
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

" Come back ! come back ! " the parson cried,  
" The church's curse beware."  
" Curse, an thou wilt," said Macy, " but  
Thy blessing prithee spare."

" Vile scoffer ! " cried the baffled priest,  
" Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."  
" Who's born to be hanged will not be  
drowned,"  
Quoth Macy, merrily ;

" And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-by ! "  
He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful ! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended ;  
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope  
The small boat glided fast ;  
The watchers of the Block-house saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,  
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury —  
The men were all away —  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green ;  
And on their right with dwarf shrubs  
crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed ;  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay ;  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar ;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts Bay !  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep ;  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The venturous Macy passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather ;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together ;

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile ;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macy  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand,  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
No loftier spirit stirs,  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island !  
And grant forevermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell  
As now upon her shore !

#### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
The sun shall sink again,  
Farewell to life and all its ills,  
Farewell to cell and chain !

These prison shades are dark and cold,  
But, darker far than they,  
The shadow of a sorrow old  
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
Closed o'er my steed, and I,  
An alien from my name and blood,  
A weed cast out to die, —

When, looking back in sunset light,  
I saw her turret gleam,  
And from its casement, far and white,  
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
Doth home's green isles descry,

And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky ;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past ;  
Forever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast !

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine ;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine ;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, His blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife !  
How vain do all things seem !  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear ;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep, —  
Its ears are open still ;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore arise ;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline ;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

"O faithless priest ! O perfidious knight !"  
I hear the Master cry ;  
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die.

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art ;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart !"

In vain ! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,

And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,  
And saints and martyrs old !  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

### CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

In 1658 two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were fined for non-attendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering "the Treasurer of the County to sell the said persons to any of the English nation of *Virginia* or *Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away ;  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars ;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky ;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that  
on the morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock  
me in my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bar-  
gained for and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a  
heifer from the fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,—  
the shrinking and the shame ;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like  
whispers to me came :—  
“Why sit’st thou thus forlornly,” the  
wicked murmur said,  
“Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold  
earth thy maiden bed ?

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices  
soft and sweet,  
Seen in thy father’s dwelling, heard in the  
pleasant street ?  
Where be the youths whose glances, the  
summer Sabbath through,  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy  
father’s pew ?

“Why sit’st thou here, Cassandra ? — Be-  
think thee with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the  
warm, bright hearth ;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on fore-  
heads white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in  
golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens,  
not for thee kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods  
by laughing boys are broken ;  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy  
lap are laid,  
For thee no flowers of autumn the youth-  
ful haueters braid.

“O weak, deluded maiden ! — by crazy  
fancies led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path  
to tread ;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teach-  
ing pure and sound,  
And mate with maniac women, loose-  
haired and sackcloth bound, —

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock  
at things divine,

Who rail against the pulpit, and holy  
bread and wine ;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and  
from the pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glory-  
ing in their shame.

“And what a fate awaits thee ! — a sadly  
toiling slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of  
bondage to the grave !  
Think of thy woman’s nature, subdued in  
hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn  
of all !”

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble  
Nature’s fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of  
unavailing tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and  
strove in silent prayer,  
To feel, O Helper of the weak ! that Thou  
indeed wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Phi-  
lippi’s cell,  
And how from Peter’s sleeping limbs the  
prison shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an  
angel’s robe of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to  
sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies ! — for  
the peace and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon’s holy hill, upon my  
spirit melt ;  
When “Get behind me, Satan !” was the  
language of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his  
doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again  
the sunshine fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate  
within my lonely cell ;  
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and up-  
ward from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and  
tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my  
door was open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff’s side, up the  
long street I passed ;

I heard the murmur round me, and felt,  
but dared not see,  
How, from every door and window, the  
people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame  
burned upon my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trem-  
bling limbs grew weak:  
\* O Lord ! support thy handmaid ; and  
from her soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare,  
the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a  
cloud in morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed  
whispering words like these :  
" Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy  
heaven a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving-kindness whose  
power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet  
the sunlit waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and  
shingly wall of rock ;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard  
clear lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their  
network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-  
wrapped and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with  
faces bronzed and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel  
clerk at hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler  
of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the  
ruler's ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with  
laugh and scoff and jeer ;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the  
seal of silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warn-  
ing spirit spoke.

I cried, " The Lord rebuke thee, thou  
smiter of the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler  
of the weak !  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones, — go  
turn the prison lock

Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou  
wolf amid the flock ! "

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and  
with a deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the  
flush of anger spread ;  
" Good people," quoth the white-lipped  
priest, " heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her, — the Devil  
owns his child ! "

But gray heads shook, and young brows  
knit, the while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor  
have made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol  
priesthood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful  
offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff,  
turning, said, —  
" Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take  
this Quaker maid ?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Vir-  
ginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than  
Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and  
when again he cried,  
" Speak out, my worthy seamen ! " — no  
voice, no sign replied ;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and  
kind words met my ear, —  
" God bless thee, and preserve thee, my  
gentle girl and dear ! "

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a  
pitying friend was nigh, —  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it  
in his eye ;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that  
voice, so kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the  
roaring of the sea, —

" Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack  
with coins of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the  
roomage of her hold,  
By the living God who made me ! — I  
would sooner in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear  
this child away ! "

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on  
their cruel laws !"  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud  
the people's just applause.  
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of  
old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again  
for silver sold ?"

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with weapon  
half-way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of  
bitter hate and scorn ;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned  
in silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode  
murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul ;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground,  
and crushed his parchment roll.  
"Good friends," he said, "since both have  
fled, the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be  
not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear,  
swept round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he  
bade me go my way ;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned  
the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed  
changed beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue  
walls of the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream  
and woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the  
waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life ! to Him  
all praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set  
his handmaid free ;  
All praise to Him before whose power the  
mighty are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which  
for the poor is laid !

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's  
twilight calm

Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth  
the grateful psalm ;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did  
the saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued  
Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and  
mighty men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay  
His hand upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging  
hour !  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to  
raven and devour !

But let the humble ones arise, the poor in  
heart be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with  
robes of praise be clad.  
For He who cooled the furnace, and  
smoothened the stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty  
still to save !

#### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD

The following ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M—, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,  
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest.  
All is over, all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one !  
Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May !

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout ;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill ;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the graveyard trees ;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
She hath wakened, at his side.  
With half-uttered shriek and start,—  
Feels she not his beating heart ?

And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm ?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence,  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing,  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
And, through faded curtains stealing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair ;  
Lips of love have left no trace  
On that hard and haughty face ;  
And that forehead's knitted thought  
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,  
More than these calm lips will tell.  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me !"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white ;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling, —  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow ;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending,  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha ! — that start of horror ! why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain ?  
Is there madness in her brain ?  
Hark ! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
" Spare me, — spare me, — let me go ! "

God have mercy ! — icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them

Love's fair gifts of gold and gem.  
" Waken ! save me ! " still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan :  
" Fear not ! give the dead her own ! "

Ah ! — the dead wife's voice she knows !  
That cold hand whose pressure froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn.  
" Wake thee ! wake thee ! " Lo, his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her ;  
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
And he feels her heart's quick beating :  
" Nay, my dearest, why this fear ? "  
" Hush ! " she saith, " the dead is here ! "

" Nay, a dream, — an idle dream."  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises.  
There no more the diamond blazes,  
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold, —  
" Ah ! " she sighs, " her hand was cold ! "

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
But his dark lip quivereth,  
And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh ;  
Can those soft arms round him lie,  
Underneath his dead wife's eye ?

She her fair young head can rest  
Soothed and childlike on his breast,  
And in trustful innocence  
Draw new strength and courage thence ;  
He, the proud man, feels within  
But the cowardice of sin !

She can murmur in her thought  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all ;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side !

One, who living shrank with dread  
From his look, or word, or tread,

Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour,  
With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places,  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

## THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1632. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back, in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

WE had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country. We  
had seen  
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the  
lake  
Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips

Of the bright waters. We had checked our  
steeds,  
Silent with wonder, where the mountain  
wall  
Is piled to heaven ; and, through the narrow  
rift  
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet  
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,  
Where noonday is as twilight, and the  
wind  
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan  
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,  
We had looked upward where the summer  
sky,  
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the  
sun,  
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting  
craggs  
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had  
passed  
The high source of the Saco ; and bewil-  
dered  
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal  
Hills,  
Had heard above us, like a voice in the  
cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop  
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains  
Piled to the northward, shagged with  
wood, and thick  
As meadow mole-hills, — the far sea of  
Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the east ;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and  
hills ;  
Mooschillock's mountain range, and Kearn-  
sarge  
Lifting his granite forehead to the sun !  
And we had rested underneath the oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires  
are shaken  
By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung  
By beechen shadows, whitening down its  
rocks,  
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up the  
gleam  
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian camp-fire ; and its  
beams

At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver  
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance  
Had thrown together in these wild north hills :  
A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
From his dull office, where the weary eye  
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged  
streets ;

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see  
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take

Its chances all as godsends ; and his brother, Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
The warmth and freshness of a genial heart, Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,  
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore ;  
Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,  
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,

Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,

And tenderest moonrise. 'T was, in truth, a study,  
To mark his spirit, alternating between  
A decent and professional gravity  
And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often  
Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshred

The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,

To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,

Giving the latest news of city stocks  
And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning  
Than the great presence of the awful mountains

Glorified by the sunset ; and his daughter, A delicate flower on whom had blown too long

Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice

And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts Bay,

With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening leaves

And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,  
Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced  
That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
A drear northeastern storm came howling up

The valley of the Saco ; and that girl  
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,

Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled

In gusts around its sharp, cold pinnacle,  
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams

Which lave that giant's feet ; whose laugh was heard

Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green islands,

Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly drooped

Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn

Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled

Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home :

And while the mist hung over dripping hills,

And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all day long

Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,  
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,  
Recounted his adventures and mishaps ;  
Gave us the history of his scaly clients,  
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations  
Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh

As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire,

Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind

Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair

Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,  
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,

His commentaries, articles and creeds,  
For the fair page of human loveliness,  
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred  
text  
Is music, its illumining, sweet smiles.  
He sang the songs she loved ; and in his  
low,  
Deep, earnest voice, recited many a page  
Of poetry, the holiest, tenderest lines  
Of the sad bard of Olney, the sweet songs,  
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,  
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal  
Mount  
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing  
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.  
And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
I searched our landlord's proffered library :  
A well-thumbed Buayan, with its nice  
wood pictures  
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them ;  
Watts' unmelodious psalms ; Astrology's  
Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,  
And an old chronicle of border wars  
And Indian history. And, as I read  
A story of the marriage of the Chief  
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
In the old time upon the Merrimac,  
Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
Of her prerogative, — the right divine  
Of youth and beauty, — bade us versify  
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched  
Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning  
To each his part, and barring our excuses  
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers  
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance  
Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks  
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling  
The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled  
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our  
rhymes  
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns  
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone  
To the fair setting of their circum-  
stances, —  
The associations of time, scene, and audi-  
ence, —  
Their place amid the pictures which fill up  
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust  
That some, who sigh, while wandering in  
thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,

That our broad land, — our sea-like lakes  
and mountains  
Piled to the clouds, our rivers overhung  
By forests which have known no other  
change  
For ages than the budding and the fall  
Of leaves, our valleys lovelier than those  
Which the old poets sang of, — should but  
figure  
On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the  
privileges,  
Rights, and appurtenances, which make up  
A Yankee Paradise, unsung, unknown,  
To beautiful tradition ; even their names,  
Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
Exchanged for syllables significant,  
Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly  
Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
To the responses of the questioned Shade.

## I. THE MERRIMAC

O child of that white-crested mountain  
whose springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's  
wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy  
wild waters shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing  
through the dwarf pine ;  
From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold  
and so lone,  
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother  
of stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales  
wide and free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced  
down to the sea !

No bridge arched thy waters save that  
where the trees  
Stretched their long arms above thee and  
kissed in the breeze :  
No sound save the lapse of the waves on  
thy shores,  
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.  
Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's  
fall  
Thy twin Uncanoonues rose stately and tall,

Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood  
The bark-builded wigwams of Pennacook stood ;  
There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire shone,  
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young  
To the pike and the white-perch their baited lines flung ;  
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains ! if answer of thine  
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan  
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,  
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel ;  
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees !

## II. THE BASHABA

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,

Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,  
Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering round  
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast ;  
And that which history gives not to the eye,  
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush,  
Supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,  
Tracing many a golden line  
On the ample floor within ;  
Where, upon that earth-floor stark,  
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
Woven of the willow white,  
Lent a dimly checkered light ;  
And the night-stars glimmered down,  
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
Slowly through an opening broke,  
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade  
By the solemn pine-wood made ;  
Through the rugged palisade,  
In the open foreground planted,  
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,  
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba  
Held his long- unquestioned sway,  
From the White Hills, far away,  
To the great sea's sounding shore ;  
Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
All the river Sachems heard,  
At his call the war-dance stirred,  
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
Lay beside his axe and bow ;  
And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,

In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing  
O'er the waters still and red ;  
And the squaw's darkeye burned brighter,  
As she drew her blanket tighter,  
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
And a Panissee's dark will,  
Over powers of good and ill,  
Powers which bless and powers which  
ban ;  
Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
When they met the steady look  
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
When the winter night-wind cold  
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
And her fire burned low and small,  
Till the very child abed,  
Drew its bear-skin over head,  
Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
Under earth or wave, abiding  
In the caverned rock, or riding  
Misty clouds or morning breeze ;  
Every dark intelligence,  
Secret soul, and influence  
Of all things which outward sense  
Feels, or hears, or sees, —

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
At his bidding banned or blessed,  
Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
Wind and cloud, and fire and flood ;  
Burned for him the drifted snow,  
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,  
And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood !

Not untrue that tale of old !  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
Subject to their kingly will ;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,

As upon a marble floor,  
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
Broken in their pathway lies ;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
Over midnight skies.

Still, to th' earnest soul, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon,  
And the moon of Ahalon  
Lights the battle-fields of life ;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars, in their courses,  
Mingle in his strife !

### III. THE DAUGHTER

The soot-black brows of men, the yell  
Of women thronging round the bed,  
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,  
The Powah whispering o'er the dead !  
All these the Sachem's home had known,  
When, on her journey long and wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother of  
his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's  
dwelling  
They laid her in the walnut shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swelling  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in summer hours,  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped his  
shell, —  
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened  
sunshine fell !

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.  
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,  
And still, in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his  
foremost tread.

Yet when her name was heard no more,  
And when the robe her mother gave,  
And small, light moccasin she wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids sped  
Their sunset dance and moonlit play ;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his bosom  
lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
The tempest-smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through  
The softness and the warmth of her young  
being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
Bemoaning April's gladdest bird,—  
A light and graceful form which sprang  
To meet him when his step was  
heard,—  
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—  
With these the household-god had graced  
his wigwam well.

Child of the forest ! strong and free,  
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
Or struck the flying bird in air.  
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon  
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's  
way ;  
And dazzling in the summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off its  
shower of spray !

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
The weary torture of the school,  
The taming of wild nature down.  
Her only lore, the legends told  
Around the hunter's fire at night ;  
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, un-  
questioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
With which the artist-eye can trace  
In rock and tree and lake and hill

The outlines of divinest grace ;  
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest,  
Which sees, admires, yet yearns alway ;  
Too closely on her mother's breast  
To note her smiles of love the child of Na-  
ture lay !

It is enough for such to be  
Of common, natural things a part,  
To feel, with bird and stream and tree,  
The pulses of the same great heart ;  
But we, from Nature long exiled,  
In our cold homes of Art and Thought  
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,  
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees  
but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
In cultured soil and genial air,  
To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair ;  
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
The sweetbrier on the hillside shows  
Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister  
rose !

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
The instincts of her nature threw ;  
The savage was a woman still.  
Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
Heart-colored prophecies of life,  
Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
The light of a new home, the lover and the  
wife.

#### IV. THE WEDDING

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,  
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with  
light,  
For down from its roof, by green withes  
hung,  
Flaring and smoking the pine-knots swung.

And along the river great wood-fires  
Shot into the night their long, red spires,  
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and  
shade,  
Now high, now low, that firelight played,

On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,  
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
Saw over the marshes, and through the pine,  
And down on the river, the dance-lights  
shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,  
And laid at her father's feet that night  
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far southeast  
The river Sagamores came to the feast ;  
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook  
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,  
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
And from rough Coös whose thick woods  
shake

Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,  
Wild as his home, came Chepewass ;  
And the Keenomps of the hills which throw  
Their shade on the Smile of Manitoo.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
Glowing with paint came old and young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed,  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,  
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge ;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoocook ;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternie ;  
And small wild-hens in reed-snare caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills  
shaken,  
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog :

And, drawn from that great stone vase  
which stands

In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
Furnished in that olden day  
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks flowing,  
And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,  
Now in the light and now in the shade  
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,  
And the beat of the small drums louder still  
Whene'er within the circle drew  
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
And toil and care and battle's chance  
Had seamed his hard, dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—  
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
In whose cold look is naught beside  
The triumph of a sullen pride ?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
The rough oak with her arm of vines ;  
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
The soft lips of the mosses seek :

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
To harmonize her wide extremes,  
Linking the stronger with the weak,  
The haughty with the soft and meek !

#### V. THE NEW HOME

A wild and broken landscape, spiked with  
firs,  
Roughening the bleak horizon's northern  
edge ;

Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black hemlock spurs  
And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept ledge  
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling rose,  
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down  
upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,  
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day  
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea ;  
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,  
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,  
No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,  
No camp-fire blazing through the hillside oaks,  
No fishers kneeling on the ice below ;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,  
Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home ; and freshly all  
Its beautiful affections overgrew  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall  
Soft vine-leaves open to the moistening dew  
And warm bright sun, the love of that young wife  
Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth of life.

The steep, bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long, dead level of the marsh between,  
A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love seen.  
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling  
Repaid her welcoming smile and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,  
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;  
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,  
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;  
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown  
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride ;  
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard  
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word

For she had learned the maxims of her race,  
Which teach the woman to become a slave,  
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave,—  
The scandal and the shame which they incur,  
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last  
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,  
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed  
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills ;  
The gray and desolate marsh grew green once more,  
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,  
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief ;  
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,  
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,

The song of birds, the warm breeze and  
the rain,  
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely  
sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,  
And a grave council in his wigwam met,  
Solemn and brief in words, considering  
whether

The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look  
Upon her father's face and green-banked  
Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong  
water,

The forest sages pondered, and at length  
Concluded in a body to escort her  
Up to her father's home of pride and  
strength,  
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal conse-  
quence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's  
hand

A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land  
Yellow with flowers, the wild procession  
went,

Till, rolling down its wooded banks between,  
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merri-  
mac was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn,  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-  
corn,

Young children peering through the  
wigwam doors,  
Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo  
again.

#### VI. AT PENNACOOK

The hills are dearest which our childish  
feet  
Have climbed the earliest ; and the streams  
most sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips  
drank  
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy  
bank.

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's  
hearth-light  
Shines round the helmsman plunging  
through the night ;  
And still, with inward eye, the traveller  
sees  
In close, dark, stranger streets his native  
trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly  
fanned  
By breezes whispering of his native land,  
And on the stranger's dim and dying eye  
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood  
lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
A child upon her father's wigwam floor !  
Once more with her old fondness to beguile  
From his cold eye the strange light of a  
smile.

The long, bright days of summer swiftly  
passed,  
The dry leaves whirled in autumn's rising  
blast,  
And evening cloud and whitening sunris  
rime  
Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weeta-  
moo  
Down the dark river for her chief's canoe ;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought  
The grateful tidings which the young wife  
sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went ;  
"Eagle of Saugus, — in the woods the dove  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of  
love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride ;  
"I bore her as became a chieftain's  
daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

"If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam  
round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train,  
And send her back with wampum gifts  
again."

The baffled runner turned upon his track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.  
"Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook,  
"no more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

"Go, let him seek some meaner squaw to spread  
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed ;  
Son of a fish-hawk ! let him dig his claws  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams,  
"Or coward Nipmucks ! may his scalp dry black  
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back."  
He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean wave,  
While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas, poor bride ! can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart ?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life's warm beauty flown ?

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and low  
The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-crossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,  
Or, from the east, across her azure field  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not, — on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat ;  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar,  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief !  
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief ;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting nights,

Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak distress,  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness ?

#### VII. THE DEPARTURE

The wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a watercourse, each hill Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,  
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimac Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat Guided by one weak hand was seen to float ;  
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,  
Too early voyager with too frail an oar !

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,  
The thick, huge, ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream ;  
Slept he, or waked he ? was it truth or dream ?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clutching on the useless oar,  
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water —  
He knew them all — woe for the Sachem's daughter !

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife  
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more  
Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,

On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,  
Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but where was  
Weetamoo?

## VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN

The Dark eye has left us,  
The Spring-bird has flown;  
On the pathway of spirits  
She wanders alone.  
The song of the wood-dove has died on our  
shore:  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* We hear it no  
more!

O dark water Spirit!  
We cast on thy wave  
These furs which may never  
Hang over her grave;  
Bear down to the lost one the robes that  
she wore:  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* We see her no  
more!

Of the strange land she walks in  
No Powah has told:  
It may burn with the sunshine,  
Or freeze with the cold.  
Let us give to our lost one the robes that  
she wore:  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* We see her no  
more!

The path she is treading  
Shall soon be our own;  
Each gliding in shadow  
Unseen and alone!  
In vain shall we call on the souls gone be-  
fore:  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* They hear us  
no more!

O mighty Sowanna!  
Thy gateways unfold,  
From thy wigwam of sunset  
Lift curtains of gold!  
Take home the poor Spirit whose journey  
is o'er:  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* We see her no  
more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly flowing tide;

Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause  
and swell,  
On the high wind their voices rose and  
fell.  
Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-  
swept trees,  
The scream of birds, the wailing of the  
breeze,  
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and  
strong,—  
Mingled and murmured in that farewell  
song.

## BARCLAY OF URY

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding;  
And, to all he saw and heard,  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and foward ;  
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
Push him ! prick him ! through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
" Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "  
And the old man at his side  
Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud : " God save us,  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Luitzen's blood,  
With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;  
" Put it up, I pray thee :  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though He slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed."  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe 's the day ! " he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity ;  
" Ury's honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city ! "

" Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly's line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we 'll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end,"  
Quoth the Laird of Ury ;  
" Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ? "

" Give me joy that in His name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer ;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

" Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads to meet me.

" When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
Hard the old friend's falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving ;  
But the Lord His own rewards,  
And His love with theirs accords,  
Warm and fresh and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking ;  
Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking ! "

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial ;  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter ;  
And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow ;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow ;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow !

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

A letter - writer from Mexico during the Mexican war, when detailing some of the incidents at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, mentioned that Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,  
Who is losing ? who is winning ? are they far or come they near ?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls ;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God have mercy on their souls ! ”  
Who is losing ? who is winning ? “Over hill and over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain.”

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers ! Look, Ximena, look once more.  
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena ! “Ah ! the smoke has rolled away ;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.  
Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there the troop of Minon wheels ;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

“Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat and now advance !  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance !  
Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot together fall ;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on !  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won ?  
“Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters, for them all !

“Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting.  
Blessed Mother, save my brain !  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.  
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall, and strive to rise ;  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes !

“O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor head on my knee ;  
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ?  
Canst thou hear me ? canst thou see ?  
O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal, look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy ! all is o'er ! ”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one down to rest ;  
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast ;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said ;  
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances,  
bleeding slow his life away ;  
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena  
knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his  
pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she  
turned away her head ;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she  
back upon her dead ;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and  
his struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his  
parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed  
her hand and faintly smiled ;  
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did  
she watch beside her child ?  
All his stranger words with meaning her  
woman's heart supplied ;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother !"   
murmured he, and died !

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who  
led thee forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weep-  
ing, lonely, in the North !"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she  
laid him with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind  
the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Like a  
cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leav-  
ing blood and death behind ;  
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the  
dust the wounded strive ;  
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O thou  
Christ of God, forgive !"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let  
the cool, gray shadows fall ;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy  
curtain over all !  
Through the thickening winter twilight,  
wide apart the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the can-  
non's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy  
task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow,  
worn and faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a  
tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a  
strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil  
world of ours ;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring  
afresh the Eden flowers ;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and  
Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover  
dimly in our air !

#### THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK

"This legend [to which my attention was called by my friend Charles Sumner], is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror ; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements, St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful ; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture." — *Mrs. JAMESON's Sacred and Legendary Art*, i. 154.

The day is closing dark and cold,  
With roaring blast and sleety showers ;  
And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
To ponder o'er a tale of old ;  
A legend of the age of Faith,  
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
That fancy of a loving heart,  
In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,  
A peasant-boy of tender years  
The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,

The straining eye could scarce discern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The service of the youth repaid,  
By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill ;  
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks so stern, and words so ill ?

“ Go, bind yon slave ! and let him learn,  
By scath of fire and strain of cord,  
How ill they speed who give dead saints  
The homage due their living lord ! ”

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon’s vaulted  
dark,  
He saw the light of shining robes,  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer’s grasp.

And lo ! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of stone gave  
way ;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They passed to freedom and the day !

O dreaming monk ! thy tale is true ;  
O painter ! true thy pencil’s art ;  
In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whisper to my listening heart !

Unheard no burdened heart’s appeal  
Moans up to God’s inclining ear ;  
Unheeded by his tender eye,  
Falls to the earth no sufferer’s tear.

For still the Lord alone is God !  
The pomp and power of tyrant man  
Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
Like chaff before the winnower’s fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.  
God’s angel, like the good St. Mark,  
Comes shining down to break his  
chain !

O weary ones ! ye may not see  
Your helpers in their downward flight ;  
Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
Slow beating through the hush of night !

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
With sunbright watchers bending low  
That Fear’s dim eye beheld alone  
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent,  
And how life’s rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
Sends down his pathway to prepare ;  
And light, from others hidden, shines  
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth’s despairing ones,  
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
Breathe once again the Prophet’s prayer :  
“ Lord, ope their eyes, that they may  
see ! ”

### KATHLEEN

This ballad was originally published in my prose work, *Leaves from Margaret Smith’s Journal*, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster. In the seventeenth century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

O NORAH. lay your basket down,  
And rest your weary hand,  
And come and hear me sing a song  
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,  
A mighty lord was he ;  
And he did wed a second wife,  
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
And so, in evil spite,  
She baked the black bread for his kin,  
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,  
And drove away the poor ;  
"Ah, woe is me !" the old lord said,  
"I rue my bargain sore !"

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires  
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen  
As Eve before her fall ;"  
So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

"Oh, come to me, my daughter dear !  
Come sit upon my knee,  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
Your mother's own I see !"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,  
He kissed her forehead fair ;  
"It is my darling Mary's brow,  
It is my darling's hair !"

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,  
"Get up, get up," quoth she,  
"I 'll sell ye over Ireland,  
I 'll sell ye o'er the sea !"

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,  
And tore his beard so gray ;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled  
To fright the evil dame,  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,  
And glimmering down the hill ;

They crept before the dead-vault door,  
And there they all stood still !

"Get up, old man ! the wake-lights shine !"  
"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,  
"So I 'm rid of your tongue, I little care  
If they shine for you or me."

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have !"  
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,  
"No gold nor land I crave !

"But give to me your daughter dear,  
Give sweet Kathleen to me,  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I 'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me."

He sailéd east, he sailéd west,  
And far and long sailed he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland ?  
Ye 'll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand !"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know  
The maiden whom ye mean ;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,  
Her hands are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,  
And met a maiden fair,  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou  
This young man ever seen ?"  
They wept within each other's arms,  
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,  
And take my purse of gold."

"Nay, not by me," her master said,  
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

"We loved her in the place of one  
The Lord hath early ta'en ;  
But, since her heart's in Ireland,  
We give her back again !"

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven  
For his poor soul shall pray,  
And Mary Mother wash with tears  
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland ;  
As you go up Claremore  
Ye'll see their castle looking down  
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
And a happy man is he,  
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,  
With her darling on his knee.

#### THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE

Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
A little isle reposes ;  
A shadow woven of the oak  
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
Set round with stony warders ;  
A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
With care or madness burning,  
Feels once again his healthful thought  
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,  
Unquiet and unstable,  
That holy well of Loch Maree  
Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
And blest is he who on his way  
That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will  
And contrite heart are o'er it ;  
Go read its legend, "TRUST IN GOD,"  
On Faith's white stones before it.

#### THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS

The incident upon which this poem is based is related in a note to *Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fénelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, if Fénelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey !'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his *Studies of Nature*, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes, — these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them ?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books

I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

"I DO believe, and yet, in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief ;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I 'm sick at heart of craft and cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred word,  
I read the record of our Lord ;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched His seamless garment's  
hem ;

"Who saw the tears of love He wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
And heard, amidst the shadows dim  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

"How blessed the swineherd's low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord !

"O sacred soil His sandals pressed !  
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest !

O light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with His life divine !

"Oh, bear me thither ! Let me look  
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook ;  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die !

"Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light ;  
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith revive again !"

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I, — for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look, —  
"I too am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all.

"Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right ;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man ;

"That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

"Thou weariest of thy present state ;  
What gain to thee time's holiest date ?  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then !

"What thought Chorazin's scribes ? What  
faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?  
Of the few followers whom He led  
One sold Him, — all forsook and fled.

"O friend ! we need nor rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;  
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac, —  
What more could Jordan render back ?

"We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here ;  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold ;

Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,  
With roots deep set in battle graves !

“Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of  
    fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

“That song of Love, now low and far,  
Ere long shall swell from star to star !  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired Apocalypse !”

Then, when my good friend shook his head,  
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :  
“Thou mind’st me of a story told  
In rare Bernardin’s leaves of gold.”

And while the slanted sunbeams wove  
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,  
And, picturing all, the river ran  
O’er cloud and wood, I thus began :—

In Mount Valerien’s chestnut wood  
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;  
And thither, at the close of day,  
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied  
The storms of Baikal’s wintry side,  
And mused and dreamed where tropic day  
Flamed o’er his lost Virginia’s bay.

His simple tale of love and woe  
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—  
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,  
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charméd page  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age,— the gray  
Pale setting of a weary day ;  
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,  
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept ;  
Yet still his heart its young dream kept,  
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,  
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more  
The peasant’s welcome from his door  
By smiling eyes at eventide,  
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !  
She laid her great heart bare to him,  
Its loves and sweet accords ;— he saw  
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,  
What notes her cloudy clarion blew ;  
The rhythm of autumn’s forest dyes,  
The hymn of sunset’s painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song  
Which swept, of old, the stars along ;  
And to his eyes the earth once more  
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer  
air,  
And field and wood, a balm for care,  
And bathed in light of sunset skies  
His tortured nerves and weary eyes ?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;  
His words had shaken crypt and throne ;  
Like fire on camp and court and cell  
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below  
The mitred juggler’s masque and show,  
A prophecy, a vague hope, ran  
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw  
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,  
And felt how hard, between the two,  
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,  
The weakness of an unweaned child,  
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,  
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true  
To half the glorious truths he knew ;  
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,  
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home,  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;  
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,  
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,  
Up to Thy sevenfold brightness climbs,  
While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things !

So rich in words, in acts so mean ;  
So high, so low ; chance-swung between  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit !

Vain, pride of star-lent genius ! — vain,  
Quick fancy and creative brain,  
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,  
Absurdly great, or weakly wise !

Midst yearnings for a truer life,  
Without were fears, within was strife ;  
And still his wayward act denied  
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned ;  
The fame that crowned him scorched and  
burned,  
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone, —  
A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,  
Seen southward from his sleepily mast,  
About whose brows of changeless frost  
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played  
Of lambent light and purple shade,  
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair  
Of frozen earth and sea and air !

A man apart, unknown, unloved  
By those whose wrongs his soul had moved,  
He bore the ban of Church and State,  
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

Forth from the city's noise and throng,  
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,  
The twain that summer day had strayed  
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood  
Lent something of their quietude,  
And golden-tinted sunset seemed  
Prophetic of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares  
The bell was calling home to prayers,  
And, listening to its sound, the twain  
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door ;  
A sweet old music, swelling o'er  
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence, —  
The Litanies of Providence !

Then Rousseau spake : “ Where two or  
three  
In His name meet, He there will be ! ”  
And then, in silence, on their knees  
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,  
As daybreak to the Arctic night,  
Old faith revived ; the doubts of years  
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,  
“ Ah me ! ” Bernardin sighed at last,  
“ I would thy bitterest foes could see  
Thy heart as it is seen of me !

“ No church of God hast thou denied ;  
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside  
A bare and hollow counterfeit,  
Profaning the pure name of it !

“ With dry dead moss and marish weeds  
His fire the western herdsman feeds,  
And greener from the ashen plain  
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

“ Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind  
Disturb the solid sky behind ;  
And through the cloud the red bolt rends  
The calm, still smile of Heaven descends !

“ Thus through the world, like bolt and  
blast,  
And scourging fire, thy words have passed  
Clouds break, — the steadfast heavens re-  
main ;  
Weeds burn, — the ashes feed the grain !

“ But whoso strives with wrong may find  
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind ;

And learn, as latent fraud is shown  
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

“With dream and falsehood, simple trust  
And pious hope we tread in dust ;  
Lost the calm faith in goodness, — lost  
The baptism of the Pentecost !

“Alas ! — the blows for error meant  
Too oft on truth itself are spent,  
As through the false and vile and base  
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

“Not ours the Theban's charmèd life ;  
We come not scathless from the strife !  
The Python's coil about us clings,  
The trampled Hydra bites and stings !

“Meanwhile, the sport of seeming chance,  
The plastic shapes of circumstance,  
What might have been we fondly guess,  
If earlier born, or tempted less.

“And thou, in these wild, troubled days,  
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,  
Unsought and undeserved the same  
The skeptic's praise, the bigot's blame ; —

“I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been  
Among the highly favored men  
Who walked on earth with Fénelon,  
He would have owned thee as his son ;

“And, bright with wings of cherubim  
Visibly waving over him,  
Seen through his life, the Church had  
seemed  
All that its old confessors dreamed.”

“I would have been,” Jean Jacques re-  
plied,  
“The humblest servant at his side,  
Obscure, unknown, content to see  
How beautiful man's life may be !

“Oh, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod  
The foot-marks of the Christ of God !

“Amidst a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the Dual law ;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth be-  
gan,  
And God was loved through love of man.

“He lived the Truth which reconciled  
The strong man Reason, Faith, the child ;  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done !”

So speaking, through the twilight gray  
The two old pilgrims went their way.  
What seeds of life that day were sown,  
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold  
Green Summer in her brown and gold ;  
Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow  
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau.

“The tree remaineth where it fell,  
The pained on earth is pained in hell !”  
So priestercraft from its altars cursed  
The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,  
“Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid !”  
Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,  
And man is hate, but God is love !

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,  
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees ;  
A morning dream, a tale that's told,  
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day ;  
And from its twilight cool and gray  
Comes up a low, sad whisper, “Make  
The truth thine own, for truth's own  
sake.

“Why wait to see in thy brief span  
Its perfect flower and fruit in man ?  
No saintly touch can save ; no balm  
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

“Midst soulless forms, and false pretence  
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,  
A voice saith, ‘What is that to thee ?  
Be true thyself, and follow Me !’

“In days when throne and altar heard  
The wanton's wish, the bigot's word,  
And pomp of state and ritual show  
Scarce hid the loathsome death below, —

“Midst fawning priests and courtiers foul,  
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,  
White-robed walked François Fénelon,  
Stainless as Uriel in the sun !

“ Yet in his time the stake blazed red,  
The poor were eaten up like bread :  
Men knew him not ; his garment’s hem  
No healing virtue had for them.

“ Alas ! no present saint we find ;  
The white cymar gleams far behind,  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time !

“ Trust not in man with passing breath,  
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith ;  
The truth which saves thou mayest not  
blend  
With false professor, faithless friend.

“ Search thine own heart. What paineth  
thee  
In others in thyself may be ;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek !

“ Where now with pain thou treadest,  
trod  
The whitest of the saints of God !  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.

“ The footprints of the life divine,  
Which marked their path, remain in thine ;  
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers ! ”

A lesson which I well may heed,  
A word of fitness to my need ;  
So from that twilight cool and gray  
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset burned ;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,  
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend : “ Thy words are  
true ;  
Forever old, forever new,  
These home-seen splendors are the same  
Which over Eden’s sunsets came.

“ To these bowed heavens let wood and  
hill  
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still ;  
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,  
Light of the New Jerusalem !

“ Flow on, sweet river, like the stream  
Of John’s Apocalyptic dream !  
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,  
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

“ Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore ;  
God’s love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.”

#### TAULER

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one au-  
tumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the  
Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels momently the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the  
same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of  
years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and  
heart  
Had groaned : “ Have pity upon me, Lord !  
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am  
blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps ! ”

Then, as he mused, he heard along his  
path  
A sound as of an old man’s staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking  
up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and  
old.

“ Peace be unto thee, father ! ” Tauler  
said,  
“ God give thee a good day ! ” The old  
man raised  
Slowly his calm blue eyes. “ I thank thee,  
son ;  
But all my days are good, and none are ill.”

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve :  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.  
Surely man's days are evil, and his life Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days Are as our needs ; for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike Our thanks are due, since that is best which is ;  
And that which is not, sharing not His life, Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake, I find it in submission to His will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space, Stood the great preacher ; then he spake as one Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought Which long has followed, whispering through the dark Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light : "What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell ?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so. What Hell may be I know not ; this I know,— I cannot lose the presence of the Lord. One arm, Humility, takes hold upon His dear humanity ; the other, Love, Clasps His Divinity. So where I go He goes ; and better fire-walled Hell with Him Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light, Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove

Apart the shadow wherein he had walked Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man Went his slow way, until his silver hair Set like the white moon where the hills of vine Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said : "My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust, Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step The city gates, he saw, far down the street, A mighty shadow break the light of noon, Which tracing backward till its airy lines Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes O'er broad façade and lofty pediment, O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche, Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower, Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown, Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold !" he said, "The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes. As yonder tower outstretches to the earth The dark triangle of its shade alone When the clear day is shining on its top, So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life Is but the shadow of God's providence, By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ; And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

#### THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith, From inmost founts of life ye start,— The spirit's pulse, the vital breath Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din, Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad, Unheard of man, ye enter in The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks, Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;

The simple heart, that freely asks  
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :  
The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
And all the holy mysteries,  
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,  
And wearies Heaven for naught above  
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will  
That trust of His undoubting child  
Whereby all seeming good and ill  
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs  
Of favor, is content to fall  
Within the providence which shines  
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned  
At noontime o'er the sacred word.  
Was it an angel or a fiend  
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,  
A human utterance, sweet and mild ;  
And, looking up, the hermit saw  
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,  
O'erawed and troubled by the sight  
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,  
And anchorite.

" What dost thou here, poor man ? No  
shade  
Of cool, green palms, nor grass, nor  
well,  
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said :  
" With God I dwell.

" Alone with Him in this great calm,  
I live not by the outward sense ;  
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm  
His providence."

The child gazed round him. " Does God  
live  
Here only ?—where the desert's rim  
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,  
We pray to Him.

" My brother tills beside the Nile  
His little field ; beneath the lea  
My sisters sit and spin, the while  
My mother weaves.

" And when the millet's ripe heads fall,  
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,  
My mother smiles, and says that all  
Are gifts from God.

" And when to share our evening meal,  
She calls the stranger at the door,  
She says God fills the hands that deal  
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks  
Glistened the flow of human tears ;  
" Dear Lord ! " he said, " Thy angel speaks,  
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,  
And thought of home and life with men ;  
And all his pilgrim feet forsook  
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,  
The eyes that smiled through lavish  
locks,  
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,  
And bleat of flocks.

" O child ! " he said, " thou teachest me  
There is no place where God is not ;  
That love will make, where'er it be,  
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,  
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,  
Went with the young child hand in hand,  
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,  
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,  
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,  
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide  
He followed, as the small hand led  
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,  
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,  
She thanked the stranger with her eyes  
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy  
And dumb surprise.

And lo ! — with sudden warmth and light  
A tender memory thrilled his frame ;  
New-born, the world-lost anchorite  
A man became.

“ O sister of El Zara’s race,  
Behold me ! — had we not one mother ? ”  
She gazed into the stranger’s face :  
“ Thou art my brother ! ”

“ O kin of blood ! Thy life of use  
And patient trust is more than mine ;  
And wiser than the gray recluse  
This child of thine.

“ For, taught of him whom God hath  
sent,  
That toil is praise and love is prayer,  
I come, life’s cares and pains content  
With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed  
The hermit’s better life began ;  
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,  
And found a man !

## MAUD MULLER

The recollection of some descendants of a Hessian deserter in the Revolutionary war bearing the name of Muller doubtless suggested the somewhat infelicitous title of a New England idyl. The poem had no real foundation in fact, though a hint of it may have been found in recalling an incident, trivial in itself, of a journey on the picturesque Maine seaboard with my sister some years before it was written. We had stopped to rest our tired horse under the shade of an apple-tree, and refresh him with water from a little brook which rippled through the stone wall across the road. A very beautiful young girl in scantest summer attire was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck.

MAUD MULLER on a summer’s day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse’s chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“ Thanks ! ” said the Judge ; “ a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : “ Ah me !  
That I the Judge’s bride might be !

“ He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“ My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay ;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein ;

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

## MARY GARVIN

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from  
the lake that never fails,  
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's  
intervals ;  
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its  
waters foam and flow,  
As when Darby Field first saw them, two  
hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with  
bridges, dams, and mills,  
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its  
freedom of the hills,  
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and  
stately Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl,  
the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with  
steeds of fire and steam,  
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday be-  
hind him like a dream.  
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly  
backward far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the land-  
marks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the  
sorrow and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to  
our own akin ;  
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs  
our mothers sung,  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance  
is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's  
banks to-day !  
O mill-girl watching late and long the  
shuttle's restless play !  
Let, for the once, a listening ear the work-  
ing hand beguile,  
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits,  
a tear or smile !

The evening gun had sounded from gray  
Fort Mary's walls ;  
Through the forest, like a wild beast,  
roared and plunged the Saco's  
falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp  
and gusty grew,  
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes  
of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin, blazed  
the crackling walnut log ;  
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and  
between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and  
beside him on her mat,  
Sitting drowsy in the firelight, winked and  
purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years ! " said Goodman Garvin,  
speaking sadly, under breath,  
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one  
who speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles : "It is  
twenty years to-day,  
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our  
child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each  
knew the other's thought,  
Of a great and common sorrow, and words  
were needed not.

"Who knocks ? " cried Goodman Garvin.  
The door was open thrown ;  
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked  
and furred, the firelight shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-  
skin from his head ;  
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin ? " "I am  
he," the goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for  
the night is chill with rain"  
And the goodwife drew the settle, and  
stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the  
firelight glistened fair  
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds  
of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her : "It is  
Mary's self I see !  
Dear heart ! " she cried, "now tell  
me, has my child come back to  
me ? "

“My name indeed is Mary,” said the stranger sobbing wild ;  
“Will you be to me a mother ? I am Mary Garvin’s child !

“She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day  
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

“And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,  
She said, ‘May God forgive me ! I have closed my heart too long.

“‘When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother’s call,  
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.

“‘Christ’s love rebukes no home-love,  
breaks no tie of kin apart ;  
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

“‘Tell me not the Church must censure : she who wept the Cross beside  
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood denied ;

“‘And if she who wronged her parents,  
with her child atones to them,  
Earthly daughter, Heavenly Mother ! thou at least wilt not condemn !’

“So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother spake ;  
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake.”

“God be praised !” said Goodwife Garvin,  
“He taketh, and He gives ;  
He woundeth, but He healeth ; in her child our daughter lives !”

“Amen !” the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,  
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, “Let us pray.”

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,  
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,  
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

“What is this ?” cried Farmer Garvin.  
“Is an English Christian’s home A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome ?”

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried :  
“Oh, forbear to chide my father ; in that faith my mother died !

“On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,  
As they fall on Spurwink’s graveyard ; and the dear God watches all !”

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee ;  
“Your words, dear child,” he answered, “are God’s rebuke to me.

“Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one.  
Let me be your father’s father, let him be to me a son.”

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air, From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,  
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown, From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down ;

From the pulpit read the preacher, “Goodman Garvin and his wife Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

“For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from the wild, Where she rests (they hope in God’s peace), has sent to them her child ;

“And the prayers of all God’s people they ask, that they may prove  
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof of love.”

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood,  
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting,  
“She is Papist born and bred ;”  
Thought the young men, “Tis an angel in Mary Garvin’s stead !”

### THE RANGER

Originally published as *Martha Mason*; a *Song of the Old French War*.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling  
When the ranger’s horn was calling  
Through the woods to Canada.  
Gone the winter’s sleet and snowing,  
Gone the spring-time’s bud and blowing,  
Gone the sumner’s harvest mowing,  
And again the fields are gray.  
Yet away, he’s away !  
Faint and fainter hope is growing  
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on Abraham’s rock with teeth of iron,  
Glares o’er wood and wave away,  
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,  
Or as thunder spent and dying,  
Come the challenge and replying,  
Come the sounds of flight and fray.  
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !  
Some are living, some are lying  
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,  
Homeward faring, weary strangers  
Pass the farm-gate on their way ;  
Tidings of the dead and living,  
Forest march and ambush, giving,  
Till the maidens leave their weaving,  
And the lads forget their play.  
“Still away, still away !”  
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,  
“Why does Robert still delay ?”

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit bearer

Through his painted woodlands stray,  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay ;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
“Let me with my charmed earth stay.”

On the grain-lands of the mainlands  
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,  
Plume and pennon rustling gay ;  
Out at sea, the islands wooded,  
Silver birches, golden-hooded,  
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,  
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
Stretch away, far away,  
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts downward patterning,  
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.  
On the grass-land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow ;  
Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
Drop the red leaves all the day.  
And away, swift away,  
Sun and cloud, o’er hill and hollow  
Chasing, weave their web of play.

“Martha Mason, Martha Mason,  
Prithee tell us of the reason  
Why you mope at home to-day :  
Surely smiling is not sinning ;  
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning :  
What is all your store of linen,  
If your heart is never gay ?  
Come away, come away !  
Never yet did sad beginning  
Make the task of life a play.”

Overbending till she’s blending  
With the flaxen skein she’s tending  
Pale brown tresses smoothed away  
From her face of patient sorrow,  
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,  
From the trembling hope of morrow,  
Solace for the weary day.  
“Go your way, laugh and play ;  
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow  
And the lily, let me pray.”

“With our rally rings the valley,—  
Join us !” cried the blue-eyed Nelly :

“Join us !” cried the laughing May,  
 “To the beach we all are going,  
 And, to save the task of rowing,  
 West by north the wind is blowing,  
 Blowing briskly down the bay !  
 Come away, come away !  
 Time and tide are swiftly flowing,  
 Let us take them while we may !

“Never tell us that you ’ll fail us,  
 Where the purple beach-plum mellows  
 On the bluffs so wild and gray.  
 Hasten, for the oars are falling ;  
 Hark, our merry mates are calling ;  
 Time it is that we were all in,  
 Singing tideward down the bay !”  
 “Nay, nay, let me stay ;  
 Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin  
 Is my heart,” she said, “to-day.”

“Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !  
 Some red squaw his moose-meat’s broiling,  
 Or some French lass, singing gay ;  
 Just forget as he’s forgetting ;  
 What avails a life of fretting ?  
 If some stars must needs be setting,  
 Others rise as good as they.”  
 “Cease, I pray ; go your way !”  
 Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;  
 “Foul and false the words you say !”

“Martha Mason, hear to reason !  
 Prithee, put a kinder face on !”  
 “Cease to vex me,” did she say ;  
 “Better at his side be lying,  
 With the mournful pine-trees sighing,  
 And the wild birds o’er us crying,  
 Than to doubt like mine a prey ;  
 While away, far away,  
 Turns my heart, forever trying  
 Some new hope for each new day.

“When the shadows veil the meadows,  
 And the sunset’s golden ladders  
 Sink from twilight’s walls of gray,—  
 From the window of my dreaming,  
 I can see his sickle gleaming,  
 Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming  
 Down the locust-shaded way ;  
 But away, swift away,  
 Fades the fond, delusive seeming,  
 And I kneel again to pray.

“When the growing dawn is showing,  
 And the barn-yard cock is crowing,

And the horned moon pales away :  
 From a dream of him awaking,  
 Every sound my heart is making  
 Seems a footstep of his taking ;  
 Then I hush the thought, and say,  
 ‘Nay, nay, he’s away !’  
 Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking  
 For the dear one far away.”

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,  
 Glows a face of manhood worthy :  
 “Robert !” “Martha !” all they say.  
 O’er went wheel and reel together,  
 Little cared the owner whither ;  
 Heart of lead is heart of feather,  
 Noon of night is noon of day !  
 Come away, come away !  
 When such lovers meet each other,  
 Why should prying idlers stay ?

Quench the timber’s fallen embers,  
 Quench the red leaves in December’s  
 Hoary rime and chilly spray.  
 But the hearth shall kindle clearer,  
 Household welcomes sound sincerer,  
 Heart to loving heart draw nearer,  
 When the bridal bells shall say :  
 “Hope and pray, trust alway ;  
 Life is sweeter, love is dearer,  
 For the trial and delay !”

#### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far  
 beneath the tent-like span  
 Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the  
 headland of Cape Ann.  
 Well I know its coves and beaches to the  
 ebb-tide glimmering down,  
 And the white-walled hamlet children of  
 its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and  
 its memory waxes old,  
 When along yon breezy headlands with a  
 pleasant friend I strolled.  
 Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and the  
 ocean wind blows cool,  
 And the golden-rod and aster bloom around  
 thy grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning by the  
 summer sea I blend

A wild and wondrous story, by the younger  
Mather penned,  
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all  
strange and marvellous things,  
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the  
chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the  
dual life of old,  
Inward, grand with awe and reverence ;  
outward, mean and coarse and  
cold ;  
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull  
and vulgar clay,  
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web  
of hodon gray.

The great eventful Present hides the  
Past ; but through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the  
life behind steal in ;  
And the lore of home and fireside, and the  
legendary rhyme,  
Make the task of duty lighter which the  
true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which  
the Covenanter knew,  
When with pious chisel wandering Scot-  
land's moorland graveyards through,  
From the graves of old traditions I part  
the blackberry-vines,  
Wipe the moss from off the headstones,  
and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and for-  
ward, hoarse with rolling pebbles,  
ran,  
The garrison-house stood watching on the  
gray rocks of Cape Ann ;  
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and  
palisade,  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with  
the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south  
and eastward looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white  
with breakers stretching north, —  
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift,  
jagged capes, with bush and tree,  
Leaning inland from the smiting of the  
wild and gusty sea

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly  
lit by dying brands,  
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their  
muskets in their hands ;  
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison  
haunch was shared,  
And the pewter tankard circled slowly  
round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, —  
talked of wizards Satan-sold ;  
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs  
and wonders manifold ;  
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead  
men in her shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of  
morning clouds ;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the  
depths of Gloucester woods,  
Full of plants that love the summer, —  
blooms of warmer latitudes ;  
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the  
tropic's flowery vines,  
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the  
twilight of the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to  
husky tones of fear,  
As they spake of present tokens of the  
powers of evil near ; —  
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel  
and aim of gun ;  
Never yet was ball to slay them in the  
mould of mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks,  
from the midnight wood they  
came, —  
Thrice around the block-house march-  
ing, met, unharmed, its volleyed  
flame ;  
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture,  
sunk in earth or lost in air,  
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the  
moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest moved  
a dusky mass that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted,  
grimly marching in the moon.  
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain,  
"thus I foil the Evil One!"  
And he rammed a silver button, from his  
doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the  
guarded wall about ;  
Once again the levelled muskets through  
the palisades flashed out,  
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his  
tree-top might not shun,  
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his  
slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harm-  
less shower of lead.  
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again  
the phantoms fled ;  
Once again, without a shadow on the sands  
the moonlight lay,  
And the white smoke curling through it  
drifted slowly down the bay !

“ God preserve us ! ” said the captain ;  
“ never mortal foes were there ;  
They have vanished with their leader,  
Prince and Power of the air !  
Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and  
prowess naught avail ;  
They who do the Devil’s service wear their  
master’s coat of mail ! ”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when  
again a warning call  
Roused the score of weary soldiers watch-  
ing round the dusky hall :  
And they looked to flint and priming, and  
they longed for break of day ;  
But the captain closed his Bible : “ Let us  
cease from man, and pray ! ”

To the men who went before us, all the un-  
seen powers seemed near,  
And their steadfast strength of courage  
struck its roots in holy fear.  
Every hand forsook the musket, every head  
was bowed and bare,  
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as  
the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the  
spectres round the wall,  
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the  
ears and hearts of all, —  
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish !  
Never after mortal man  
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round  
the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the  
cool and sea-blown town,

From the childhood of its people comes the  
solemn legend down.  
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose  
moral lives the youth  
And the fitness and the freshness of an un-  
decaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the  
spectres of the mind,  
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings,  
in the darkness undefined ;  
Round us throng the grim projections of the  
heart and of the brain,  
And our pride of strength is weakness, and  
the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no  
answer from on high  
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and  
no white wings downward fly ;  
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to  
faith, and not to sight,  
And our prayers themselves drive backward  
all the spirits of the night !

#### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

TRITEMIUS of Heripolis, one day,  
While kneeling at the altar’s foot to pray  
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
Heard from without a miserable voice,  
A sound which seemed of all sad things to  
tell,  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain  
whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by that  
cry ;  
And, looking from the casement, saw below  
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,  
And withered hands held up to him, who  
cried

For alms as one who might not be denied.  
She cried, “ For the dear love of Him who  
gave  
His life for ours, my child from bondage  
save, —  
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with  
slaves  
In the Moor’s galley, where the sun-smit  
waves  
Lap the white walls of Tunis ! ” — “ What  
I can

I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." —

"O man

Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,

"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.

Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice; Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door

None go unfed, hence are we always poor; A single soldo is our only store.

Thou hast our prayers; — what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks

On either side of the great crucifix.

God well may spare them on His errands sped,

Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,

Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,

Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,

Pardon me if a human soul I prize

Above the gifts upon his altar piled!)

Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms He placed within the beggar's eager palms; And as she vanished down the linden shade, He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came

He woke to find the chapel all afame, And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold

Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

### SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

In the valuable and carefully prepared *History of Marblehead*, published in 1879 by Samuel Roads, Jr., it is stated that the crew of Captain Ireson, rather than himself, were responsible for the abandonment of the dis-

abled vessel. To screen themselves they charged their captain with the crime. In view of this the writer of the ballad addressed the following letter to the historian: —

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 5 mo. 18, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND; I heartily thank thee for a copy of thy *History of Marblehead*. I have read it with great interest and think good use has been made of the abundant material. No town in Essex County has a record more honorable than Marblehead; no one has done more to develop the industrial interests of our New England seaboard, and certainly none have given such evidence of self-sacrificing patriotism. I am glad the story of it has been at last told, and told so well. I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper Ireson's ride is the correct one. My verse was founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead.

I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the participants, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living.

I am very truly thy friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Of all the rides since the birth of time, Told in story or sung in rhyme, —

On Apuleius's Golden Ass,

Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,

Witch astride of a human back,

Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —

The strangest ride that ever was sped

Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,

Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,

Feathered and ruffled in every part,

Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.

Scores of women, old and young,

Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,

Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd

horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a

corr't

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
 Bacchus round some antique vase,  
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang.

Over and over the Mænads sang :  
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him ! — He sailed away  
 From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —  
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
 With his own town's-people on her deck !  
 "Lay by ! lay by !" they called to him.  
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim !  
 Brag of your catch of fish again !"  
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain !  
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
 Over the moaning and rainy sea, —  
 Looked for the coming that might not be !  
 What did the winds and the sea - birds say  
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away ? —  
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,  
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;  
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :  
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
 By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
 Little the wicked skipper knew  
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
 Riding there in his sorry trim,  
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
 Of voices shouting, far and near :  
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
 By the women o' Morble'ead !"

"Hear me, neighbors !" at last he cried, —  
 "What to me is this noisy ride ?  
 What is the shame that clothes the skin  
 To the nameless horror that lives within ?  
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck !  
 Hate me and curse me, — I only dread  
 The hand of God and the face of the dead !"  
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
 Said, "God has touched him ! why should we !"  
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run !"  
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead !

### THE SYCAMORES

Hugh Tallant was the first Irish resident of Haverhill, Mass. He planted the buttonwood trees on the bank of the river below the village in the early part of the seventeenth century. Unfortunately this noble avenue is now nearly destroyed.

In the outskirts of the village,  
 On the river's winding shores,  
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
 Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,  
And another half-way told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew,  
Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant !  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack ;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart forever light, —

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rollic air of Cluny  
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,  
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labor's side,  
With the lusty airs of England  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,  
And the merry fair's carouse ;  
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin  
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,  
Pleasant seem'd his simple tales,  
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends  
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddier who at Tara  
Played all night to ghosts of kings ;  
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies  
Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
"Hush ! " he'd say, " the tipsy fairies !  
Hear the little folks in drink ! "

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,  
Singing through the ancient town,  
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,  
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;  
But if yet his spirit walks,  
'T is beneath the trees he planted,  
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman !  
Linking still the river-shores,  
With their shadows cast by sunset,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding came,  
And the roofs were starred with banners,  
And the steeples rang acclaim, —

When each war-scarred Continental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,  
And shot off his old king's-arm, —

Slowly passed that august Presence  
Down the thronged and shouting street ;  
Village girls as white as angels  
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow  
Deepest fell, his rein he drew :  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down  
On the hills of Gold and Silver  
Rimming round the little town, —

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales  
Winding down from wooded headlands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping  
Slowly with his unloved hand,  
“I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land.”

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavalcade :  
And that head, so bare and stately,  
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,  
Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Through the changes, changeless stand ;  
As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;  
Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure craft ;

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
Love and Youth together stray ;  
While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hillside wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his gray hair floating  
Round his rosy ample face,—  
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

An incident of the Sepoy mutiny.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills ;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills !  
Not the braes of bloom and heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—  
Pray to-day !” the soldier said ;  
“To-morrow, death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,  
Till their hope became despair ;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground :  
“Dinna ye hear it ? — dinna ye hear it ?  
The pipes o' Havelock sound !”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;  
Hushed the wife her little ones ;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true ;—  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,

She knew the Campbell's call :  
 "Hark ! hear ye no MacGregor's,  
 The grandest o' them all ?"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
 And they caught the sound at last ;  
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
 Rose and fell the piper's blast !  
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
 Mingled woman's voice and man's ;  
 "God be praised ! — the march of Have-  
 lock !  
 The piping of the clans !"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
 Stinging all the air to life.  
 But when the far-off dust-cloud  
 To plaided legions grew,  
 Full tenderly and blithesomely  
 The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;  
 And the tartan clove the turban,  
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
 And plaided mountaineer, —  
 To the cottage and the castle  
 The piper's song is dear.  
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

## TELLING THE BEES

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home. [The scene is minutely that of the Whittier homestead.]

HERE is the place ; right over the hill  
 Runs the path I took ;

You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow  
 brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-  
 barred,  
 And the poplars tall ;  
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-  
 yard,  
 And the white horns tossing above the  
 wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the  
 sun ;  
 And down by the brink  
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-  
 o'errun,  
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
 Heavy and slow ;  
 And the same rose blows, and the same  
 sun glows,  
 And the same brook sings of a year  
 ago.

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the  
 breeze ;  
 And the June sun warm  
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
 From my Sunday coat  
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my  
 hair,  
 And cooled at the brookside my brow  
 and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —  
 To love, a year ;  
 Down through the beeches I looked at last  
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep  
 near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain  
 Of light through the leaves,  
 The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —  
 The house and the trees,  
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the  
 door, —  
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow ;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of  
one  
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day :  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway  
sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on :—  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !"

#### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY

In Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts Bay from 1623 to 1636* may be found Anthony Thacher's *Narrative of his Shipwreck*. Thacher was Avery's companion and survived to tell the tale. Mather's *Magnalia*, III. 2, gives further *Particulars of Parson Avery's End*, and suggests the title of the poem.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the  
summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with  
his wife and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbor in the  
shallop " Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow  
summer-morn,  
With the newly planted orchards dropping  
their fruits first-born,  
And the home-roofs like brown islands  
amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the  
tided creeks between,

And hills rolled wave-like inland, with  
oaks and walnuts green ;—  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes  
had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where  
duty led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to  
break the living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the  
rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the  
pleasant land-breeze died,  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry  
lights denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tempest  
prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines,  
gone were rock, and wood, and  
sand ;  
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the  
rudder in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was  
sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones,  
nestled round him, weeping sore :  
" Never heed, my little children ! Christ  
is walking on before  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the  
sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a  
curtain drawn aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on the  
terror far and wide ;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind together  
smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's  
wail and man's despair,  
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks  
so sharp and bare,  
And, through it all, the murmur of Father  
Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the  
wild waves and the blast,  
On a rock, where every willow broke above  
him as it passed,  
Alone, of all his household, the man of  
God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the  
pause of wave and wind :  
" All my own have gone before me, and I  
linger just behind :  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest Thy  
ransomed find !

" In this night of death I challenge the  
promise of Thy word ! —  
Let me see the great salvation of which  
mine ears have heard ! —  
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through  
the grace of Christ, our Lord !

" In the baptism of these waters wash  
white my every sin,  
And let me follow up to Thee my house-  
hold and my kin !  
Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and let  
me enter in ! "

When the Christian sings his death-song,  
all the listening heavens draw near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of  
crystal, hear  
How the notes so faint and broken swell to  
music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His servant's  
last request ;  
As the strong wave swept him downward  
the sweet hymn upward pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing,  
to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from  
the rocks of Marblehead ;  
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes  
of prayer were read ;  
And long, by board and hearthstone, the  
living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding  
from the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient  
tale recall,  
When they see the white waves breaking  
on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

#### THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY

" Concerning y' Amphisbæna, as soon as I  
received your commands, I made diligent in-  
quiry : . . . he assures me y' it had really two

heads, one at each end ; two mouths, two stings  
or tongues." —REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to  
COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,  
Born of water, and air, and fire,  
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud  
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,  
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.  
So from the childhood of Newbury town  
And its time of fable the tale comes down  
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,  
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
Consider that strip of Christian earth  
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,  
Full of terror and mystery,  
Half redeemed from the evil hold  
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,  
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew  
When Time was young, and the world was  
new,

And wove its shadows with sun and moon,  
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and  
hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood  
blown,  
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the  
North,  
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,  
And the dismal tales the Indian told,  
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew  
cold,  
And he shrank from the tawny wizard  
boasts,  
And the hovering shadows seemed full of  
ghosts,  
And above, below, and on every side,  
The fear of his creed seemed verified ; —  
And think, if his lot were now thine own,  
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,  
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve  
And a feebler faith thy need might serve ;  
And own to thyself the wonder more  
That the snake had two heads, and not a  
score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen  
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,  
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,

Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,  
Nothing on record is left to show ;  
Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
And left the cast of a double head  
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.  
For he carried a head where his tail should  
be,  
And the two, of course, could never agree,  
But wriggled about with main and might,  
Now to the left and now to the right ;  
Pulling and twisting this way and that,  
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near !  
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !  
Think what ancient gossips might say,  
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,  
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !  
How urchins, searching at day's decline  
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,  
The terrible double-ganger heard  
In leafy rustle or whir of bird !  
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
In berry-time, of the younger sort,  
As over pastures blackberry-twined,  
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,  
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,  
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;  
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,  
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of  
day,  
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,  
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.  
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;  
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,  
To paint the primitive serpent by.  
Cotton Mather came galloping down  
All the way to Newbury town,  
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,  
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side ;  
Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
Of his brains for the lore he learned at  
school,  
To garnish the story, with here a streak  
Of Latin and there another of Greek :  
And the tales he heard and the notes he  
took,  
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
And still, whenever husband and wife

Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain  
At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say with a knowing shake  
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double  
Snake !

One in body and two in will,  
The Amphisbæna is living still ! "

### MABEL MARTIN

#### A HARVEST IDYL

Susanna Martin, an aged woman of Amesbury, Mass., was tried and executed for the alleged crime of witchcraft. Her home was in what is now known as Pleasant Valley on the Merrimac, a little above the old Ferry way, where, tradition says, an attempt was made to assassinate Sir Edmund Andros on his way to Falmouth (afterward Portland) and Pemaquid, which was frustrated by a warning timely given. Goody Martin was the only woman hanged on the north side of the Merrimac during the dreadful delusion. The aged wife of Judge Bradbury, who lived on the other side of the Powow River, was imprisoned and would have been put to death but for the collapse of the hideous persecution.

The substance of the poem which follows was published under the name of *The Witch's Daughter*, in *The National Era* in 1857. In 1875 my publishers desired to issue it with illustrations, and I then enlarged it and otherwise altered it to its present form. The principal addition was in the verses which constitute Part I.

#### PROEM

I CALL the old time back : I bring my  
lay  
In tender memory of the summer day  
When, where our native river leaped away,  
We dreamed it over, while the thrushes  
made  
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees  
laid  
On warm moonlights the masses of their  
shade.

And she was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and  
pain,—  
The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the work is  
done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape  
seem  
Fairer than any of which painters dream ;  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every  
stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's  
pure gold  
Heard, not displeased, its simple legends  
told,  
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

#### I. THE RIVER VALLEY

Across the level tableland,  
A grassy, rarely trodden way,  
With thinnest skirt of birchen spray

And stunted growth of cedar, leads  
To where you see the dull plain fall  
Sheer off, steep-slanted, ploughed by all

The seasons' rainfalls. On its brink  
The over-leaning harebells swing,  
With roots half bare the pine-trees cling ;

And, through the shadow looking west,  
You see the wavering river flow  
Along a vale, that far below

Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills  
And glimmering water-line between,  
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,

And fruit-bent orchards grouped around  
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,  
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves.

No warmer valley hides behind  
Yon wind-scoured sand-dunes, cold and  
bleak ;  
No fairer river comes to seek

The wave-sung welcome of the sea,  
Or mark the northmost border line  
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine.

Here, ground-fast in their native fields,  
Untempted by the city's gain,  
The quiet farmer folk remain

Who bear the pleasant name of Friends,  
And keep their fathers' gentle ways  
And simple speech of Bible days ;

In whose neat homesteads woman holds  
With modest ease her equal place,  
And wears upon her tranquil face

The look of one who, merging not  
Her self-hood in another's will,  
Is love's and duty's handmaid still.

Pass with me down the path that winds  
Through birches to the open land,  
Where, close upon the river strand

You mark a cellar, vine o'errun,  
Above whose wall of loosened stones  
The sumach lifts its reddening cones,

And the black nightshade's berries shine,  
And broad, unsightly burdocks fold  
The household ruin, century-old.

Here, in the dim colonial time  
Of sterner lives and gloomier faith,  
A woman lived, tradition saith,

Who wrought her neighbors foul annoy,  
And witched and plagued the country  
side,  
Till at the hangman's hand she died.

Sit with me while the westering day  
Falls slantwise down the quiet vale,  
And, haply ere you loitering sail,

That rounds the upper headland, falls  
Below Deer Island's pines, or sees  
Behind it Hawkswood's belt of trees

Rise black against the sinking sun,  
My idyl of its days of old,  
The valley's legend, shall be told.

#### II. THE HUSKING

It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns,—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight  
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented  
locks, —

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-  
boughs !

On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that  
made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane, —

Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known,  
The charms and riddles that beguiled  
On Oxus' banks the young world's  
child, —

That primal picture-speech wherein  
Have youth and maid the story told,  
So new in each, so dateless old,

Recalling pastoral Ruth in her  
Who waited, blushing and demure,  
The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.

### III. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard  
From lips of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
Since curious thousands thronged to see  
Her mother at the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified :  
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —  
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars ; let us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Young Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence !

Oh, dreary broke the winter days,  
And dreary fell the winter nights  
When, one by one, the neighboring  
lights

Went out, and human sounds grew still,  
And all the phantom-peopled dark  
Closed round her hearth-fire's dying  
spark.

And summer days were sad and long,  
And sad the uncompanioned eyes,  
And sadder sunset-tinted leaves,

And Indian Summer's airs of balm ;  
She scarcely felt the soft caress,  
The beauty died of loneliness !

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
And, when she sought the house of prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curv'd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm :

That mother, poor and sick and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer ; —

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief :  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

#### IV. THE CHAMPION

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown,  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

“Good neighbors mine,” he sternly said,  
“This passes harmless mirth or jest ;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

“She is indeed her mother's child,  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

“Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows — not I.

“I know who swore her life away ;  
And as God lives, I'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them.”

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's ; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
“The little witch is evil-eyed !

“Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a man !”

#### V. IN THE SHADOW

Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed  
The nameless terrors of the wood,  
And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon ;  
The soft breath of the west-wind gave  
A chill as from her mother's grave.

How dreary seemed the silent house !  
Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare  
Its windows had a dead man's stare !

And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,  
The tremulous shadow of a birch  
Reached out and touched the door's low  
porch,

As if to lift its latch ; hard by,  
A sudden warning call she heard,  
The night-cry of a boding bird.

She leaned against the door ; her face,  
So fair, so young, so full of pain,  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood knew ;  
The door-yard tree was whispered  
through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
Had heard in moonlights long ago ;  
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,  
The hills rolled off into the night.

She saw and heard, but over all  
A sense of some transforming spell,  
The shadow of her sick heart fell.

And still across the wooded space  
The harvest lights of Harden shone,  
And song and jest and laugh went  
on.

And he, so gentle, true, and strong,  
Of men the bravest and the best,  
Had he, too, scorned her with the  
rest ?

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery : "Let me die !

"Oh ! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach !

"I dare not breathe my mother's name :  
A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave !

"Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

"O God ! have mercy on Thy child,  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and  
small,  
And take me ere I lose it all !"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name.

#### VI. THE BETROTHAL

Had then God heard her ? Had He  
sent  
His angel down ? In flesh and blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :  
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ;  
Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well ;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she  
smiled,  
Upon his knees a little child !"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
As, folded in his strong embrace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"O truest friend of all !" she said,  
"God bless you for your kindly thought,  
And make me worthy of my lot !"

He led her forth, and, blent in one,  
Beside their happy pathway ran  
The shadows of the maid and man.

He led her through his dewy fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
And through the doors the huskers  
showed.

"Good friends and neighbors !" Esek said  
"I'm weary of this lonely life ;  
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

"She greets you kindly, one and all ;  
The past is past, and all offence  
Falls harmless from her innocence.

“Henceforth she stands no more alone ;  
You know what Esek Harden is ;—  
He brooks no wrong to him or his.

“Now let the merriest tales be told,  
And let the sweetest songs be sung  
That ever made the old heart young !

“For now the lost has found a home ;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
As all the household joys return !”

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-  
boughs !

On Mabel’s curls of golden hair,  
On Esek’s shaggy strength it fell ;  
And the wind whispered, “It is well !”

#### THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL

The prose version of this prophecy is to be found in Sewall’s *The New Heaven upon the New Earth*, 1697, quoted in Joshua Coffin’s *History of Newbury*. Judge Sewall’s father, Henry Sewall, was one of the pioneers of Newbury.

UP and down the village streets  
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
For the thoughts and things of to-day are  
hid,  
And through the veil of a closed lid  
The ancient worthies I see again :  
I hear the tap of the elder’s cane,  
And his awful periwig I see,  
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.  
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,  
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
He wears the look of a man unbought,  
Who swears to his hurt and changes not ;  
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless  
With the grace of Christian gentleness,  
The face that a child would climb to kiss !  
True and tender and brave and just,  
That man might honor and woman trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,  
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,

Of the fast which the good man lifelong  
kept

With a haunting sorrow that never slept,  
As the circling year brought round the time  
Of an error that left the sting of crime,  
When he sat on the bench of the witchcraft  
courts,

With the laws of Moses and Hale’s Reports,  
And spake, in the name of both, the word  
That gave the witch’s neck to the cord,  
And piled the oaken planks that pressed  
The feeble life from the warlock’s breast !  
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,  
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;  
No foot on his silent threshold trod,  
No eye looked on him save that of God,  
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with  
charms

Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms,  
And, with precious proofs from the sacred  
word

Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,  
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed  
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rueed,  
Might be washed away in the mingled flood  
Of his human sorrow and Christ’s dear  
blood !

Green forever the memory be  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o’er it glide !  
Honor and praise to the Puritan  
Who the halting step of his age outran,  
And, seeing the infinite worth of man  
In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
In the infinite love that stooped to save,  
Dared not brand his brother a slave !  
“Who doth such wrong,” he was wont to  
say,  
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,  
“Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
Which God shall cast down upon his head !”

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast  
That brave old jurist of the past  
And the cunning trickster and knave of  
courts  
Who the holy features of Truth distorts, —  
Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong ;  
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and  
weak  
Deaf as Egypt’s gods of leek ;

Scorning aside at party's nod  
 Order of nature and law of God ;  
 For whose dabbled ermine respect were  
 waste,  
 Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;  
 Justice of whom 't were vain to seek  
 As from Koordish robber or Syrian Sheik !  
 Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes and sins ;  
 Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !  
 To the saintly soul of the early day,  
 To the Christian judge, let us turn and  
 say :  
 "Praise and thanks for an honest man ! —  
 Glory to God for the Puritan ! "

I see, far southward, this quiet day,  
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
 With the many tints of the season gay,  
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
 Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
 Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,  
 Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,  
 A stone's toss over the narrow sound.  
 Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
 The hills curve round like a bended bow ;  
 A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
 I see the shine of the Quasycung ;  
 And, round and round, over valley and  
 hill,  
 Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
 Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
 And glimpses of chimneys and gabled  
 eaves,  
 Through green elm arches and maple  
 leaves, —  
 Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
 Gladden or sadden the heart of man,  
 Over whose thresholds of oak and stone  
 Life and Death have come and gone !  
 There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,  
 Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
 The dresser glitters with polished wares,  
 The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,  
 And the low, broad chimney shows the  
 crack  
 By the earthquake made a century back.  
 Up from their midst springs the village  
 spire  
 With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;  
 Beyond are orchards and planting lands,  
 And great salt marshes and glimmering  
 sands,  
 And, where north and south the coast-lines  
 run,  
 The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
 But my thoughts are full of the past and  
 old,  
 I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;  
 And the shadows and shapes of early days  
 Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
 With measured movement and rhythmic  
 chime  
 Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.  
 I think of the old man wise and good  
 Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
 (A poet who never measured rhyme,  
 A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)  
 And, propped on his staff of age, looked  
 down,  
 With his boyhood's love, on his native town,  
 Where, written as if on its hills and plains,  
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,  
 For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind  
 To read in the ear of the musing mind : —  
 "As long as Plum Island, to guard the  
 coast  
 As God appointed, shall keep its post ;  
 As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep  
 Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap ;  
 As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
 Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim ;  
 As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
 Their time to come and their time to go ;  
 As long as cattle shall roam at will  
 The green grass meadows by Turkey Hill ;  
 As long as sheep shall look from the side  
 Of Oldtown Hill on marshes wide,  
 And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
 As long as a wandering pigeon shall search  
 The fields below from his white-oak perch,  
 When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,  
 And the dry husks fall from the standing  
 corn ;  
 As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
 Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
 And her care for the Indian corn forgot,  
 And the yellow rows in pairs to set ; —  
 So long shall Christians here be born,  
 Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn ! —  
 By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,  
 Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
 But, husked by Death in the Planter's  
 sight,  
 Be sown again in the fields of light !"  
 The Island still is purple with plums,  
 Up the river the salmon comes,  
 The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds

On hillside berries and marish seeds,—  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain  
The good man's vision returns again !  
And let us hope, as well we can,  
That the Silent Angel who garners man  
May find some grain as of old he found  
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to  
own  
The precious seed by the fathers sown !

## THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

[Suggested by reading the following passage in *Minnesota and its Resources*, by J. Wesley Bond: "As I pass slowly along the lonely road that leads me from thee, Selkirk, mine eyes do turn continually to gaze upon thy smiling, golden fields, and thy lofty towers, now burnished with the rays of the departing sun, while the sweet vesper bell reverberates afar and strikes so mournfully pleasant upon mine ear. I feel satisfied that, though absent thousands of weary miles, my thoughts will always dwell on thee with rapturous emotions." At midnight, with the last stroke of the clock ushering in the 17th of December, 1891, the 84th anniversary of Whittier's birth, the bells of St. Boniface rang a joyous peal.]

OUT and in the river is winding  
The links of its long, red chain,  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboin !

Drearly blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north-winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace !

## THE PREACHER

George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, died at Newburyport in 1770, and was buried under the church which has since borne his name.

Its windows flashing to the sky,  
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
Far down the vale, my friend and I  
Beheld the old and quiet town ;  
The ghostly sails that out at sea  
Flapped their white wings of mystery ;  
The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low wooded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south ;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;  
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
A crimson-tinted shadow lay,  
Of clouds through which the setting day  
Flung a slant glory far away.  
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
It flamed upon the city's panes,  
Smote the white sails of ships that wore  
Outward or in, and glided o'er  
The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search  
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire  
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire ;  
What is it, pray ?" — "The Whitefield  
Church !

Walled about by its basement stones,  
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones." —  
Then as our homeward way we walked,  
Of the great preacher's life we talked ;  
And through the mystery of our theme  
The outward glory seemed to stream,  
And Nature's self interpreted  
The doubtful record of the dead ;  
And every level beam that smote  
The sails upon the dark afloat  
A symbol of the light became,  
Which touched the shadows of our blame  
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;  
On man and his works has passed the  
change  
Which needs must be in a century's range.  
The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run, —  
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,  
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and  
grain !

But the living faith of the settlers old  
A dead profession their children hold ;  
To the lust of office and greed of trade  
A stepping-stone is the altar made.  
The Church, to place and power the door,  
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,  
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.  
Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
And eager adding of land to land ;  
And earth, which seemed to the fathers  
meant

But as a pilgrim's wayside tent, —  
A nightly shelter to fold away  
When the Lord should call at the break of  
day, —  
Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
And Time has forgotten Eternity !

But fresh and green from the rotting roots  
Of primal forests the young growth shoots ;  
From the death of the old the new proceeds,  
And the life of truth from the rot of creeds :  
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,  
The steps of progress are human needs.  
For His judgments still are a mighty deep,  
And the eyes of His providence never sleep :

When the night is darkest He gives the  
morn ;  
When the famine is sorest, the wine and  
corn !

In the church of the wilderness Edwards  
wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought ;  
And with Thor's own hammer welded and  
bent

The iron links of his argument,  
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span  
The purpose of God and the fate of man !  
Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick  
found,

The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
Drew warmth and life from his fervent  
heart.

Had he not seen in the solitudes  
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods  
A vision of love about him fall ?  
Not the blinding splendor which fell on  
Saul,

But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,  
Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
But the Lord and His love are the light  
alone !

And watching the sweet, still countenance  
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,  
Had he not treasured each broken word  
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;  
And loved the beautiful dreamer more  
That thus to the desert of earth she bore  
Clusters of Eshcol from Canaan's shore ?

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain  
Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,  
Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze  
Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,  
So he who had waited long to hear  
The sound of the Spirit drawing near,  
Like that which the son of Iddo heard  
When the feet of angels the myrtles  
stirred,

Felt the answer of prayer, at last,  
As over his church the afflatus passed,  
Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
The creep of the flesh at danger near,  
A vague foreboding and discontent,  
Over the hearts of the people went.

All nature warned in sounds and signs :  
 The wind in the tops of the forest pines  
 In the name of the Highest called to prayer,  
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.  
 Through ceiled chambers of secret sin  
 Sudden and strong the light shone in ;  
 A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs  
 Startled the man of title-deeds ;  
 The trembling hand of the worldling shook  
 The dust of years from the Holy Book ;  
 And the psalms of David, forgotten long,  
 Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course  
 Of waters moved by a central force ;  
 The tide of spiritual life rolled down  
 From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands  
 Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands  
 And prayer availing, to downward call  
 The fiery answer in view of all.  
 Hearts are like wax in the furnace ; who  
 Shall mould, and shape, and cast them  
 anew ?

Lo ! by the Merrimac Whitefield stands  
 In the temple that never was made by  
 hands, —

Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
 And dome of the sunshine over all —  
 A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name  
 Blown about on the winds of fame ;  
 Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
 And now as a mad enthusiast.  
 Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
 The moral lapse of his race and age,  
 And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw  
 Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
 Possessed by the one dread thought that  
 lent  
 Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
 Up and down the world he went,  
 A John the Baptist crying, Repent !

No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
 Here or there the circle will break ;  
 The orb of life as it takes the light  
 On one side leaves the other in night.  
 Never was saint so good and great  
 As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
 For the plea of the Devil's advocate.  
 So, incomplete by his being's law,  
 The marvellous preacher had his flaw ;  
 With step unequal, and lame with faults,  
 His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :  
 Fear is easy, but love is hard, —  
 Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
 And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;  
 But he is greatest and best who can  
 Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he, — to whom, in the painful stress  
 Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
 Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small  
 That man was nothing, since God was all, —  
 Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
 That the love of the Lord and of man are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod  
 The thorny path of the desert trod,  
 Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
 Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's  
 wrong,  
 The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.  
 Should the worm be chooser ? — the clay  
 withstand  
 The shaping will of the potter's hand ?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
 The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :  
 " Spare thy pity ! " Krishna saith ;  
 " Not in thy sword is the power of death !  
 All is illusion, — loss but seems ;  
 Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;  
 Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;  
 Who counts as slain is living still.  
 Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;  
 Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;  
 Slain or slayer, small the odds  
 To each, immortal as Indra's gods ! "

So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
 The stones of his mission the preacher laid  
 On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,  
 And made of his blood the wall's cement ;  
 Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to  
 coast,

Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost ;  
 And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold  
 Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.  
 What could it matter, more or less  
 Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness ?  
 Living or dying, bond or free,  
 What was time to eternity ?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes !  
 Mission and church are now but dreams ;  
 Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
 To honor God through the wrong of man.

Of all his labors no trace remains  
Save the bondman lifting his hands in  
chains.

The woof he wove in the righteous warp  
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe  
Clothes with curses the goodly land,  
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand ;  
And a century's lapse reveals once more  
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.  
Father of Light ! how blind is he  
Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee  
With the blood and tears of humanity !

He erred : shall we count His gifts as  
naught ?

Was the work of God in him unwrought ?  
The servant may through his deafness err,  
And blind may be God's messenger ;  
But the errand is sure they go upon, —  
The word is spoken, the deed is done.  
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good  
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood ?  
For his tempted heart and wandering feet,  
Were the songs of David less pure and  
sweet ?

So in light and shadow the preacher went,  
God's erring and human instrument ;  
And the hearts of the people where he  
passed

Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,  
Under the spell of a voice which took  
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,  
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold  
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old, —  
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe  
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd  
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.  
The sailor reeling from out the ships  
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips  
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.  
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,  
The calker rough from the builder's yard ;  
The man of the market left his load,  
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,  
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt  
Their hearts in a closer union melt,  
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom  
Down the endless vistas of life to come.  
Old age sat feebly brushing away  
From his ears the scanty locks of gray ;  
And careless boyhood, living the free  
Unconscious life of bird and tree,  
Suddenly wakened to a sense

Of sin and its guilty consequence.  
It was as if an angel's voice  
Called the listeners up for their final choice ;  
As if a strong hand rent apart  
The veils of sense from soul and heart,  
Showing in light ineffable  
The joys of heaven and woes of hell !  
All about in the misty air  
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer ;  
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,  
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,  
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,  
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint, —  
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent  
An undertone as of low lament ;  
And the roar of the sea from its sandy coast,  
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,  
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judg-  
ment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,  
As that storm of passion above them swept,  
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,  
The priests of the new Evangel came, —  
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,  
Charged like summer's electric cloud,  
Now holding the listener still as death  
With terrible warnings under breath,  
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed  
The vision of Heaven's beatitude !  
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound  
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,  
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,  
And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,  
Groaning under the world's despair !  
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,  
Prophesied to the empty pews  
That gourds would wither, and mushrooms  
die,  
And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,  
Like the spring that gushed in Newbury  
Street,  
Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,  
A silver shaft in the air and light,  
For a single day, then lost in night,  
Leaving only, its place to tell,  
Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.  
With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,  
Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,  
No longer harried, and cropped, and  
fleeced,  
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,  
But by wiser counsels left at ease  
To settle quietly on his lees,  
And, self-concentred, to count as done

The work which his fathers well begun,  
In silent protest of letting alone,  
The Quaker kept the way of his own,—  
A non-conductor among the wires,  
With coat of asbestos proof to fires.  
And quite unable to mend his pace  
To catch the falling manna of grace,  
He hugged the closer his little store  
Of faith, and silently prayed for more.  
And vague of creed and barren of rite,  
But holding, as in his Master's sight,  
Aet and thought to the inner light,  
The round of his simple duties walked,  
And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went  
Step by step with the good intent,  
And with love and meekness, side by side,  
Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride ? —  
That passionate longings and fancies vain  
Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain ?  
That over the holy oracles  
Folly sported with cap and bells ?  
That goodly women and learned men  
Marvelling told with tongue and pen  
How unweaned children chirped like birds  
Texts of Scripture and solemn words,  
Like the infant seers of the rocky glens  
In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes :  
Or baby Lamas who pray and preach  
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech ?

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages  
With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,  
Hate and malice and self-love mar  
The notes of triumph with painful jar,  
And the helping angels turn aside  
Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.  
Never on custom's oil'd grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feels,  
The pool be troubled before it heals ;  
Ever by losses the right must gain,  
Every good have its birth of pain ;  
The active Virtues blush to find  
The Vices wearing their badge behind,  
And Graces and Charities feel the fire  
Wherein the sins of the age expire ;  
The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the ovet-drift  
And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,

Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk ?  
Who thinks of the drowned - out Coptic  
monk ?

The tide that loosens the temple's stones,  
And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,  
Drives away from the valley-land  
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,  
Moistens the fields that know no rain,  
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
And bread to the sower brings again.  
So the flood of emotion deep and strong  
Troubled the land as it swept along,  
But left a result of holier lives,  
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.

The husband and father whose children fled  
And sad wife wept when his drunken tread  
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,  
And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,  
In a strength that was not his own began  
To rise from the brute's to the plane of  
man.

Old friends embraced, long held apart  
By evil counsel and pride of heart ;  
And penitence saw through misty tears,  
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,  
The promise of Heaven's eternal years, —  
The peace of God for the world's annoy, —

Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.  
No saintly honors to them are shown,  
No sign nor miracle have they known ;  
But he who passes the ancient church  
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
And ponders the wonderful life of him  
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.  
Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,  
And the vanishing town behind him search  
For the slender spire of the Whitefield  
Church ;

And feel for one moment the ghosts of  
trade,  
And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,  
By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
That voice of warning yet eloquent,  
Of one on the errands of angels sent.  
And if where he labored the flood of sin  
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,  
And over a life of time and sense  
The church-spires lift their vain defence,

As if to scatter the bolts of God  
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—  
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,  
Precious beyond the world's renown,  
His memory hallows the ancient town !

### THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA

In the winter of 1675-76, the Eastern Indians, who had been making war upon the New Hampshire settlements, were so reduced in numbers by fighting and famine that they agreed to a peace with Major Waldron at Dover; but the peace was broken in the fall of 1676. The famous chief, Squando, was the principal negotiator on the part of the savages. He had taken up the hatchet to revenge the brutal treatment of his child by drunken white sailors, which caused its death.

It not unfrequently happened during the Border wars that young white children were adopted by their Indian captors, and so kindly treated that they were unwilling to leave the free, wild life of the woods; and in some instances they utterly refused to go back with their parents to their old homes and civilization.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,  
These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;  
Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell  
The weaving genii of the bell ;  
Tear from the wild Cochecho's track  
The dams that hold its torrents back ;  
And let the loud-rejoicing fall  
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;  
And let the Indian's paddle play  
On the unbridged Piscataqua !  
Wide over hill and valley spread  
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
With here and there a clearing cut  
From the walled shadows round it shut ;  
Each with its farm-house bchilded rude,  
By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
And the grim, flanked block-house bound  
With bristling palisades around.  
So, haply shall before thine eyes  
The dusty veil of centuries rise,  
The old, strange scenery overlay  
The tamer pictures of to-day,  
While, like the actors in a play,  
Pass in their ancient guise along  
The figures of my border song :  
What time beside Cochecho's flood  
The white man and the red man stood,  
With words of peace and brotherhood ;

When passed the sacred calumet  
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,  
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's  
smoke  
Through the gray beard of Waldron  
broke,  
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea  
For mercy, struck the haughty key  
Of one who held, in any fate,  
His native pride inviolate !

“Let your ears be opened wide !  
He who speaks has never lied.  
Waldron of Piscataqua,  
Hear what Squando has to say !

“Squando shuts his eyes and sees,  
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.  
In his wigwam, still as stone,  
Sits a woman all alone,

“Wampum beads and birchen strands  
Dropping from her careless hands,  
Listening ever for the fleet  
Patter of a dead child's feet !

“When the moon a year ago  
Told the flowers the time to blow,  
In that lonely wigwam smiled  
Menewee, our little child.

“Ere that moon grew thin and old,  
He was lying still and cold ;  
Sent before us, weak and small,  
When the Master did not call !

“On his little grave I lay ;  
Three times went and came the day,  
Thrice above me blazed the noon,  
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

“In the third night-watch I heard,  
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;  
Very mournful, very wild,  
Sang the totem of my child.

“Menewee, poor Menewee,  
Walks a path he cannot see :  
Let the white man's wigwam light  
With its blaze his steps aright.

“All-uncalled, he dares not show  
Empty hands to Manitou :  
Better gifts he cannot bear  
Than the scalps his slayers wear.”

“ All the while the totem sang,  
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;  
And a black cloud, reaching high,  
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

“ I, the medicine-man, whose ear  
All that spirits hear can hear,—  
I, whose eyes are wide to see  
All the things that are to be,—

“ Well I knew the dreadful signs  
In the whispers of the pines,  
In the river roaring loud,  
In the mutter of the cloud.

“ At the breaking of the day,  
From the grave I passed away ;  
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang  
glad,  
But my heart was hot and mad.

“ There is rust on Squando’s knife  
From the warm, red springs of life ;  
On the funeral hemlock-trees  
Many a scalp the totem sees.

“ Blood for blood ! But evermore  
Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;  
And his poor squaw waits at home  
For the feet that never come !

“ Waldron of Cocheco, hear !  
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;  
Take the captives he has ta’en ;  
Let the land have peace again ! ”

As the words died on his tongue,  
Wide apart his warriors swung ;  
Parted, at the sign he gave,  
Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.

And, like Israel passing free  
Through the prophet-charmèd sea,  
Captive mother, wife, and child  
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,  
Middleway her steps delayed,  
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,  
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid  
On the little maiden’s head,  
Lightly from her forehead fair  
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

“ Gift or favor ask I none ;  
What I have is all my own :  
Never yet the birds have sung,  
‘ Squando hath a beggar’s tongue.’ ”

“ Yet for her who waits at home,  
For the dead who cannot come,  
Let the little Gold-hair be  
In the place of Menewee !

“ Mishanock, my little star !  
Come to Saco’s pines afar ;  
Where the sad one waits at home,  
Wequashim, my moonlight, come ! ”

“ What ! ” quoth Waldron, “ leave  
child  
Christian-born to heathens wild ?  
As God lives, from Satan’s hand  
I will pluck her as a brand ! ”

“ Hear me, white man ! ” Squando cried ;  
“ Let the little one decide.  
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ? ”

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,  
Half regretfully, the maid  
Owned the ties of blood and race,—  
Turned from Squando’s pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
But his wampum chain he broke,  
And the beaded wonder hung  
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
In the marches of a dream,  
Single-filed, the grim array  
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,  
Through her tears the young child gazed  
“ God preserve her ! ” Waldron said ;  
“ Satan hath bewitched the maid ! ”

Years went and came. At close of day  
Singing came a child from play,  
Tossing from her loose-locked head  
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother’s look,  
But her head she gravely shook,  
And with lips that fondly smiled  
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :  
 "Up and down the brook I ran,  
 Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
 Lie the spotted trout asleep.

" ' Chip ! ' went squirrel on the wall,  
 After me I heard him call,  
 And the cat-bird on the tree  
 Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark  
 That I stopped to look and hark,  
 On a log, with feather-hat,  
 By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away ;  
 But he called, and bade me stay ;  
 And his voice was good and mild  
 As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,  
 Looked and looked it o'er again ;  
 Gave me berries, and, beside,  
 On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see  
 What the Indian's gift might be.  
 On the braid of wampum hung,  
 Lo ! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,  
 Squando's bird and totem pine ;  
 And, a mirage of the brain,  
 Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,  
 Into space the walls outgrew ;  
 On the Indian's wigwam-mat,  
 Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,  
 In her ear the pines sang low,  
 And, like links from out a chain,  
 Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
 From the griefs that gnaw within,  
 To the freedom of the woods  
 Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister !  
 Watch thy flock, but blame not her,  
 If her ear grew sharp to hear  
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul  
 All the desert's glamour stole,  
 That a tear for childhood's loss  
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,  
 And she bowed her widowed head,  
 And a prayer for each loved name  
 Rose like incense from a flame,

With a hope the creeds forbid  
 In her pitying bosom hid,  
 To the listening ear of Heaven  
 Lo ! the Indian's name was given.

#### MY PLAYMATE

[When written, this poem bore the title *Eleanor*, and when first printed *The Playmate*.]

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
 Their song was soft and low ;  
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
 The orchard birds sang clear ;  
 The sweetest and the saddest day  
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
 My playmate left her home,  
 And took with her the laughing spring,  
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
 She laid her hand in mine :  
 What more could ask the bashful boy  
 Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
 The constant years told o'er  
 Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
 But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
 Of uneventful years ;  
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
 And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
 Her summer roses blow ;  
 The dusky children of the sun  
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown,—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems,—  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice ;  
Does she remember mine ?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours,—  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow ;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea,—  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee !

## COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION

This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimac.

THE beaver cut his timber  
With patient teeth that day,

The minks were fish-wards, and the crows  
Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
He stitched and hammered and sung ;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well know the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning  
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
Who dress the hills of vine,  
The tales that haunt the Brocken  
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
The swift stream wound away,  
Through birches and scarlet maples  
Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
Plunging in steep cascade,  
Tossing its white-maned waters  
Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
East and west and north and south ;  
Only the village of fishers  
Down at the river's mouth ;

Only here and there a clearing,  
With its farm-house rude and new,  
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,  
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
No vintage-song he heard,  
And on the green no dancing feet  
The merry violin stirred.

" Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,  
" When Nature herself is glad,  
And the painted woods are laughing  
At the faces so sour and sad ? "

Small heed had the careless cobbler  
What sorrow of heart was theirs

Who travailed in pain with the births of  
God,  
And planted a state with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
Smiting the heathen horde,—  
One hand on the mason's trowel,  
And one on the soldier's sword !

But give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
Little he cared for Church or State,  
Or the balance of right and wrong.

“ ‘T is work, work, work,’ he muttered,—  
“ And for rest a snuffle of psalms !”  
He smote on his leathern apron  
With his brown and waxen palms.

“ Oh for the purple harvests  
Of the days when I was young !  
For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
And the pleasant songs they sung !

“ Oh for the breath of vineyards,  
Of apples and nuts and wine !  
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
Down the grand old river Rhine !”

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
And dropped on his beard so gray.  
“ Old, old am I,” said Keezar,  
“ And the Rhine flows far away !”

But a cunning man was the cobbler ;  
He could call the birds from the  
trees,  
Charm the black snake out of the  
ledges,  
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
And the arts of the Old World mingled  
With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
And the lapstone on his knee  
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles  
Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa  
Wrought it with spell and rhyme  
From a fragment of mystic moonstone  
In the tower of Netteshem.

To a cobbler Minnesinger  
The marvellous stone gave he,—  
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,  
He held it up like a lens,  
And he counted the long years coming  
By twenties and by tens.

“ One hundred years,” quoth Keezar,  
“ And fifty have I told :  
Now open the new before me,  
And shut me out the old !”

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness  
Rolled from the magic stone,  
And a marvellous picture mingled  
The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,  
And river and ocean joined ;  
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-  
line,  
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
By many a steepled town,  
By many a white-walled farm-house,  
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
The stream no more ran free ;  
White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
The flags were floating gay,  
And shone on a thousand faces  
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
Turned the brown earth from their shares ;  
Here were the farmer's treasures,  
There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,  
Ruby her currant-wine ;  
Grand were the strutting turkeys,  
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
And the ripe pears russet-brown,  
And the peaches had stolen blushes  
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wildwood,  
That shame the toil of art,  
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
Of the garden's tropic heart.

“What is it I see ?” said Keezar :  
“Am I here, or am I there ?  
Is it a fête at Bingen ?  
Do I look on Frankfort fair ?

“But where are the clowns and puppets,  
And imps with horns and tail ?  
And where are the Rhenish flagons ?  
And where is the foaming ale ?

“Strange things, I know, will happen,—  
Strange things the Lord permits ;  
But that droughty folk should be jolly  
Puzzles my poor old wits.

“Here are smiling manly faces,  
And the maiden's step is gay ;  
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drink-  
ing,  
Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

“Here 's pleasure without regretting,  
And good without abuse,  
The holiday and the bridal  
Of beauty and of use.

“Here 's a priest and there is a Quaker,  
Do the cat and dog agree ?  
Have they burned the stocks for ovenwood ?  
Have they cut down the gallows-tree ?

“Would the old folk know their children ?  
Would they own the graceless town,  
With never a ranter to worry  
And never a witch to drown ?”

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
Laughed like a school-boy gay ;  
Tossing his arms above him,  
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
It plunged through the leaning willows,  
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmèd stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
The rosy signals fly ;  
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,  
And love goes sailing by.

## AMY WENTWORTH

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief  
And anxious care, in fantasies outwrought  
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or  
caught  
From whispering wind, or tread of passing  
feet,  
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet  
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or  
why  
They scarcely know or ask, — so, thou and I,  
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is  
strong  
In the endurance which outwears Wrong,  
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,  
And trusting God against the universe, —  
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not  
share  
With other weapons than the patriot's  
prayer,  
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened  
eyes,  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the living wall  
'Twixt law and treason, — in this evil day  
May haply find, through automatic play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,  
And hearten others with the strength we  
gain.

I know it has been said our times require  
 No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,  
 No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform  
 To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,  
 But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets  
 The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,  
 And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with  
 these  
 Some softer tints may blend, and milder  
 keys  
 Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us  
 keep sweet,  
 If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat  
 The bitter harvest of our own device  
 And half a century's moral cowardice.  
 As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,  
 And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,  
 And through the war-march of the Puritan  
 The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,  
 So let the household melodies be sung,  
 The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung,—  
 So let us hold against the hosts of night  
 And slavery all our vantage-ground of light.  
 Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake  
 From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,  
 Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,  
 And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of  
 man,  
 And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull  
 By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—  
 But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,  
 (God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of  
 peace :  
 No foes are conquered who the victors teach  
 Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we  
 bear  
 Of the great common burden our full share,  
 Let none upbraid us that the waves entice  
 Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint de-  
 vice,  
 Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away  
 From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-  
 day.  
 Thus, while the east-wind keen from Lab-  
 rador  
 Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore  
 Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar  
 Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky  
 Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I  
 try  
 To time a simple legend to the sounds  
 Of winds in the woods, and waves on peb-  
 bled bounds,—

A song for oars to chime with, such as might  
 Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night  
 Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet  
 cove  
 Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they  
 love.  
 (So hast thou looked, when level sunset  
 lay  
 On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,  
 And all the spray-moist rocks and waves  
 that rolled  
 Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy  
 gold.)  
 Something it has — a flavor of the sea,  
 And the sea's freedom — which reminds of  
 thee.  
 Its faded picture, dimly smiling down  
 From the blurred fresco of the ancient  
 town,  
 I have not touched with warmer tints in  
 vain,  
 If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one  
 thought from pain.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys  
 They dance so light along ;  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
 Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !  
 Her thoughts are not of thee ;  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
 The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
 That at its anchor swings ;  
 The murmur of the stranded shell  
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise  
 But dreams the while of one  
 Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
 The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
 And every fog-wreath dim,  
 And bids the sea-birds flying north  
 Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
 He perilled life to save,  
 And grateful prayers like holy oil  
 To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack !  
Fair toast of all the town ! —  
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine ;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur ;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown, —  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Eliot's bowers ;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly ;  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that  
he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold !

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill ;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will !

## THE COUNTESS

TO E. W.

I inscribed this poem to Dr. Elias Weld of Haverhill, Massachusetts, to whose kindness I was much indebted in my boyhood. He was the one cultivated man in the neighborhood. His small but well-chosen library was placed at my disposal. He is the "wise old doctor" of *Snow-Bound*.

Count François de Vipart with his cousin Joseph Rochemont de Poyen came to the United States in the early part of the present century. They took up their residence at Rocks Village on the Merrimac, where they both married. The wife of Count Vipart was Mary Ingalls, who, as my father remembered her, was a very lovely young girl. Her wedding dress, as described by a lady still living, was "pink satin with an overdress of white lace, and white satin slippers." She died in less than a year after her marriage. Her husband returned to his native country. He lies buried in the family tomb of the Viparts at Bordeaux. [See note at end of volume.]

I KNOW not, Time and Space so intervene,  
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,  
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years and ten,  
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citizen ;  
But, here or there, a pleasant thought of

thee,

Like an old friend, all day has been with me.  
The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly hand  
Smoothed his hard pathway to the wonder-

land

Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood yet  
Keeps green the memory of his early debt.  
To-day, when truth and falsehood speak

their words

Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth  
of swords,  
Listening with quickened heart and ear intent

To each sharp clause of that stern argument,

I still can hear at times a softer note  
Of the old pastoral music round me float,  
While through the hot gleam of our civil  
strife

Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.  
 As, at his alien post, the sentinel  
 Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,  
 And hears old voices in the winds that toss  
 Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,  
 So, in our trial-time, and under skies  
 Shadowed by swords like Islam's paradise,  
 I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray  
 To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day;  
 And howsoe'er the pencil dipped in dreams  
 Shades the brown woods or tints the sun-  
 set streams,

The country doctor in the foreground seems,  
 Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes  
 Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and  
 pains.

I could not paint the scenery of my song,  
 Mindless of one who looked thereon so  
 long;  
 Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,  
 Made friends o' the woods and rocks, and  
 knew the sound  
 Of each small brook, and what the hillside  
 trees

Said to the winds that touched their leafy  
 keys;  
 Who saw so keenly and so well could paint  
 The village-folk, with all their humors  
 quaint,—

The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,  
 Grave and erect, with white hair backward  
 blown;  
 The tough old boatman, half amphibious  
 grown;  
 The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's  
 tale,

And the loud straggler levying his black-  
 mail,—

Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,  
 All that lies buried under fifty years.  
 To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,  
 And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.

---

Over the wooded northern ridge,  
 Between its houses brown,  
 To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
 The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch and  
 pine,  
 Of gable, roof, and porch,  
 The tavern with its swinging sign,  
 The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves  
 To meet, in ebb and flow,  
 The single broken wharf that serves  
 For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores  
 The heavy hay-boats crawl,  
 The long antennæ of their oars  
 In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall  
 The idle shad-net dries;  
 The toll-man in his cobbler's stall  
 Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone  
 Of waves that chafe and gnaw;  
 You start, — a skipper's horn is blown  
 To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds  
 With slow and sluggish beat,  
 Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds  
 Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,  
 A cobwebbed nook of dreams;  
 Left by the stream whose waves are  
 years  
 The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,  
 The native dweller clings,  
 And keeps, in uninquiring trust,  
 The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,  
 The farmer sows his grain,  
 Content to hear the murmuring pines  
 Instead of railroad train.

Go where, along the tangled steep  
 That slopes against the west,  
 The hamlet's buried idlers sleep  
 In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,  
 The birch's pale-green scarf,  
 And break the web of brier and bloom  
 From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,  
 Of pomp and romance shorn,  
 The dry, old names that common breath  
 Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part  
The wild vines o'er it laced,  
And read the words by rustic art  
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager  
Of fourscore years can say  
What means the noble name of her  
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land  
Found refuge here and rest,  
And loved, of all the village band,  
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,  
He worshipped through her eyes,  
And on the pride that doubts and scorns  
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw  
By homeliest duties tried,  
In all things by an untaught law  
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid ;  
He took the hue and tone  
Of lowly life and toil, and made  
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,  
To harvest-field or dance  
He brought the gentle courtesies,  
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less  
From him she loved in turn  
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness  
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,  
Nor knew the gazing town  
If she looked upward to her lord  
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was  
o'er,  
His violin's mirth and wail,  
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,  
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be long ;  
The altar and the bier,  
The burial hymn and bridal song,  
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill,  
Beneath the locust's bloom ;  
Far off her lover sleeps as still  
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,  
In death still clasp their hands ;  
The love that levels rank and grade  
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,  
Or whose the blazoned stone ?  
Forever to her western wave  
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love ! — so hallowing every soil  
That gives thy sweet flower room,  
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,  
The human heart takes bloom ! —

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod  
Of sinful earth unripened,  
White blossom of the trees of God  
Dropped down to us from heaven ! —

This tangled waste of mound and stone  
Is holy for thy sake ;  
A sweetness which is all thy own  
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine  
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,  
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,  
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem  
Unite again in thee,  
As western wave and Gallic stream  
Are mingled in one sea !

### AMONG THE HILLS

This poem, when originally published, was dedicated to Annie Fields, wife of the distinguished publisher, James T. Fields, of Boston, in grateful acknowledgment of the strength and inspiration I have found in her friendship and sympathy.

The poem in its first form was entitled *The Wife: an Idyl of Bearcamp Water*, and appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1868. When I published the volume *Among the Hills*, in December of the same year, I expanded the Prelude and filled out also the outlines of the story.

## PRELUDE

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
 That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
 Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
 And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
 Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
 The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
 Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
 Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
 With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
 Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
 Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
 Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
 The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift  
 still  
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
 A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,  
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —  
 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long over-worn  
 To task their strength: and (unto Him be  
 praise  
 Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain  
 Of years that did the work of centuries  
 Have ceased, and we can draw our breath  
 once more  
 Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
 Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
 With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
 I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn  
 The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er  
 Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
 And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
 Proud of field-lore and harvest craft, and  
 feeling  
 All their fine possibilities, how rich  
 And restful even poverty and toil

Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
 Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
 At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man  
 Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
 The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
 Tender and just and generous to her  
 Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I  
 know  
 Too well the picture has another side, —  
 How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
 Where love is wanting, how the eye and  
 ear  
 And heart are starved amidst the plenitude  
 Of nature, and how hard and colorless  
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
 Across the lapse of half a century,  
 And call to mind old homesteads, where no  
 flower  
 Told that the spring had come, but evil  
 weeds,  
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in  
 the place  
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose  
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls  
 seemed  
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves  
 Across the curtainless windows, from whose  
 panes  
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness.  
 Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, un-  
 washed  
 (Broom-clean I think they called it); the  
 best room  
 Stifling with cellar-damp, shut from the air  
 In hot midsummer bookless, pictureless  
 Save the inevitable sampler hung  
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, be-  
 neath  
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated  
 hearth  
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half con-  
 cealing  
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's  
 back;  
 And, in sad keeping with all things about  
 them,  
 Shril, querulous women, sour and sullen  
 men,  
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
 With scarce a human interest save their own  
 Monotonous round of small economies,  
 Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
 Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,

Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet ;  
 For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves ;  
 For them in vain October's holocaust Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills, The sacramental mystery of the woods. Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers, But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent, Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls And winter pork with the feast possible outlay  
 Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life Showing as little actual comprehension Of Christian charity and love and duty, As if the Sermon on the Mount had been Outdated like a last year's almanac : Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
 And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless, The veriest straggler limping on his rounds, The sun and air his sole inheritance, Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes, And hugged his rags in self-complacency !  
 Not such should be the homesteads of a land Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell  
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state, With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make His hour of leisure richer than a life Of fourscore to the barons of old time, Our yeoman should be equal to his home Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled, A man to match his mountains, not to creep Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain  
 In this light way (of which I needs must own) With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings, "Stcry, God bless you ! I have none to tell you !")  
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel The beauty and the joy within their reach,— Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes Of nature free to all. Happily in years That wait to take the places of our own, Heard where some breezy balcony looks down

On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth, In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine May seem the burden of a prophecy, Finding its late fulfilment in a change Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up Through broader culture, finer manners, love, And reverence, to the level of the hills.  
 O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn, And not of sunset, forward, not behind, Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring All the old virtues, whatsoever things Are pure and honest and of good repute, But add thereto whatever bard has sung Or seer has told of when in trance and dream They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy ! Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide Between the right and wrong ; but give the heart The freedom of its fair inheritance ; Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long, At Nature's table feast his ear and eye With joy and wonder ; let all harmonies Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon The princely guest, whether in soft attire Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil, And, lending life to the dead form of faith, Give human nature reverence for the sake Of One who bore it, making it divine With the ineffable tenderness of God ; Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer, The heirship of an unknown destiny, The unsolved mystery round about us, make A man more precious than the gold of Ophir. Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things Should minister, as outward types and signs Of the eternal beauty which fulfils The one great purpose of creation, Love, The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven !

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
 And vexed the vales with raining,  
 And all the woods were sad with mist,  
 And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valleys clean before  
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind  
sang  
Good Morrow to the cotter ;  
And once again Chocoura's horn  
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
Once more the sunshine wearing,  
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,  
The peaks had winter's keenness ;  
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
With golden lights were checkered,  
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness  
Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales  
Of shadow and of shining,  
Through which, my hostess at my side,  
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
The river's whitening shallows,  
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
Swept through and through by swallows ;

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
And larches climbing darkly  
The mountain slopes, and, over all,  
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven, —  
How through each pass and hollow streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains !

We paused at last where home-bound cows  
Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,  
The crow his tree-mates calling :  
The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level sun  
In broken lines of splendor,  
Touched the gray rocks and made the  
green  
Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
Their arch of leaves just tinted  
With yellow warmth, the golden glow  
Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house showed,  
And smiled on porch and trellis,  
The fair democracy of flowers  
That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,  
'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
A human flower of childhood shook  
The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
Of fancy and of shrewdness,  
Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands, and called to Mary :  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,  
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness ;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not fair alone in curve and line,  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm eluding art,  
Its spirit, not its letter : —

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance, —  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood

How dared our hostess utter  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration :  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

“More wise,” she said, “than those who  
swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

“From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

“Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

“For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing :  
There's iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing.

“She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

“Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

“Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common,—  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

“She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said : ‘ You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

“To mend your frock and bake your  
bread  
You do not need a lady :  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready, —

“Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure.”

“He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
“T is well,” he said, ‘ for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

“You think because my life is rude  
I take no note of sweetness :  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

“Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

“You think me deaf and blind : you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.

“You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.

“The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.

“You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me ;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls about me ?

“No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother :  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another !

“ I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding ;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading.”

“ She looked up in his face of pain  
So archly, yet so tender :  
‘ And if I lend you mine,’ she said,  
‘ Will you forgive the lender ?’

“ Nor frock nor tan can hide the man ;  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind the silken armor ?

“ I love you : on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming ?”

“ Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-swinged cradle straining,  
Looked down to see love’s miracle, —  
The giving that is gaining.

“ And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter :  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

“ Flowers spring to blossom where she  
walks  
The careful ways of duty ;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

“ Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

“ Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching ;  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.

“ And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing ;  
Her garments to the sick man’s ear  
Have music in their trailing.

“ And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
Defy the winter weather, —

“ In sugar-camps, when south and warm  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple’s blood is flowing, —

“ In summer, where some lilyed pond  
Its virgin zone is baring,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring, —

“ The coarseness of a ruder time  
Her finer mirth displaces,  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.

“ Her presence lends its warmth ~~and~~  
health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such  
As she alone restore it.

“ For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor ;  
Who holds to his another’s heart  
Must needs be worse or better.

“ Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition ;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.

“ In party’s doubtful ways he trusts  
Her instincts to determine ;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ’s Mountain Sermon.

“ He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason,  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.

“ He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy’s freer ranges ;  
And love thus deepened to respect  
Is proof against all changes.

“ And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel,

“ Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.

“And higher, warmed with summer lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.

“He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him,  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him :

“The steady force of will whereby  
Her exile grace seems sweeter ;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer ;

“A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it ;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite.

“How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention !

“How life behind its accidents  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

“And so in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer,  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

“And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

“Why need we care to ask ? - - who  
dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses ?

“For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living ;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

“We send the Squire to General Court,  
He takes his young wife thither ;  
No prouder man election day  
Rides through the sweet June weather.

“He sees with eyes of manly trust  
All hearts to her inclining ;  
Not less for him his household light  
That others share its shining.”

Thus, while my hostess spake, there grew  
Before me, warmer tinted  
And outlined with a tenderer grace,  
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plummets ;  
The pale arc of the Northern lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits,

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the maple lawn  
The welcome home-lights glowing.

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
‘T were well, thought I, if often  
To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonize and soften ;

If more and more we found the troth  
Of fact and fancy plighted,  
And culture's charm and labor's strength  
In rural homes united, —

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
And blessing toil where toil abounds  
With graces more abounding.

#### THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL

THE land was pale with famine  
And racked with fever-pain ;  
The frozen fiords were fishless,  
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja  
Before them come and go,  
And, through their dreams, the Urdarmoon  
From west to east sailed slow !

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera  
At Yule-time made his vow ;

On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone  
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her ;  
To Skuld, the younger Norn,  
Who watches over birth and death,  
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter  
Took up the sprinkling-rod,  
And smeared with blood the temple  
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water  
Ground its ice blocks o'er and o'er ;  
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,  
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,  
Aloft in icy space,  
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones  
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer  
Beneath its baleful light  
The Jotun shapes of mountains  
Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled  
As a flame by wind is blown ;  
A weird power moved his white lips,  
And their voice was not his own !

“ The Æsir thirst ! ” he muttered ;  
“ The gods must have more blood  
Before the tun shall blossom  
Or fish shall fill the flood.

“ The Æsir thirst and hunger,  
And hence our blight and ban ;  
The mouths of the strong gods water  
For the flesh and blood of man !

“ Whom shall we give the strong ones ?  
Not warriors, sword on thigh ;  
But let the nursling infant  
And bedrid old man die.”

“ So be it ! ” cried the young men,  
“ There needs nor doubt nor parle.”  
But, knitting hard his red brows,  
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping  
At the temple door was heard,

But the old men bowed their white heads,  
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,  
A Vala young and fair,  
Sang softly, stirring with her breath  
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang : “ The winds from Alfheim  
Bring never sound of strife ;  
The gifts for Frey the meetest  
Are not of death, but life.

“ He loves the grass-green meadows,  
The grazing kine's sweet breath ;  
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,  
Your gifts that smell of death.

“ No wrong by wrong is righted,  
No pain is cured by pain ;  
The blood that smokes from Doom-ring,  
Falls back in redder rain.

“ The gods are what you make them,  
As earth shall Asgard prove ;  
And hate will come of hating,  
And love will come of love.

“ Make dole of skyr and black bread  
That old and young may live ;  
And look to Frey for favor  
When first like Frey you give.

“ Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows  
The summer dawn begins :  
The tun shall have its harvest,  
The fiord its glancing fins.”

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell :  
“ By Gimli and by Hel,  
O Vala of Thingvalla,  
Thou singest wise and well !

“ Too dear the Æsir's favors  
Bought with our children's lives ;  
Better die than shame in living  
Our mothers and our wives.

“ The full shall give his portion  
To him who hath most need ;  
Of curdled skyr and black bread,  
Be daily dole decreed.”

He broke from off his neck-chain  
Three links of beaten gold ;

And each man, at his bidding,  
Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,  
And daughters fed their sires,  
And Health sat down with Plenty  
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal ;  
The Doom-ring still remains ;  
But the snows of a thousand winters  
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now ; the *Æsir*  
Have found their twilight dim ;  
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old  
The Vala sang of Him !

## THE TWO RABBINS

THE Rabbi Nathan twoscore years and ten  
Walked blameless through the evil world,  
and then,

Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and  
taught

No more among the elders, but went out  
From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,  
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he  
prayed,  
Smiting his breast ; then, as the Book he  
laid

Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
Behold the royal preacher's words : "A  
friend

Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end ;  
And for the evil day thy brother lives."  
Marvelling, he said : "It is the Lord who  
gives

Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees  
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees  
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and  
lay

My sins before him."

And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers ;  
But even as one who, followed unawares,

Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand  
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek  
fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but  
hear,

So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the  
shame

Of such desires that, shuddering, he ab-  
horred  
Himself ; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blankness round  
about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecbatana far away  
Rose on the desert's rim ; and Nathan, faint  
And footsore, pausing where for some dead  
saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
He greeted kindly : " May the Holy One  
Answer thy prayers, O stranger ! " Where-  
upon

The shape stood up with a loud cry, and  
then,

Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray  
men

Wept, praising Him whose gracious provi-  
dence

Made their paths one. But straightway, as  
the sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
Himself away : " O friend beloved, no  
more

Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.  
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth  
mine,

May purge my soul, and make it white like  
thine.

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned ! "

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert  
wind

Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

" I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,  
" In thought have verily sinned. Hast  
thou not read,

‘ Better the eye should see than that desire

Should wander ?' Burning with a hidden fire  
 That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.  
 Pray for me, O my friend !" But Nathan cried,  
 " Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac ! "

Side by side  
 In the low sunshine by the turbu[n] stone  
 They knelt ; each made his brother's woe  
 his own,  
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
 Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness ;  
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own became ;  
 His prayers were answered in another's name ;  
 And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face !

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
 Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read :  
 " *Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead ;  
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget ;  
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone ;  
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own !* "

#### NOREMBEGA

Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

THE winding way the serpent takes  
 The mystic water took,

From where, to count its beaded lakes,  
 The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,  
 For sun or stars to fall,  
 While evermore, behind, before,  
 Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath  
 Wan flowers without a name ;  
 Life tangled with decay and death,  
 League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill  
 The rounding shadow lay,  
 Save where the river cut at will  
 A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,  
 Weak as a child unweaned,  
 At shut of day a Christian knight  
 Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires  
 Along the clouds burned down ;  
 " I see," he said, " the domes and spires  
 Of Norembega town."

" Alack ! the domes, O master mine,  
 Are golden clouds on high ;  
 Yon spire is but the branchless pine  
 That cuts the evening sky."

" Oh, hush and hark ! What sounds are these  
 But chants and holy hymns ?"  
 " Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees  
 Through all their leafy limbs."

" Is it a chapel bell that fills  
 The air with its low tone ?"  
 " Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,  
 The insect's vesper drone."

" The Christ be praised ! — He sets for me  
 A blessed cross in sight !"  
 " Now, nay, 't is but you blasted tree  
 With two gaunt arms outright ! "

" Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,  
 It mattereth not, my knave ;  
 Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,  
 The cross is for my grave !

" My life is sped ; I shall not see  
 My home-set sails again ;

The sweetest eyes of Normandie  
Shall watch for me in vain.

“ Yet onward still to ear and eye  
The baffling marvel calls ;  
I fain would look before I die  
On Norem bega’s walls.

“ So, haply, it shall be thy part  
At Christian feet to lay  
The mystery of the desert’s heart  
My dead hand plucked away.

“ Leave me an hour of rest ; go thou  
And look from yonder heights ;  
Perchance the valley even now  
Is starred with city lights.”

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,  
He saw nor tower nor town,  
But, through the drear woods, lone and still,  
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things  
Whose shapes he could not see,  
A flutter as of evil wings,  
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,  
A sword of fire beyond ;  
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon  
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back : “ O master dear,  
We are but men misled ;  
And thou hast sought a city here  
To find a grave instead.”

“ As God shall will ! what matters where  
A true man’s cross may stand,  
So Heaven be o’er it here as there  
In pleasant Norman land ?

“ These woods, perchance, no secret hide  
Of lordly tower and hall ;  
Yon river in its wanderings wide  
Has washed no city wall ;

“ Yet mirrored in the sullen stream  
The holy stars are given :  
Is Norem bega, then, a dream  
Whose waking is in Heaven ?

“ No builded wonder of these lands  
My weary eyes shall see ;

A city never made with hands  
Alone awaiteth me —

“ *Urbs Syon mystica* ; I see  
Its mansions passing fair,  
*Condita cœlo* ; let me be,  
Dear Lord, a dweller there ! ”

Above the dying exile hung  
The vision of the bard,  
As faltered on his failing tongue  
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave  
Beneath the hemlocks brown,  
And to the desert’s keeping gave  
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain  
Sailed up the unknown stream,  
And Norem bega proved again  
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman’s nameless grave  
Within the hemlock’s shade,  
And, stretching wide its arms to save,  
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the  
spot  
And made it holy ground :  
He needs the earthly city not  
Who hath the heavenly found.

## MIRIAM

TO FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD

[When Whittier was an editor in Hartford, Mr. Barnard, afterward President of Columbia College, was a teacher in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in that place. Both men were at the time especially interested in Eastern history and romance.]

THE years are many since, in youth and  
hope,  
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope  
We drew thick-studded with all favoring  
stars.  
Now, with gray beards, and faces seamed  
with scars  
From life’s hard battle, meeting once again,  
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so vain :

Knowing, at last, that it is not in man  
Who walketh to direct his steps, or plan  
His permanent house of life. Alike we  
loved  
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies  
moved  
To measures of old song. How since that  
day  
Our feet have parted from the path that  
lay  
So fair before us ! Rich, from lifelong  
search  
Of truth, within thy Academic porch  
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,  
Thy servitors the sciences exact ;  
Still listening with thy hand on Nature's  
keys,  
To hear the Samian's spherical harmonies  
And rhythm of law. I, called from dream  
and song,  
Thank God ! so early to a strife so long,  
That, ere it closed, the black, abundant  
hair  
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and spare  
On manhood's temples, now at sunset-chime  
Tread with fond feet the path of morning  
time.  
And if perchance too late I linger where  
The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees  
are bare,  
Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely  
blame  
The friend who shields his folly with thy  
name.

One Sabbath day my friend and I,  
After the meeting, quietly  
Passed from the crowded village lanes,  
White with dry dust for lack of rains,  
And climbed the neighboring slope, with  
feet  
Slackened and heavy from the heat,  
Although the day was wellnigh done,  
And the low angle of the sun  
Along the naked hillside cast  
Our shadows as of giants vast.  
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,  
Whence, either way, the green turf fell  
In terraces of nature down  
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town  
With white, pretenceless houses, tall  
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,  
Huge mills whose windows had the look  
Of eager eyes that ill could brook

The Sabbath rest. We traced the track  
Of the sea-seeking river back,  
Glistening for miles above its mouth,  
Through the long valley to the south,  
And, looking eastward, cool to view,  
Stretched the illimitable blue  
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line ;  
Sombred and still the warm sunshine  
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach  
Of slumberous woods from hill to beach, —  
Slanted on walls of thronged retreats  
From city toil and dusty streets,  
On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,  
And rocky islands miles from land ;  
Touched the far-glancing sails, and showed  
White lines of foam where long waves  
flowed  
Dumb in the distance. In the north,  
Dim through their misty hair, looked forth  
The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,  
From mystery to mystery !

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,  
We talked of human life, its hope  
And fear, and unsolved doubts, and what  
It might have been, and yet was not.  
And, when at last the evening air  
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer  
Ringing in steeples far below,  
We watched the people churchward go,  
Each to his place, as if thereon  
The true shekinah only shone ;  
And my friend queried how it came  
To pass that they who owned the same  
Great Master still could not agree  
To worship Him in company.  
Then, broadening in his thought, he ran  
Over the whole vast field of man, —  
The varying forms of faith and creed  
That somehow served the holders' need ;  
In which, unquestioned, undenied,  
Uncounted millions lived and died ;  
The bibles of the ancient folk,  
Through which the heart of nations spoke ;  
The old moralities which lent  
To home its sweetness and content,  
And rendered possible to bear  
The life of peoples everywhere :  
And asked if we, who boast of light,  
Claim not a too exclusive right  
To truths which must for all be meant,  
Like rain and sunshine freely sent.  
In bondage to the letter still,  
We give it power to cramp and kill, —  
To tax God's fulness with a scheme

Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,  
His wisdom and his love with plans  
Poor and inadequate as man's.  
It must be that He witnesses  
Somehow to all men that He is :  
That something of His saving grace  
Reaches the lowest of the race,  
Who, through strange creed and rite, may  
draw  
The hints of a diviner law.  
We walk in clearer light ; — but then,  
Is He not God ? — are they not men ?  
Are His responsibilities  
For us alone and not for these ?

And I made answer : "Truth is one ;  
And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity.  
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
Free as the sun and air it is  
Of latitudes and boundaries.  
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
Are messages of good to man ;  
The angels to our Aryan sires  
Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
The prophets of the elder day,  
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.

" Nor doth it lessen what He taught,  
Or make the gospel Jesus brought  
Less precious, that His lips retold  
Some portion of that truth of old ;  
Denying not the proven seers,  
The tested wisdom of the years ;  
Confirming with His own impress  
The common law of righteousness.  
We search the world for truth ; we  
cull

The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read,  
And all our treasure of old thought  
In His harmonious fulness wrought  
Who gathers in one sheaf complete  
The scattered blades of God's own wheat,  
The common growth that maketh good  
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

" Wherever through the ages rise  
The altars of self-sacrifice,  
Where love its arms has opened wide,  
Or man for man has calmly died,  
I see the same white wings outspread  
That hovered o'er the Master's head !  
Up from undated time they come,  
The martyr souls of heathendom,  
And to His cross and passion bring  
Their fellowship of suffering.  
I trace His presence in the blind  
Pathetic gropings of my kind, —  
In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,  
In cradle-hymns of life they sung,  
Each, in its measure, but a part  
Of the unmeasured Over-heart ;  
And with a stronger faith confess  
The greater that it owns the less.  
Good cause it is for thankfulness  
That the world-blessing of His life  
With the long past is not at strife ;  
That the great marvel of His death  
To the one order witnesseth,  
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,  
No link of cause and sequence breaks,  
But, one with nature, rooted is  
In the eternal verities ;  
Whereby, while differing in degree  
As finite from infinity,  
The pain and loss for others borne,  
Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,  
The life man giveth for his friend  
Becomes vicarious in the end ;  
Their healing place in nature take,  
And make life sweeter for their sake.

" So welcome I from every source  
The tokens of that primal Force,  
Older than heaven itself, yet new  
As the young heart it reaches to,  
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
The tidal wave of human souls ;  
Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
The eternal spirit of the Lord !  
Nor fear I aught that science brings  
From searching through material things ;  
Content to let its glasses prove,  
Not by the letter's oldness move,  
The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
The spaces of the universe ;  
Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
The garden of the heart, and talks  
With man, as under Eden's trees,  
In all his varied languages  
Why mourn above some hopeless flaw

In the stone tablets of the law,  
When scripture every day afresh  
Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?  
By inward sense, by outward signs,  
God's presence still the heart divines ;  
Through deepest joy of Him we learn,  
In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
And reason stoops its pride to share  
The child-like instinct of a prayer."

And then, as is my wont, I told  
A story of the days of old,  
Not found in printed books, — in sooth,  
A fancy, with slight hint of truth,  
Showing how differing faiths agree  
In one sweet law of charity.  
Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,  
Our faces in its glory shone ;  
But shadows down the valley swept,  
And gray below the ocean slept,  
As time and space I wandered o'er  
To tread the Mogul's marble floor,  
And see a fairer sunset fall  
On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

The good Shah Akbar (peace be his alway !)  
Came forth from the Divan at close of day  
Bowed with the burden of his many cares,  
Worn with the hearing of unnumbered  
prayers, —

Wild cries for justice, the importunate  
Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,  
And all the strife of sect and creed and rite,  
Santon and Gouroo waging holy fight :  
For the wise monarch, claiming not to be  
Allah's avenger, left his people free,  
With a faint hope, his Book scarce justified,  
That all the paths of faith, though severed  
wide,  
O'er which the feet of prayerful reverence  
passed,  
Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool hareem,  
Where, far beneath, he heard the Jumna's  
stream

Lapse soft and low along his palace wall,  
And all about the cool sound of the fall  
Of fountains, and of water circling free  
Through marble ducts along the balcony ;  
The voice of women in the distance sweet,  
And, sweeter still, of one who, at his feet,  
Soothed his tired ear with songs of a far  
land  
Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-sand

The mirror of its cork-grown hills of drouth  
And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbor-mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the peepul  
laid

Its topmost boughs against the balustrade,  
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines  
That, light and graceful as the shawl-  
designs

Of Delhi or Umrtsir, twined in stone ;  
And the tired monarch, who aside had  
thrown

The day's hard burden, sat from care apart,  
And let the quiet steal into his heart  
From the still hour. Below him Agra slept  
By the long light of sunset overswept :  
The river flowing through a level land,  
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,  
Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,  
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,  
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flowering  
trees

Relieved against the mournful cypresses ;  
And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-  
foam,

The marble wonder of some holy dome  
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,  
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the night  
Swift-falling hid the city from his sight ;  
Then to the woman at his feet he said :  
" Tell me, O Miriam, something thou hast  
read

In childhood of the Master of thy faith,  
Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet saith :  
' He was a true apostle, yea, a Word  
And Spirit sent before me from the Lord.'  
Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well I know  
By what thou art, O dearest, it is so  
As the lute's tone the maker's hand be-  
trays,

The sweet disciple speaks her Master's  
praise."

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in some  
sort

She cherished in the Moslem's liberal court  
The sweet traditions of a Christian child ;  
And, through her life of sense, the un-  
defiled

And chaste ideal of the sinless One  
Gazed on her with an eye she might not  
shun, —

The sad, reproachful look of pity, born  
Of love that hath no part in wrath or scorn,)  
Began, with low voice and moist eyes, to tell  
Of the all-loving Christ, and what befell  
When the fierce zealots, thirsting for her  
blood,  
Dragged to his feet a shame of womanhood.  
How, when his searching answer pierced  
within

Each heart, and touched the secret of its sin,  
And her accusers fled his face before,  
He bade the poor one go and sin no more.  
And Akbar said, after a moment's thought,  
"Wise is the lesson by thy prophet taught;  
Woe unto him who judges and forgets  
What hidden evil his own heart besets !  
Something of this large charity I find  
In all the sects that sever humankind ;  
I would to Allah that their lives agreed  
More nearly with the lesson of their creed !  
Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut pray  
By wind and water power, and love to say :  
'He who forgiveth not shall, unforgiven,  
Fail of the rest of Buddha,' and who even  
Spare the black gnat that stings them, vex  
my ears

With the poor hates and jealousies and fears  
Nursed in their human hives. That lean,  
fierce priest

Of thy own people, (be his heart increased  
By Allah's love !) his black robes smelling  
yet

Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met  
Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the street  
The saying of his prophet true and sweet, —  
'He who is merciful shall mercy meet !'

But, next day, so it chanced, as night began  
To fall, a murmur through the harem ran  
That one, recalling in her dusky face  
The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a race  
Known as the blameless Ethiops of Greek  
song,

Plotting to do her royal master wrong,  
Watching, reproachful of the lingering  
light,

The evening shadows deepen for her flight,  
Love-guided, to her home in a far land,  
Now waited death at the great Shah's com-  
mand.

Shapely as that dark princess for whose  
smile  
A world was bartered, daughter of the Nile

Herself, and veiling in her large, soft eyes  
The passion and the languor of her skies,  
The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet  
Of her stern lord : "O king, if it be meet,  
And for thy honor's sake," she said, "that I,  
Who am the humblest of thy slaves, should  
die,

I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.  
Easier it is to die than to outlive  
All that life gave me, — him whose wrong  
of thee

Was but the outcome of his love for me,  
Cherished from childhood, when, beneath  
the shade

Of tempted Axum, side by side we played.  
Stolen from his arms, my lover followed me  
Through weary seasons over land and sea ;  
And two days since, sitting disconsolate  
Within the shadow of the harem gate,  
Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,  
Down from the lattice of the balcony  
Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cowherds  
sung

In the old music of his native tongue.  
He knew my voice, for love is quick of ear,  
Answering in song.

This night he waited near  
To fly with me. The fault was mine alone :  
He knew thee not, he did but seek his own ;  
Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,  
Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou art,  
Greatest and best of men, and in her heart  
Grateful to tears for favor undeserved,  
Turned ever homeward, nor one moment  
swerved  
From her young love. He looked into my  
eyes,

He heard my voice, and could not otherwise  
Than he hath done ; yet, save one wild em-  
brace

When first we stood together face to face,  
And all that fate had done since last we met  
Seemed but a dream and left us children  
yet,

He hath not wronged thee nor thy royal bed :  
Spare him, O king ! and slay me in his  
stead !"

But over Akbar's brows the frown hung  
black,  
And, turning to the eunuch at his back,  
"Take them," he said, "and let the Jumna's  
waves  
Hide both my shame and these accursed  
slaves !"

His loathly length the unsexed bondman  
bowed :

“On my head be it !”

Straightway from a cloud  
Of dainty shawls and veils of woven mist  
The Christian Miriam rose, and, stooping,  
kissed

The monarch’s hand. Loose down her  
shoulders bare

Swept all the rippled darkness of her hair,  
Veiling the bosom that, with high, quick  
swell

Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.

“Alas !” she cried, “hast thou forgotten  
quite

The words of Him we spake of yesternight ?  
Or thy own prophet’s, ‘Whoso doth endure  
And pardon, of eternal life is sure ?’

O great and good ! be thy revenge alone  
Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown ;  
Let thwarted love and youth their pardon  
plead,

Who sinned but in intent, and not in deed !”

One moment the strong frame of Akbar  
shook

With the great storm of passion. Then his  
look

Softened to her uplifted face, that still  
Pleaded more strongly than all words, until  
Its pride and anger seemed like overblown,  
Spent clouds of thunder left to tell alone  
Of strife and overcoming. With bowed  
head,

And smiting on his bosom : “God,” he said,  
“Alone is great, and let His holy name  
Be honored, even to His servant’s shame !  
Well spake thy prophet, Miriam,—he alone  
Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a stone  
At such as these, who here their doom  
await,

Held like myself in the strong grasp of  
fate.

They sinned through love, as I through love  
forgive ;

Take them beyond my realm, but let them  
live !”

And, like a chorus to the words of grace,  
The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,  
Motionless as an idol and as grim,  
In the pavilion Akbar built for him  
Under the court-yard trees, (for he was  
wise,

Knew Menu’s laws, and through his close-  
shut eyes

Saw things far off, and as an open book  
Into the thoughts of other men could look,)  
Began, half chant, half howling, to rehearse  
The fragment of a holy Vedic verse ;  
And thus it ran : “He who all things for-  
gives

Conquers himself and all things else, and  
lives

Above the reach of wrong or hate or fear,  
Calm as the gods, to whom he is most dear.”

Two leagues from Agra still the traveller  
sees

The tomb of Akbar through its cypress-  
trees ;

And, near at hand, the marble walls that  
hide

The Christian Begum sleeping at his side.  
And o’er her vault of burial (who shall tell  
If it be chance alone or miracle ?)  
The Mission press with tireless hand unrolls  
The words of Jesus on its lettered scrolls,—  
Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy o’er  
And bids the guilty, “Go and sin no more !”

It now was dew-fall ; very still  
The night lay on the lonely hill,  
Down which our homeward steps we bent,  
And, silent, through great silence went,  
Save that the tireless crickets played  
Their long, monotonous serenade.

A young moon, at its narrowest,  
Curved sharp against the darkening west ;  
And, momentarily, the beacon’s star,  
Slow wheeling o’er its rock afar,  
From out the level darkness shot  
One instant and again was not.

And then my friend spake quietly  
The thought of both : “Yon crescent *seen* !  
Like Islam’s symbol-moon it gives  
Hints of the light whereby it lives :  
Somewhat of goodness, something true  
From sun and spirit shining through  
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark  
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,  
Attestes the presence everywhere  
Of love and providential care.  
The faith the old Norse heart confessed  
In one dear name, — the hopefulest  
And tenderest heard from mortal lips  
In pangs of birth or death, from ships

Ice-bitten in the winter sea,  
Or lisped beside a mother's knee,—  
The wiser world hath not outgrown,  
And the All-Father is our own ! ”

## NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of old  
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his nar-  
rowing Cape

Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds  
And the relentless smiting of the waves,  
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream  
Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
Far inland, where the voices of the waves  
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering  
leaves,

As, through the tangle of the low, thick  
woods,

He searched his traps. Therein nor beast  
nor bird

He found ; though meanwhile in the reedy  
pools

The otter plashed, and underneath the pines  
The partridge drummed : and as his  
thoughts went back

To the sick wife and little child at home,  
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith  
Too weak to bear its burden,— like a rope  
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks  
above

The hand that grasps it. “ Even now, O  
Lord !

Send me,” he prayed, “ the angel of my  
dream !

Nauhaught is very poor ; he cannot wait.”

Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet  
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,  
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held  
The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
With his great need, feeling the wondrous  
coins

Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.  
So then the dream was true. The angel  
brought

One broad piece only, should he take all  
these ?

Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb  
woods ?

The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely  
miss

This dropped crumb from a table always  
full.

Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear  
the cry

Of a starved child ; the sick face of his wife  
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce  
revolt

Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,  
Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless  
eyes

To watch his halting,— had he lost for  
these

The freedom of the woods ; — the hunting-  
grounds

Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven  
Of everlasting psalms ? One healed the sick  
Very far off thousands of moons ago :  
Had he not prayed him night and day to  
come

And cure his bed-bound wife ? Was there  
a hell ?

Were all his fathers' people writhing  
there —

Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive —  
Forever, dying never ? If he kept  
This gold, so needed, would the dreadful  
God

Torment him like a Mohawk's captive  
stuck

With slow-consuming splinters ? Would  
the saints

And the white angels dance and laugh to  
see him

Burn like a pitch-pine torch ? His Chris-  
tian garb

Seemed falling from him ; with the fear  
and shame

Of Adam naked at the cool of day,  
He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil  
On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye  
Watched from a dead bough. All his In-  
dian lore

Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
In the supernal terrors of the Book,  
He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake  
And ominous, black-winged bird ; and all  
the while

The low rebuking of the distant waves  
Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he  
thrust

The base thought from him : " Nauhaught,  
    be a man !  
Starve, if need be ; but, while you live, look  
    out  
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.  
God help me ! I am deacon of the church,  
A baptized, praying Indian ! Should I do  
This secret meanness, even the barkin  
    knots  
Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see  
    it,  
The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves  
Whisper above me : ' Nauhaught is a  
    thief !'  
The sun would know it, and the stars that  
    hide  
Behind his light would watch me, and at  
    night  
Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.  
Yea, thou, God, seest me ! " Then Nau-  
    haught drew  
Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely  
    back  
To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea ;  
And, pausing at the inn - door, cheerily  
    asked :  
" Who hath lost aught to-day ? "  
    " I, " said a voice ;  
" Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
My daughter's handiwork. " He looked,  
    and lo !  
One stood before him in a coat of frieze,  
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,  
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no  
    trace of wings.  
Marvelling, he dropped within the stran-  
    ger's hand  
The silken web, and turned to go his way.  
But the man said : " A tithe at least is  
    yours ;  
Take it in God's name as an honest man. " "  
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed  
Over the golden gift, " Yea, in God's name  
I take it, with a poor man's thanks, " he  
    said.  
So down the street that, like a river of  
    sand,  
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
He sought his home, singing and praising  
    God ;  
And when his neighbors in their careless  
    way  
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse —  
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port

That the Cape opens in its sandy wall —  
He answered, with a wise smile, to him-  
    self :  
" I saw the angel where they see a man. "

### THE SISTERS

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,  
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar  
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,  
And looked out into the storm and night.

" Hush, and hearken ! " she cried in fear,  
" Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ? "

" I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,  
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

" Get thee back to the bed so warm,  
No good comes of watching a storm.

" What is it to thee, I fain would know,  
That waves are roaring and wild winds  
    blow ?

" No lover of thine 's afloat to miss  
The harbor-lights on a night like this. "

" But I heard a voice cry out my name,  
Up from the sea on the wind it came !

" Twice and thrice have I heard it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
    Hall ! "

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.  
" Hall of the Heron is safe, " she said.

" In the tauteest schooner that ever swam  
He rides at anchor in Annisquam.

" And, if in peril from swamping sea  
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee ? "

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,  
And wringing her small white hands she  
    cried :

" O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong .  
I hear it again, so loud and long. "

“‘Annie ! Annie !’ I hear it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
Hall !”

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,  
“Thou liest ! He never would call thy  
name !

“If he did, I would pray the wind and  
sea  
To keep him forever from thee and me !”

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful  
blast ;  
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,  
But through her tears a strange light  
shone, —

The solemn joy of her heart’s release  
To own and cherish its love in peace.

“Dearest !” she whispered, under breath,  
“Life was a lie, but true is death.

“The love I hid from myself away  
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

“My ears shall never to wooer list,  
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

“Sacred to thee am I henceforth,  
Thou in heaven and I on earth !”

She came and stood by her sister’s bed :  
“Hall of the Heron is dead !” she said.

“The wind and the waves their work have  
done,  
We shall see him no more beneath the  
sun.

“Little will reck that heart of thine ;  
It loved him not with a love like mine.

“I, for his sake, were he but here,  
Could hem and ‘broider thy bridal gear,

“Though hands should tremble and eyes  
be wet,  
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

“But now my soul with his soul I wed ;  
Thine the living, and mine the dead !”

## MARGUERITE

## MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760

Upwards of one thousand of the Acadian peasants forcibly taken from their homes on the Gaspereau and Basin of Minas were assigned to the several towns of the Massachusetts colony, the children being bound by the authorities to service or labor.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds  
into blossoms grew ;  
Little of human sorrow the buds and the  
robins knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French  
neutral lay ;  
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of  
the April day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by  
the spider’s warp and woof,  
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on  
oaken ribs of roof,

The bedquilt’s faded patchwork, the tea-  
cups on the stand,  
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped  
from her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin, or  
warm morning light,  
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heed-  
less of sound or sight ?

Done was the work of her hands, she had  
eaten her bitter bread ;  
The world of the alien people lay behind  
her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time  
she saw the sun o’erflow  
With gold the Basin of Minas, and set over  
Gaspereau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of  
the sea at flood,  
Through inlet and creek and river, from  
dike to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-  
hawk’s rise and fall,  
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the  
dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard  
the song she sang ;  
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for  
vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat,  
smoothing the wrinkled sheet,  
Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling  
the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed  
and long abuse,  
By care no longer heeded and pity too late  
for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of  
the mistress stepped,  
Leaned over the head-board, covering his  
face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him  
sharply, with brow a-frown :  
“ What ! love you the Papist, the beggar,  
the charge of the town ? ”

“ Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I  
know and God knows  
I love her, and fain would go with her  
wherever she goes !

“ O mother ! that sweet face came pleading,  
for love so athirst.  
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her  
God’s angel at first.”

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed  
down a bitter cry ;  
And awed by the silence and shadow of  
death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but  
closer the young girl pressed,  
With the last of her life in her fingers, the  
cross to her breast.

“ My son, come away,” cried the mother,  
her voice cruel grown.  
“ She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ;  
let her alone ! ”

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead,  
his lips to her ear,  
And he called back the soul that was  
passing : “ Marguerite, do you  
hear ? ”

She paused on the threshold of heaven ;  
love, pity, surprise,  
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the  
cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her,  
but never her cheek grew red,  
And the words the living long for he spake  
in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where  
buds to blossoms grew ;  
Of the folded hands and the still face never  
the robins knew !

### THE ROBIN

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the robins sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

“ Nay ! ” said the grandmother ; “ have you  
not heard,  
My poor, bad boy ! of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it ? ”

“ He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin :  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“ My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast-  
burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him ! ”

“ Amen ! ” I said to the beautiful myth ;  
“ Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well :  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“ Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they  
do ! ”

## THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

[For the preface which introduced this poem when first published, see the notes at the end of this volume. The verses which precede the prelude are from the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the *Germantown Records*, 1888.]

HAIL to posterity !  
 Hail, future men of Germanopolis !  
 Let the young generations yet to be  
 Look kindly upon this.  
 Think how your fathers left their native  
 land, —  
 Dear German-land ! O sacred hearths  
 and homes ! —  
 And, where the wild beast roams,  
 In patience planned  
 New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,  
 There undisturbed and free  
 To live as brothers of one family.  
 What pains and cares befall,  
 What trials and what fears,  
 Remember, and wherein we have done well  
 Follow our footsteps, men of coming  
 years !  
 Where we have failed to do  
 Aright, or wisely live,  
 Be warned by us, the better way pursue,  
 And, knowing we were human, even as you,  
 Pity us and forgive !  
 Farewell, Posterity !  
 Farewell, dear Germany !  
 Forevermore farewell !

## PRELUDE

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime  
 And milder speech than those brave men's  
 who brought  
 To the ice and iron of our winter time  
 A will as firm, a creed as stern, and  
 wrought  
 With one mailed hand, and with the other  
 fought.  
 Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme  
 I sing the blue-eyed German Spener  
 taught,  
 Through whose veiled, mystic faith the In-  
 ward Light,  
 Steady and still, an easy brightness,  
 shone,  
 Transfiguring all things in its radiance  
 white.

The garland which his meekness never  
 sought  
 I bring him ; over fields of harvest sown  
 With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness  
 grown,  
 I bid the sower pass before the reapers' sight.

Never in tenderer quiet lapsed the day  
 From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,  
 Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets  
 lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar  
 Of purple cloud, on which the evening star  
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through  
 the deep  
 Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to  
 creep,  
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of  
 sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their  
 ploughs  
 Rested at last, and from their long day's  
 browse  
 Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-  
 bound cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin  
 zone  
 The rivers like two mighty arms were  
 thrown,  
 Marked by the smoke of evening fires  
 alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then  
 With its fair women and its stately men  
 Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough - hewn  
 frames  
 Of oak and pine the dryads held their  
 claims,  
 And lent its streets their pleasant woodland  
 names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane  
 Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune  
 again  
 Her vines and simples, with a sigh of pain

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled  
In the oak clearing, and, as daylight failed,  
Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds  
sailed.

Again she looked : between green walls of shade,  
With low-bent head as if with sorrow weighed,

Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

“God’s peace be with thee, Anna !” Then he stood  
Silent before her, wrestling with the mood  
Of one who sees the evil and not good.

“What is it, my Pastorius ?” As she spoke,  
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,  
Sadder than tears. “Dear heart,” he said,  
“our folk

“Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends  
Are frail ; our elders have their selfish ends,  
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

“For duty’s loss. So even our feeble word  
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard  
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred ;

“And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began  
A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
In widening circles, as from man to man.

“Somewhat was said of running before sent,  
Of tender fear that some their guide out-went,  
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

“On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,  
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

“And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
They toiled and suffered ; I was made aware  
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair !

“And while the meeting smothered our poor plea

With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,

‘As ye have done to these ye do to me !’

“So it all passed ; and the old tithe went on  
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

“Help, for the good man faileth ! Who is strong,  
If these be weak ? Who shall rebuke the wrong,  
If these consent ? How long, O Lord ! how long !”

He ceased ; and, bound in spirit with the bound,  
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the ground,  
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,  
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,  
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz’ gentle sage,  
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age  
He read the herbal signs of nature’s page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau’s bowers

Fair as herself, in boyhood’s happy hours,  
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

“The dear Lord give us patience !” said his wife,  
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife  
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn  
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,  
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

“See this strange plant its steady purpose hold,  
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,  
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.

“But some time, thou hast told me, there shall come

A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume ;  
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom.

“So may the seed which hath been sown to-day  
Grow with the years, and, after long delay,  
Break into bloom, and God’s eternal Yea

“Answer at last the patient prayers of them  
Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem  
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom’s diadem.

“Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and wait,  
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is great,  
But love and patience conquer soon or late.”

“Well hast thou said, my Anna !” Tenderer  
Than youth’s caress upon the head of her  
Pastorius laid his hand. “ Shall we demur

“Because the vision tarrieth ? In an hour  
We dream not of, the slow-grown bud may flower,  
And what was sown in weakness rise in power !”

Then through the vine-draped door whose legend read,  
“Procul este profani !” Anna led  
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. “ Dear heart,” she said, “ if we  
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,  
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall see

“When from the gallery to the farthest seat,  
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer meet,  
But all sit equal at the Master’s feet.”

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut block  
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the cock  
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic, side  
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at hide  
And seek with Anna, midst her household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare  
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,  
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware.

The courtly Penn had praised the good-wife’s cheer,  
And quoted Horace o’er her home-brewed beer,  
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuylkill’s wave,  
He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave  
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.

For all too soon the New World’s scandal shamed  
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed,  
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,  
And hardened avarice, on its gains intent,  
Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested sore  
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore  
Their warning message to the Church’s door

In God’s name ; and the leaven of the word  
Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,  
And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes stirred

To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse  
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,  
Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less  
Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress  
Of the poor plea its shame of selfishness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was unforget,  
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not :  
And, when his prey the human hunter sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna’s wise delay  
And proffered cheer prolonged the master’s stay,  
To speed the black guest safely on his way.

Yet who shall guess his bitter grief who  
lends  
His life to some great cause, and finds his  
friends  
Shame or betray it for their private ends ?

How felt the Master when his chosen strove  
In childish folly for their seats above ;  
And that fond mother, blinded by her love,

Besought him that her sons, beside his  
throne,  
Might sit on either hand ? Amidst his own  
A stranger oft, companionless and lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The  
martyr's pain  
Is not alone from scourge and cell and  
chain ;  
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his  
train,

His weak disciples by their lives deny  
The loud hosannas of their daily cry,  
And make their echo of his truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he found,  
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth  
around,  
And held armed truce upon its neutral  
ground.

There Indian chiefs with battle-bows un-  
strung,  
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Ho-  
mer sung,  
Pastorius fancied, when the world was  
young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe and  
tall,  
Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's  
hall,  
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab and  
gray  
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting  
day,  
Genial, half merry in their friendly way.

Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland,  
Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand  
The New World's promise, sought his help-  
ing hand.

Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den  
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,  
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Peter-  
sen.

Deep in the woods, where the small river  
slid  
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic  
hid,  
Weird as a wizard, over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of John,  
And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through  
the Stone  
Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read be-  
fore,  
And saw the visions man shall see no more,  
Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,  
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,  
Shattering the heavens before the dread  
eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin  
Leaned o'er the gate ; or Ranter, pure  
within,  
Aired his perfection in a world of sin.

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op der  
Graaf  
Teased the low back-log with his shodden  
staff,  
Till the red embers broke into a laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain would  
cheer  
The rugged face, half tender, half austere,  
Touched with the pathos of a homesick  
tear !

Or Sluyter, saintly familist, whose word  
As law the Brethren of the Manor heard,  
Announced the speedy terrors of the Lord,

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his  
race,  
Above a wrecked world with complacent  
face  
Riding secure upon his plank of grace !

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves ex-  
iled.

Manly in thought, in simple ways a child,  
His white hair floating round his visage  
mild,

The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's  
door,  
Pleased from his neighbor's lips to hear  
once more  
His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.

For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse,  
And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse  
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding verse.

And oft Pastorius and the meek old man  
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,  
Ending in Christian love, as they began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns he  
strayed  
Where Sommerhausen over vales or shade  
Looked miles away, by every flower de-  
layed,

Or song of bird, happy and free with one  
Who loved, like him, to let his memory run  
Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,  
And dream with Philo over mysteries  
Whereof the dreamer never finds the keys ;

To touch all themes of thought, nor weakly  
stop  
For doubt of truth, but let the buckets drop  
Deep down and bring the hidden waters  
up.

For there was freedom in that wakening  
time  
Of tender souls ; to differ was not crime ;  
The varying bells made up the perfect  
chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,  
The white, clear light, tradition-colored,  
stole  
Through the stained oriel of each human  
soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker brought  
His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought  
That moved his soul the creed his fathers  
taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind  
Within themselves its secret witness find,  
The soul's communion with the Eternal  
Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and  
Guide,  
Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,  
The polished Penn and Cromwell's Ironside.

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting,  
face  
By face in Flemish detail, we may trace  
How loose-mouthed boor and fine ancestral  
grace

Sat in close contrast, — the clipt-headed  
churl,  
Broad market-dame, and simple serving-  
girl  
By skirt of silk and periwig in curl !

For soul touched soul ; the spiritual treas-  
ure-trove  
Made all men equal, none could rise above  
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbors sitting down,  
The homespun frock beside the scholar's  
gown,  
Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and  
sought  
The bookless wisdom by experience taught,  
And learned to love his new-found home,  
while not

Forgetful of the old ; the seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit  
lent  
Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing  
His song of welcome to the Western spring,  
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his  
wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,  
And all the woods with many-colored flame  
Of splendor, making summer's greenness  
tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a  
sound

Spake to him from each kindled bush  
around,  
And made the strange, new landscape holy  
ground !

And when the bitter north-wind, keen and  
swift,  
Swept the white street and piled the door-  
yard drift,  
He exercised, as Friends might say, his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the  
hash  
Of corn and beans in Indian succotash ;  
Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a  
flash

Of wit and fine conceit, — the good man's  
play  
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away  
The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her look  
Of love's endurance, from its niche he  
took  
The written pages of his ponderous book.

And read, in half the languages of man,  
His "Rusca Apium," which with bees be-  
gan,  
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some friend  
In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg penned  
Dropped in upon him like a guest to spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical  
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall  
And voices sound in dreams, and yet withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone,  
Over the roses of her gardens blown  
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her  
own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend  
could trace  
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace  
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times, to  
look  
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Penta-  
teuch,  
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,  
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,  
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and  
strange.

And thus the Old and New World reached  
their hands  
Across the water, and the friendly lands  
Talked with each other from their severed  
strands.

Pastorius answered all : while seed and root  
Sent from his new home grew to flower and  
fruit  
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot ;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood knew  
Smiled at his door, the same in form and  
hue,  
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters grew.

No idler he ; whoever else might shirk,  
He set his hand to every honest work, —  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting  
clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is found,  
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil  
ground,  
With "Vinum, Linum et Textrinum" wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,  
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and  
saw,  
Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered through,  
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,  
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor  
jail,  
Nor ducking-stool ; the orchard-thief grew  
pale  
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land ;  
The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,  
And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love  
Of tenderer skies than German land knew  
of,  
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood  
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood  
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of  
hate,  
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to  
wait  
The slow assurance of the better state ?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner  
way  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay ?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke ?  
What hints of pitiless power and terror  
spoke

In waves that on their iron coast-line broke ?

Be it as it may : within the Land of Penn  
The sectary yielded to the citizen,  
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung  
The air to madness, and no steeple flung  
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his  
face  
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the  
place  
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's  
side, —  
Giving to kindness what his native pride  
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the  
old  
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors  
told  
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing  
cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy  
drew  
Its dreams, and held their childish faith  
more true  
To God and man than half the creeds he  
knew.

The desert blossomed round him ; wheat-  
fields rolled

Beneath the warm wind waves of green  
and gold ;  
The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun  
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines  
upon  
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'er-  
run.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird  
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal  
stirred,  
The Old World flowers to virgin soil trans-  
ferred ;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple,  
bending  
The young boughs down, their gold and  
russet blending,  
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lend-  
ing

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and  
pine,  
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,  
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in sum-  
mer calm,  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland  
balm,  
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed  
psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel  
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of  
praise,  
The scattered settlers through green forest-  
ways  
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the  
dim  
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,  
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with  
Him.

There, through the gathered stillness mul-  
tiplied  
And made intense by sympathy, outside  
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried.

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume  
Breathed through the open windows of the  
room  
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered  
bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors  
came,  
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,  
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their  
shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread  
In Indian isles ; pale women who had bled  
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely  
said

God's message through their prison's iron  
bars ;  
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with  
scars  
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt  
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt  
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings  
stole  
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,  
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting  
o'er,  
The friendly group still lingered at the door,  
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and  
maid  
Down the green vistas of the woodland  
strayed,  
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet de-  
layed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the  
thrushes ?  
Did light girl laughter ripple through the  
bushes,  
As brooks make merry over roots and  
rushes ?

Un vexed the sweet air seemed. Without a  
wound  
The ear of silence heard, and every sound  
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,  
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood  
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good !

And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,  
Pastorius went his way. The unscared bird  
Sang at his side ; scarcely the squirrel  
stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod ;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or  
trod,  
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,  
He made his own no circuit-judge to try  
The freer conscience of his neighbors by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way was  
shown,  
The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last  
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,  
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound  
And flowers upspringing in its narrow  
round,  
And all his days with quiet gladness  
crowned.

He sang not ; but if sometimes tempted  
strong,  
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's  
Burschen-song,  
His good wife smiled and did not count it  
wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's brother  
band ;  
His Memory, while he trod the New World's  
strand,  
A double-ganger walked the Fatherland !

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light  
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the  
sight  
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in  
white ;

And closed his eyes, and listened to the sweet  
Old wait-songs sounding down his native street,  
And watched again the dancers' mingling feet ;

Yet not the less, when once the vision passed,  
He held the plain and sober maxims fast  
Of the dear Friends with whom his lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies  
He loved the bird's song in his door-yard trees,  
And the low hum of home-returning bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in bloom  
Down the long street, the beauty and perfume  
Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven through  
With sun-threads ; and the music the wind drew,  
Mournful and sweet, from leaves it overblew.

And evermore, beneath this outward sense,  
And through the common sequence of events,  
He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake in his ear,  
And lo ! all other voices far and near  
Died at that whisper, full of meanings clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ; one by one  
The wandering lights, that all-misleading run,  
Went out like candles paling in the sun.

That Light he followed, step by step, where'er  
It led, as in the vision of the seer  
The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all their eyes  
Watching the living splendor sink or rise,  
Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.

Within himself he found the law of right,  
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,  
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule,  
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool,  
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,

His door was free to men of every name,  
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,  
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to see  
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee,  
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard to tell  
Who owned it first) upon the circle fell,  
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the hearth,  
To solemnize his shining face of mirth ;  
Only the old clock ticked amidst the dearth

Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand was stirred  
In that soul-sabbath, till at last some word  
Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.

Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say  
And take love's message, went their homeward way ;  
So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of Gold,  
A truer idyl than the bards have told  
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of burial keep,  
And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,  
The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet sleep.

And Anna's aloe ? If it flowered at last  
In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman  
cast  
A glance upon it as he meekly passed ?

And did a secret sympathy possess  
That tender soul, and for the slave's redress  
Lend hope, strength, patience ? It were  
vain to guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,  
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall  
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not at  
all.

Enough to know that, through the winter's  
frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,  
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,  
God sent the answer to his life-long prayer ;  
The child was born beside the Delaware,

Who, in the power a holy purpose lends,  
Guided his people unto nobler ends,  
And left them worthier of the name of  
Friends.

And lo ! the fulness of the time has come,  
And over all the exile's Western home,  
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom  
bloom !

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets  
blow ;  
But not for thee, Pastorius ! Even so  
The world forgets, but the wise angels  
know.

#### KING VOLMER AND ELSIE

##### AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER

[A Danish gentleman, Mr. P. Taft, sent the poet an unrhymed outline in English of Win-  
ter's ballad.]

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray  
stones of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the church  
of Vordingborg,

In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful  
of his power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded  
on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young  
and faithful squire :  
" Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of  
thy desire ?"  
" Of all the men in Denmark she loveth  
only me :  
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to  
thee."

Loud laughed the king : " To-morrow shall  
bring another day,  
When I myself will test her ; she will not  
say me nay."  
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round  
about him stood,  
Wagged all their heads in concert and  
smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and  
on the ancient town  
From the tall tower of Valdemar the  
Golden Goose looks down ;  
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant  
wind of morn,  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and  
blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits  
and spins,  
And, singing with the early birds, her daily  
task begins.  
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls  
around her garden-bower,  
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer  
than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lov-  
ingly, and, white  
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her  
small, round wrists in sight ;  
Below, the modest petticoat can only half  
conceal  
The motion of the lightest foot that ever  
turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum  
in sunshine warm ;  
But, look ! she starts, she lifts her face  
she shades it with her arm.

And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with sound  
of dog and horn,  
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come tramp-  
pling down the corn !

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and  
plume streamed gay,  
As fast beside her father's gate the riders  
held their way ;  
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with  
golden spur on heel,  
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the  
maiden checked her wheel.

“ All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose  
to me !  
For weary months in secret my heart has  
longed for thee ! ”  
What noble knight was this ? What words  
for modest maiden's ear ?  
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashful-  
ness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel ; she fain  
would seek the door,  
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with  
blushes crimsoned o'er.  
“ Nay, fear me not,” the rider said, “ I  
offer heart and hand,  
Bear witness these good Danish knights  
who round about me stand.

“ I grant you time to think of this, to an-  
swer as you may,  
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring  
another day.”  
He spake the old phrase slyly, as glancing  
round his train,  
He saw his merry followers seek to hide  
their smiles in vain.

“ The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your  
curls of golden hair,  
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle  
that you wear ;  
All precious gems shall twine your neck :  
and in a chariot gay  
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four  
steeds of gray.

“ And harps shall sound, and flutes shall  
play, and brazen lamps shall glow ;  
On marble floors your feet shall weave the  
dances to and fro.

At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth  
shall shine,  
While at our ease we play at draughts, and  
drink the blood-red wine.”

Then Elsie raised her head and met her  
wooer face to face ;  
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on  
her lip found place.  
Back from her low white forehead the  
curls of gold she threw,  
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and  
clear and blue.

“ I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant  
knight ;  
I will not trust a love that soon may cool  
and turn to slight.  
If you would wed me henceforth be a  
peasant, not a lord ;  
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried  
and trusty sword.”

“ To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dy-  
nadel away,  
And in its place will swing the scythe and  
mow your father's hay.”  
“ Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my  
eyes can never bear ;  
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all  
that you must wear.”

“ Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,” the  
rider gayly spoke,  
“ And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my  
scarlet cloak.”  
“ But mark,” she said, “ no stately horse  
my peasant love must ride,  
A yoke of steers before the plough is all  
that he must guide.”

The knight looked down upon his steed :  
“ Well, let him wander free :  
No other man must ride the horse that has  
been backed by me.  
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to  
my oxen talk,  
If only little Elsie beside my plough will  
walk.”

“ You must take from out your cellar cask  
of wine and flask and can ;  
The homely mead I brew you may serve a  
peasant-man.”

"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that  
mead of thine,  
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to  
drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and  
shatter sign and boss,  
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your  
knightly knee across.  
And pull me down your castle from top to  
basement wall,  
And let your plough trace furrows in the  
ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ; right  
well at last he knew  
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to  
her troth-plight true.  
"Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act your part  
full well :  
You know that I must bear my shield and  
in my castle dwell !

"The lions ramping on that shield between  
the hearts afame  
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and  
guard her ancient name.  
For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell in  
yonder towers,  
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark,  
this goodly home of ours !

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your heart  
I know is true ;  
Would God that all our maidens were good  
and pure as you !  
Well have you pleased your monarch, and  
he shall well repay ;  
God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow will  
bring another day !"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his  
good steed then,  
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all  
his gallant men.  
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ; again  
on winds of morn  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and  
blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful !" the listening  
Henrik cried ;  
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood  
by Elsie's side.

None saw the fond embracing, save, shining  
from afar,  
The Golden Goose that watched them from  
the tower of Valdeimar.

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all the  
flowers that throng  
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for  
you my song.  
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the  
singer's skill ;  
Thank God ! of maidens like Elsie the land  
has plenty still !

### THE THREE BELLS

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud  
That raked her splintering mast  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out.  
Dear God ! was that Thy answer  
From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,  
"Ho ! ship ahoy !" its cry :  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
Shall lay till daylight by !"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swells  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,  
Man answered back to man,  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry :  
"Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted  
"The Three Bells shall lay by !"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear ;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,

Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail !  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,  
Repeat the Master's cry,  
As tossing through our darkness  
The lights of God draw nigh !

## JOHN UNDERHILL

A SCORE of years had come and gone  
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth  
stone,

When Captain Underhill, bearing scars  
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,  
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered  
down,  
East by north, to Cochecho town.

With Vane the younger, in council sweet,  
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,  
And, when the bolt of banishment fell  
On the head of his saintly oracle,  
He had shared her ill as her good report,  
And braved the wrath of the General  
Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away  
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.  
The world might bless and the world might  
ban,  
What did it matter the perfect man.  
To whom the freedom of earth was given,  
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven ?

He cheered his heart as he rode along  
With screech of Scripture and holy song,  
Or thought how he rode with his lances  
free  
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,  
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden  
road,  
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house  
nigh,  
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,  
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,  
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank ;

And he rose in his stirrups and looked  
abroad  
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,  
Into the clearing's space rode he,  
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in  
sheath,  
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,  
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,  
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders : "Lo, I come  
As the way seemed open to seek a home.  
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my  
hands

In the Narragansett and Netherlands,  
And if here ye have work for a Christian  
man,  
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own  
The wonderful favor God hath shewn,  
The special mercy vouchsafed one day  
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,  
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,  
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,  
A garment of gladness wrapped me round ;  
I felt from the law of works released,  
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,  
My faith to a full assurance grew,  
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my  
way,  
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray ;  
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,  
I wear the robe of His righteousness ;  
And the shafts of Satan no more avail  
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,  
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."  
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.  
"The will of the Lord be done !" he said.  
And the morrow beheld him sitting down  
In the ruler's seat in Cochecho town.

And he judged therein as a just man should ;  
His words were wise and his rule was good ;  
He coveted not his neighbor's land,  
From the holding of bribes he shook his  
hand ;

And through the camps of the heathen  
ran

A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book  
saith,

And life hath ever a savor of death.

Through hymns of triumph the tempter  
calls,

And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.

Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,

There was grief in the soul of the saintly  
man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail  
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail ;  
And men took note of his gloomy air,  
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,  
The signs of a battle lost within,  
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name  
With broken vows and a life of blame ;  
And the people looked askance on him  
As he walked among them sullen and grim,  
Ill at ease, and bitter of word,  
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting  
still,

He strove in the bonds of his evil will ;  
But he shook himself like Samson at length,  
And girded anew his loins of strength,  
And bade the erier go up and down  
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head  
Ceased as he rose in his place and said :  
" Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know  
How I came among you a year ago,  
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed  
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

" I have sinned, I own it with grief and  
shame,

But not with a lie on my lips I came.

In my blindness I verily thought my heart  
Swept and garnished in every part.

He chargeth His angels with folly ; He  
sees

The heavens unclean. Was I more than  
these ?

" I urge no plea. At your feet I lay  
The trust you gave me, and go my way.

Hate me or pity me, as you will,  
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still ;  
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,  
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer : a sob so low  
That only his quickened ear could know  
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,  
As into the forest he rode again,  
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut  
down  
On his latest glimpse of Cochecho town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin  
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone  
in ;  
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,  
The leaves dropped on him their tears of  
dew,  
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet  
guise  
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze  
Sang in their saddest of minor keys ?  
What was it the mournful wood-thrush  
said ?

What whispered the pine-trees overhead ?  
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way  
That Adam heard in the cool of day ?

Into the desert alone rode he,  
Alone with the Infinite Purity ;  
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,  
As Peter did to the Master's look,  
He measured his path with prayers of  
pain  
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Cochecho came  
The bruit of a once familiar name ;  
How among the Dutch of New Nether-  
lands,

From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,  
A penitent soldier preached the Word,  
And smote the heathen with Gideon's  
sword !

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear  
How he harried the foe on the long fron-  
tier,

And heaped on the land against him barred  
The coals of his generous watch and ward  
Frailest and bravest ! the Bay State still  
Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

## CONDUCTOR BRADLEY

A railway conductor who lost his life in an accident on a Connecticut railway, May 9, 1873.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may his name  
Be said with reverence !) as the swift doom  
came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled  
frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where  
he stood  
To do the utmost that a brave man could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him ; women dropped  
their tears  
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or  
fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly lips  
of pain,  
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved  
again :  
"Put out the signals for the other train !"

No nobler utterance since the world began  
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,  
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem to this  
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,  
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of  
bliss !

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor ! Not in  
vain  
That last brave act of failing tongue and  
brain !  
Freighted with life the downward rushing  
train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows  
wave,  
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips  
gave.  
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead  
Who in his record still the earth shall tread  
With God's clear aureole shining round his  
head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride  
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed be-  
side.  
God give us grace to live as Bradley died !

## THE WITCH OF WENHAM

The house is still standing in Danvers, Mass.,  
where, it is said, a suspected witch was con-  
fined overnight in the attic, which was bolted  
fast. In the morning, when the constable came  
to take her to Salem for trial, she was missing,  
although the door was still bolted. Her escape  
was doubtless aided by her friends, but at the  
time it was attributed to Satanic interference.

## I

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes  
Blew warm the winds of May,  
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks  
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,  
The early birds at will  
Waked up the violet in its dell,  
The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday coat,  
Son Andrew, tell me, pray."  
"For striped perch in Wenham Lake  
I go to fish to-day."

"Unharmed of thee in Wenham Lake  
The mottled perch shall be :  
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank  
And weaves her net for thee.

"She weaves her golden hair ; she sings  
Her spell-song low and faint ;  
The wickedest witch in Salem jail  
Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue ;  
God knows," the young man cried,  
"He never made a whiter soul  
Than hers by Wenham side."

"She tends her mother sick and blind,  
And every want supplies ;  
To her above the blessed Book  
She lends her soft blue eyes.

"Her voice is glad with holy songs,  
Her lips are sweet with prayer ;

Go where you will, in ten miles round  
Is none more good and fair."

"Son Andrew, for the love of God  
And of thy mother, stay!"  
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,  
But Andrew rode away.

"O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul  
The Wenham witch has caught;  
She holds him with the curl'd gold  
Whereof her snare is wrought.

"She charms him with her great blue eyes,  
She binds him with her hair;  
Oh, break the spell with holy words,  
Unbind him with a prayer!"

"Take heart," the painful preacher said,  
"This mischief shall not be;  
The witch shall perish in her sins  
And Andrew shall go free.

"Our poor Ann Putnam testifies  
She saw her weave a spell,  
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,  
Around a dried-up well.

"Spring up, O well!" she softly sang  
The Hebrew's old refrain  
(For Satan uses Bible words),  
Till water flowed amain.

"And many a goodwife heard her speak  
By Wenham water words  
That made the buttercups take wings  
And turn to yellow birds.

"They say that swarming wild bees seek  
The hive at her command;  
And fishes swim to take their food  
From out her dainty hand.

"Meek as she sits in meeting-time,  
The godly minister  
Notes well the spell that doth compel  
The young men's eyes to her.

"The mole upon her dimpled chin  
Is Satan's seal and sign;  
Her lips are red with evil bread  
And stain of unblest wine.

"For Tituba, my Indian, saith  
At Quasycung she took

The Black Man's godless sacrament  
And signed his dreadful book.

"Last night my sore-afflicted child  
Against the young witch cried.  
To take her Marshal Herrick rides  
Even now to Wenham side."

The marshal in his saddle sat,  
His daughter at his knee;  
"I go to fetch that arrant witch,  
Thy fair playmate," quoth he.

"Her spectre walks the parsonage,  
And haunts both hall and stair;  
They know her by the great blue eyes  
And floating gold of hair."

"They lie, they lie, my father dear!  
No foul old witch is she,  
But sweet and good and crystal-pure  
As Wenham waters be."

"I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set  
Before us good and ill,  
And woe to all whose carnal loves  
Oppose His righteous will.

"Between Him and the powers of hell  
Choose thou, my child, to-day:  
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,  
When God commands to slay!"

He went his way; the old wives shook  
With fear as he drew nigh;  
The children in the dooryards held  
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt gray  
horse  
The grim witch-hunter rode,  
The pale Apocalyptic beast  
By grisly Death bestrode.

## II

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake  
Upon the young girl's shone,  
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,  
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned  
To natural harmonies,  
The singing birds, the whispering wind,  
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress  
 Her mother's wedding gown,  
 When lo ! the marshal, writ in hand,  
 From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,  
 He grasped the maiden's hands :  
 "Come with me unto Salem town,  
 For so the law commands !"

"Oh, let me to my mother say  
 Farewell before I go !"  
 He closer tied her little hands  
 Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,  
 "For thy sweet daughter's sake."  
 "I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,  
 "From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,  
 She needs my eyes to see."  
 "Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall  
 peck  
 From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old  
 And up its stairway long,  
 And closed on her the garret-door  
 With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down :  
 Her evening prayer she said,  
 While, through the dark, strange faces  
 seemed  
 To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all  
 The fears her childhood knew ;  
 The awe wherewith the air was filled  
 With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,  
 Some secret thought or sin  
 Had shut good angels from her heart  
 And let the bad ones in ?

Had she in some forgotten dream  
 Let go her hold on Heaven,  
 And sold herself unwittingly  
 To spirits unforgiven ?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours  
 passed ;  
 No human sound she heard,

But up and down the chimney stack  
 The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise  
 Of evil sight and sound,  
 The blind bats on their leathern wings  
 Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky  
 Looked in a half-faced moon.  
 Was it a dream, or did she hear  
 Her lover's whistled tune ?

She forced the oaken scuttle back ;  
 A whisper reached her ear :  
 "Slide down the roof to me," it said,  
 "So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof  
 Till from its eaves she hung,  
 And felt the loosened shingles yield  
 To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands  
 And touched her feet so small ;  
 "Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,  
 "My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,  
 Her arms about him twined ;  
 And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,  
 They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way,  
 Full free the rein he cast ;  
 Oh, never through the mirk midnight  
 Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood-paths they sped,  
 The bridgeless streams they swam ;  
 At set of moon they passed the Bass,  
 At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimac  
 The ancient ferryman  
 Forgot, at times, his idle oars,  
 So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat  
 He saw them mount and ride,  
 "God keep her from the evil eye,  
 And harm of witch !" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh  
 At all its fears gone by ;

"He does not know," she whispered low,  
"A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,  
And, in the red sundown,  
Drew rein before a friendly door  
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged  
The Quaker people felt ;  
And safe beside their kindly hearths  
The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land  
The haunting horror threw,  
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,  
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and sad  
Its golden summer day,  
But blithe and glad its withered fields,  
And skies of ashen gray ;

For spell and charm had power no more,  
The spectres ceased to roam,  
And scattered households knelt again  
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam  
The meadow-lark outsang,  
And once again on all the hills  
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes  
Lay green within the arms  
Of creeks that bore the salted sea  
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged,  
The jail-bolts backward fell ;  
And youth and hoary age came forth  
Like souls escaped from hell.

#### KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

Out from Jerusalem  
The king rode with his great  
War chiefs and lords of state,  
And Sheba's queen with them ;

Comely, but black withal,  
To whom, perchance, belongs

That wondrous Song of songs,  
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn  
In fond, ecstatic dream,  
And through its earth-born theme  
The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,  
In gold and purple sheen,  
The dusky Ethiop queen  
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew  
The languages of all  
The creatures great or small  
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led  
The king's path, and he heard  
Its small folk, and their word  
He thus interpreted :

"Here comes the king men greet  
As wise and good and just,  
To crush us in the dust  
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,  
And saw the wide surprise  
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes  
As he told her what they said.

"O king ! " she whispered sweet,  
" Too happy fate have they  
Who perish in thy way  
Beneath thy gracious feet !

"Thou of the God-lent crown,  
Shall these vile creatures dare  
Murmur against thee where  
The knees of kings kneel down ? "

"Nay," Solomon replied,  
" The wise and strong should seek  
The welfare of the weak,"  
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,  
Curved with their leader round  
The ant-hill's peopled mound,  
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;  
" O king ! " she said, " henceforth

The secret of thy worth  
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State  
Whose ruler heedeth more  
The murmurs of the poor  
Than flatteries of the great."

## IN THE "OLD SOUTH"

On the 8th of July, 1677, Margaret Brewster with four other Friends went into the South Church in time of meeting, "in sackcloth, with ashes upon her head, barefoot, and her face blackened," and delivered "a warning from the great God of Heaven and Earth to the Rulers and Magistrates of Boston." For the offence she was sentenced to be "whipped at a cart's tail up and down the Town, with twenty lashes."

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,  
A wonder and a sign,  
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,  
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,  
Unclothed as the primal mother,  
With limbs that trembled and eyes that blazed  
With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair,  
With sprinkled ashes gray;  
She stood in the broad aisle strange and weird  
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,  
And the people held their breath,  
For these were the words the maiden spoke  
Through lips as the lips of death:

"Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet  
All men my courts shall tread,  
And priest and ruler no more shall eat  
My people up like bread!"

"Repent! repent! ere the Lord shall speak  
In thunder and breaking seals!"

Let all souls worship Him in the way  
His light within reveals."

She shook the dust from her naked feet,  
And her sackcloth closer drew,  
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church  
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart  
Through half the streets of the town,  
But the words she uttered that day nor fire  
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church  
By equal feet are trod,  
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings  
Freedom to worship God!

And now whenever a wrong is done  
It thrills the conscious walls;  
The stone from the basement cries aloud  
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,  
And pulpits that bless and ban,  
And the Lord will not grudge the single church  
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law  
And the prophets under the sun,  
And the first is last and the last is first,  
And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,  
And her bay-tides rise and fall,  
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church  
And plead for the rights of all!

## THE HENCHMAN

[Written at the request of a young lady, who said to the poet: "Mr. Whittier, you never wrote a love song. I do not believe you can write one. I wish you would try to write one for me to sing." In sending the poem afterward to the editor of *The Independent*, Whittier wrote: "I send, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Bowen and thyself, a ballad upon which, though not long, I have bestowed a good deal of labor. It is not exactly a

Quakerly piece, nor is it didactic, and it has no moral that I know of. But it is, I think, natural, simple, and not unpoetical.]

My lady walks her morning round,  
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,  
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,  
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,  
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers ;  
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,  
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;  
The least of all her worshippers,  
The dust beneath her dainty heel,  
She knows not that I see or feel.

Oh, proud and calm ! — she cannot know  
Where'er she goes with her I go ;  
Oh, cold and fair ! — she cannot guess  
I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,  
I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;  
Her suitors come from east and west,  
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,  
I greet her with the song of birds ;  
I reach her with her green-armed bow-  
ers,  
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,  
The wind and I uplift her veil ;  
As if the calm, cold moon she were,  
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share  
The license of the sun and air,  
And in a common homage hide  
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,  
I breathe her charm'd atmosphere,  
Wherein to her my service brings  
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,  
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;  
The love that no return doth crave  
To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,  
To splinter in my lady's sight ;  
But, at her feet, how blest were I  
For any need of hers to die !

### THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK

E. B. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, chapter xii., gives an account of the reverence paid the dead by the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur, Assam. "When a Ho or Munda," he says, "has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty ; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed ; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the threshing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food, covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines of India." In the *Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal*, vol. ix. p. 795, is a Ho dirge.

WE have opened the door,  
Once, twice, thrice !  
WE have swept the floor,  
We have boiled the rice.  
Come hither, come hither !  
Come from the far lands,  
Come from the star lands,  
Come as before !  
We lived long together,  
We loved one another ;  
Come back to our life.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Child, husband, and wife,  
For you we are sighing.  
Come take your old places,  
Come look in our faces,  
The dead on the dying,  
Come home !

We have opened the door,  
Once, twice, thrice !  
We have kindled the coals,  
And we boil the rice  
For the feast of souls.  
Come hither, come hither !  
Think not we fear you,  
Whose hearts are so near you.  
Come tenderly thought on,  
Come all unforgotten,  
Come from the shadow-lands,  
From the dim meadow-lands  
Where the pale grasses bend  
Low to our sighing.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Come husband and friend,  
The dead to the dying,  
Come home !

We have opened the door  
You entered so oft ;  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals,  
And we boil the rice soft.  
Come you who are dearest  
To us who are nearest,  
Come hither, come hither,  
From out the wild weather ;  
The storm clouds are flying,  
The peepul is sighing ;  
Come in from the rain.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Come husband and lover,  
Beneath our roof-cover.  
Look on us again,  
The dead on the dying,  
Come home !

We have opened the door !  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals  
We may kindle no more !  
Snake, fever, and famine,  
The curse of the Brahmin,  
The sun and the dew,  
They burn us, they bite us,  
They waste us and smite us ;  
Our days are but few !  
In strange lands far yonder  
To wonder and wander  
We hasten to you.  
List then to our sighing,  
While yet we are here .

Nor seeing nor hearing,  
We wait without fearing  
To feel you draw near.  
O dead, to the dying  
Come home !

## THE KHAN'S DEVIL

THE Khan came from Bokhara town  
To Hamza, santon of renown.

“ My head is sick, my hands are weak ;  
Thy help, O holy man, I seek.”

In silence marking for a space  
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,  
“ Thou hast a devil ! ” Hamza said.

“ Allah forbid ! ” exclaimed the Khan.  
“ Rid me of him at once, O man ! ”

“ Nay,” Hamza said, “ no spell of mine  
Can slay that cursed thing of thine.

“ Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink  
Water of healing on the brink

“ Where clear and cold from mountain  
snows,  
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

“ Six moons remain, then come to me ;  
May Allah's pity go with thee ! ”

Awestruck, from feast and wine the Khan  
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust  
His bed, the water quenched his thirst ;

And when the sixth moon's scimitar  
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santon's door,  
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of brain ;  
“ Behold,” he said, “ the fiend is slain.”

“ Nay,” Hamza answered, “ starved and  
drowned,  
The curst one lies in death-like swoond.

" But evil breaks the strongest gyves,  
And jins like him have charmèd lives.

" One beaker of the juice of grape  
May call him up in living shape.

" When the red wine of Badakshan  
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan !

" With water quench the fire within,  
And drown each day thy devilkin ! "

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned the cup  
As Shitan's own, though offered up,

With laughing eyes and jewelled hands,  
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's.

And, in the lofty vestibule  
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law  
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,  
Graved on it at the Khan's command :

" In Allah's name, to him who hath  
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith,

" Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine :  
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

" No prayer can slay, no marabout  
Nor Meccan dervis can drive out.

" I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm  
That robs him of his power to harm.

" Drown him, O Islam's child ! the spell  
To save thee lies in tank and well ! "

#### THE KING'S MISSIVE

1661

This ballad, originally written for *The Memorial History of Boston*, describes, with pardonable poetic license, a memorable incident in the annals of the city. The interview between Shattuck and the Governor took place, I have since learned, in the residence of the latter, and not in the Council Chamber. The publication of the ballad led to some discussion as to the historical truthfulness of the picture, but I have seen no reason to rub out any of the figures or alter the lines and colors.

UNDER the great hill sloping bare  
To cove and meadow and Common lot,  
In his council chamber and oaken chair,  
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.  
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from  
out  
The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,  
Harried the heathen round about,  
And whipped the Quakers from town to  
town.

Earnest and honest, a man at need  
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,  
He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal  
The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,  
With a look of mingled sorrow and  
wrath ;  
" Woe's me ! " he murmured : " at every  
turn

The pestilent Quakers are in my path !  
Some we have scourged, and banished some,  
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they  
come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,  
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

" Did we count on this ? Did we leave be-  
hind  
The graves of our kin, the comfort and  
ease

Of our English hearths and homes, to find  
Troublers of Israel such as these ?  
Shall I spare ? Shall I pity them ? God  
forbid !

I will do as the prophet to Agag did :  
They come to poison the wells of the Word,  
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord ! "

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk  
Entered, and whispered under breath,  
" There waits below for the hangman's work  
A fellow banished on pain of death —  
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,  
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship  
At anchor here in a Christian port,  
With freight of the devil and all his sort ! "

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor  
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,

"The Lord do so to me and more,"  
The Governor cried, "if I hang not all !  
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,  
With the look of a man at ease with fate,  
Into that presence grim and dread  
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry  
hand  
Smote down the offence ; but the wearer  
said,  
With a quiet smile, "By the king's com-  
mand  
I bear his message and stand in his stead."  
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid  
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,  
And the proud man spake as he gazed  
thereat,  
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,—  
"The king commandeth your friends'  
release ;  
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although  
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.  
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,  
His loyal servant, questioneth not.  
You are free ! God grant the spirit you  
own  
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,  
And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den  
Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
With age-bowed women and gray-locked  
men.

And the voice of one appointed to die  
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,  
And the little maid from New Netherlands  
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

And one, whose call was to minister  
To the souls in prison, beside him went,  
An ancient woman, bearing with her  
The linen shroud for his burial meant.  
For she, not counting her own life dear,  
In the strength of a love that cast out fear,  
Had watched and served where her brethren  
died,  
Like those who waited the cross beside.

One moment they paused on their way to  
look  
On the martyr graves by the Common  
side,

And much scourged Wharton of Salem took  
His burden of prophecy up and cried :  
" Rest, souls of the valiant ! Not in vain  
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain ;  
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors  
crowned,  
With a fourfold chain ye have Satan  
bound !"

The autumn haze lay soft and still  
On wood and meadow and upland farms ;  
On the brow of Snow Hill the great wind-  
mill  
Slowly and lazily swung its arms ;  
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,  
With its capes and islands, the turquoise  
bay ;  
And over water and dusk of pines  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
The sumach added its crimson fleck,  
And double in air and water showed  
The tinted maples along the Neck ;  
Through frost flower clusters of pale star-  
mist,  
And gentian fringes of amethyst,  
And royal plumes of golden-rod,  
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw  
The world about them ; they only thought  
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe  
On the great deliverance God had  
wrought.

Through lane and alley the gazing town  
Noisily followed them up and down ;  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.  
Upsall, gray with his length of days,  
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn :  
" Men of Boston, give God the praise !  
No more shall innocent blood call down  
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.  
The freedom of worship, dear to you,  
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

" I see the vision of days to come,  
When your beautiful City of the Bay  
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,  
And none shall his neighbor's rights  
gainsay.  
The varying notes of worship shall blend

And as one great prayer to God ascend,  
And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston  
town,

Whose painful ministers sighed to see  
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,  
And wolves of heresy prowling free.  
But the years went on, and brought no  
wrong ;  
With milder counsels the State grew strong,  
As outward Letter and inward Light  
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,  
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,  
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot  
That severed the chains of a continent.  
With its gentler mission of peace and good-  
will  
The thought of the Quaker is living still,  
And the freedom of soul he prophesied  
Is gospel and law where the martyrs died.

#### VALUATION

THE old Squire said, as he stood by his  
gate,

And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by,  
"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,  
You are better off, Deacon, than I.

"We're both growing old, and the end's  
drawing near,

You have less of this world to resign,  
But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I  
fear,

Will reckon up greater than mine.

"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so  
poor,

I wish I could swap with you even :  
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in  
store

For the shillings and pence you have  
given."

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with  
shrewd common sense,

While his eye had a twinkle of fun,  
"Let your pounds take the way of my shil-  
lings and pence,

And the thing can be easily done !"

#### RABBI ISHMAEL

"Rabbi Ishmael Ben Elisha said, Once I  
entered into the Holy of Holies [as High Priest]  
to burn incense, when I saw Aktriel [the Di-  
vine Crown] Jah, Lord of Hosts, sitting upon  
a throne, high and lifted up, who said unto  
me, 'Ishmael, my son, bless me.' I answered,  
'May it please Thee to make Thy compassion pre-  
vail over Thine anger ; may it be revealed above  
Thy other attributes ; mayest Thou deal with  
Thy children according to it, and not according  
to the strict measure of judgment.' It seemed to  
me that He bowed His head, as though to an-  
swer Amen to my blessing."—*Talmud* (Bera-  
chot, i. f. 6 b.).

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin  
Of the world heavy upon him, entering in  
The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face  
With terrible splendor filling all the place.  
"O Ishmael Ben Elisha !" said a voice,  
"What seekest thou ? What blessing is  
thy choice ?"

And, knowing that he stood before the Lord,  
Within the shadow of the cherubim,  
Wide-winged between the blinding light  
and him,

He bowed himself, and uttered not a word,  
But in the silence of his soul was prayer :  
"O Thou Eternal ! I am one of all,  
And nothing ask that others may not share.  
Thou art almighty ; we are weak and  
small,  
And yet Thy children : let Thy mercy  
spare !"

Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in the  
place  
Of the insufferable glory, lo ! a face  
Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent  
Graciously down in token of assent,  
And, smiling, vanished ! With strange joy  
elate,

The wondering Rabbi sought the temple's  
gate.

Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he  
stood

And cried aloud unto the multitude :  
"O Israel, hear ! The Lord our God is  
good !

Mine eyes have seen His glory and His  
grace ;  
Beyond His judgments shall His love en-  
dure ;

The mercy of the All Merciful is sure !"

## THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE

H. Y. Hind, in *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula* (ii. 166), mentions the finding of a rock tomb near the little fishing port of Bradore, with the inscription upon it which is given in the poem.

A DREAR and desolate shore !  
Where no tree unfolds its leaves,  
And never the spring wind weaves  
Green grass for the hunter's tread ;  
A land forsaken and dead,  
Where the ghostly icebergs go  
And come with the ebb and flow  
Of the waters of Bradore !

A wanderer, from a land  
By summer breezes fanned,  
Looked round him, awed, subdued,  
By the dreadful solitude,  
Hearing alone the cry  
Of sea-birds clangling by,  
The crash and grind of the floe,  
Wail of wind and wash of tide.  
" O wretched land ! " he cried,  
" Land of all lands the worst,  
God forsaken and curst !  
Thy gates of rock should show  
The words the Tuscan see  
Read in the Realm of Woe :  
*Hope entereth not here !*"

Lo ! at his feet there stood  
A block of smooth larch wood,  
Waif of some wandering wave,  
Beside a rock-closed cave  
By Nature fashioned for a grave ;  
Safe from the ravening bear  
And fierce fowl of the air,  
Wherein to rest was laid  
A twenty summers' maid,  
Whose blood had equal share  
Of the lands of vine and snow,  
Half French, half Eskimo.  
In letters uneffaced,  
Upon the block were traced  
The grief and hope of man,  
And thus the legend ran :  
" We loved her !  
Words cannot tell how well !  
We loved her !  
God loved her !  
And called her home to peace and rest.  
We love her ! "

The stranger paused and read.  
" O winter land ! " he said,  
" Thy right to be I own ;  
God leaves thee not alone.  
And if thy fierce winds blow  
Over drear wastes of rock and snow,  
And at thy iron gates  
The ghostly iceberg waits,  
Thy homes and hearts are dear.  
Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust  
Is sanctified by hope and trust ;  
God's love and man's are here.  
And love where'er it goes  
Makes its own atmosphere ;  
Its flowers of Paradise  
Take root in the eternal ice,  
And bloom through Polar snows ! "

## THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS

The volume in which *The Bay of Seven Islands* was published was dedicated to the late Edwin Percy Whipple, to whom more than to any other person I was indebted for public recognition as one worthy of a place in American literature, at a time when it required a great degree of courage to urge such a claim for a proscribed abolitionist. Although younger than I, he had gained the reputation of a brilliant essayist, and was regarded as the highest American authority in criticism. His wit and wisdom enlivened a small literary circle of young men, including Thomas Starr King, the eloquent preacher, and Daniel N. Haskell, of the *Daily Transcript*, who gathered about our common friend James T. Fields at the Old Corner Bookstore. The poem which gave title to the volume I inscribed to my friend and neighbor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose poems have lent a new interest to our beautiful river-valley.

FROM the green Amesbury hill which bears  
the name  
Of that half mythic ancestor of mine  
Who trod its slopes two hundred years ago,  
Down the long valley of the Merrimac,  
Midway between me and the river's mouth,  
I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest  
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,  
Crowning the crag on which the sunset  
breaks  
Its last red arrow. Many a tale and song,  
Which thou hast told or sung, I call to  
mind,  
Softening with silvery mist the woods and  
hills,

The out-thrust headlands and inreaching bays  
Of our northeastern coast-line, trending where  
The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill blockade  
Of icebergs stranded at its northern gate.

To thee the echoes of the Island Sound  
Answer not vainly, nor in vain the moan  
Of the South Breaker prophesying storm.  
And thou hast listened, like myself, to men  
Sea-periled oft where Anticosti lies  
Like a fell spider in its web of fog,  
Or where the Grand Bank shallows with  
the wrecks  
Of sunken fishers, and to whom strange  
isles  
And frost-rimmed bays and trading stations  
seem  
Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle Cove,  
Nubble and Boon, the common names of  
home.  
So let me offer thee this lay of mine,  
Simple and homely, lacking much thy play  
Of color and of fancy. If its theme  
And treatment seem to thee befitting youth  
Rather than age, let this be my excuse :  
It has beguiled some heavy hours and called  
Some pleasant memories up ; and, better  
still,  
Occasion lent me for a kindly word  
To one who is my neighbor and my friend.

The skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,  
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young was he,  
And the maids of Newbury sighed to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty  
screen  
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little Breeze sailed on,

Backward and forward, along the shore  
Of lorn and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering snow,  
With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood ;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over isle and bay, and behind  
On mountains dim-defined.

And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest, and  
sung  
In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine ;  
And both, it so befell,  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to one ;  
Though less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed ;  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house for-  
bade,  
And solemn warning was sternly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimac ;  
Wait, watch, till I come back.

"And when you see, from my mast head,  
The signal fly of a kerchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait;  
Come, when the night is late."

Ah ! weighed with childhood's haunts and  
friends,  
And all that the home sky overbends,

Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale ?

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands :  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard ?  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished once  
more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador ;  
And by love and the north wind driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again ;  
Said Suzette, "Mother dear,  
The heretic's sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide ;  
Your door shall be bolted !" the mother  
cried :  
While Suzette, ill at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff ;  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said :  
And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands ? Did he pause to  
hear  
The sound of her light step drawing near ?  
And, as the slow hours passed,  
Would he doubt her faith at last ?

But when she saw through the misty pane,  
The morning break on a sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail ?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Moisie hills behind,  
And heard from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn in the thick, gray  
weather  
They sat on the reeling deck together,  
Lover and counterfeit  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black hair,  
What was it his fond eyes met ?  
The scar of the false Suzette !

Fiercely he shouted : "Bear away  
East by north for the Seven Isles Bay !"  
The maiden wept and prayed,  
But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found :  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw :  
Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said ;  
"Give me the one I love instead."  
But the woman sternly spake ;  
"Go, see if the dead will wake !"

He looked. Her sweet face still and white  
And strange in the noonday taper light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent  
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went  
Back to the waiting Breeze,  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came back  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say ?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day  
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,  
Or squaw, in her small kyack,  
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands ;  
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands ;  
One in her wild despair,  
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
The red sign fluttering from her mast,  
Over the solemn seas,  
The ghost of the schooner Breeze !

#### THE WISHING BRIDGE

AMONG the legends sung or said  
Along our rocky shore,  
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead  
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran  
The old-time story) all  
Good wishes said above its span  
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed  
The prayers of man or maid  
For him who on the deep sea sailed,  
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from school,  
And wished in childish glee :  
And one would be a queen and rule,  
And one the world would see.

Time passed ; with change of hopes and fears,  
And in the self-same place,  
Two women, gray with middle years,  
Stood, wondering, face to face.

With wakened memories, as they met,  
They queried what had been :  
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"  
Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a little homestead is,  
Where, lacking crown and throne,  
I rule by loving services  
And patient toil alone."

The other said : "The great world lies  
Beyond me as it lay ;  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet may never stray.

"I see but common sights of home,  
Its common sounds I hear,  
My widowed mother's sick-bed room  
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page  
Of travel far and wide,  
And in a dreamy pilgrimage  
We wander side by side.

"And when at last she falls asleep,  
My book becomes to me  
A magic glass : my watch I keep,  
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you fill,  
While fancy's privilege  
Is mine to walk the earth at will,  
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."

"Nay, leave the legend for the truth,"  
The other cried, "and say  
God gives the wishes of our youth,  
But in His own best way !"

#### HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER

The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

*To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.*

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town ; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril ; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

*Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.*

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

THE tossing spray of Cochecho's fall  
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,  
As through Dover town in the chill, gray  
dawn,  
Three women passed, at the cart-tail  
drawn !

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip  
And keener sting of the constable's whip,  
The blood that followed each hissing blow  
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid  
Followed the dismal cavalcade ;  
And from door and window, open thrown,  
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

“God is our witness,” the victims cried,  
“We suffer for Him who for all men died ;  
The wrong ye do has been done before,  
We bear the stripes that the Master bore !

“And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom  
We hear the feet of a coming doon,  
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong  
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

“In the light of the Lord, a flame we see  
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree ;  
And beneath it an old man lying dead,  
With stains of blood on his hoary head.”

“Smite, Goodman Hate-Evil ! — harder  
still !”  
The magistrate cried, “lay on with a will !  
Drive out of their bodies the Father of  
Lies,  
Who through them preaches and prophesies !”

So into the forest they held their way,  
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,  
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat  
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,  
Peered stealthily through the forest gaps ;  
And the outlying settler shook his head, —  
“They're witches going to jail,” he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view ;  
A blast on his horn the constable blew ;  
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down  
“The Quakers have come !” to the wonder-  
ing town.

From barn and woodpile the goodman came ;  
The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,  
With her child at her breast ; and, hobbling  
slow,  
The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,  
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.  
“Oh, spare ! they are bleeding !” a little  
maid cried,  
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd : “Good  
folks,”  
Quoth the constable, busy counting the  
strokes,  
“No pity to wretches like these is due,  
They have beaten the gospel black and  
blue !”

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,  
With her wooden noggin of milk drew near.  
“Drink, poor hearts !” a rude hand smote  
Her draught away from a parching throat.

“Take heed,” one whispered, “they'll take  
your cow  
For fines, as they took your horse and  
plough,  
And the bed from under you.” “Even so,”  
She said ; “they are cruel as death, I know.”

Then on they passed, in the waning day,  
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way ;  
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,  
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,  
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown  
Bare for the lash ! O pitying Night,  
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight !

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip  
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.

“ This warrant means murder foul and red ;  
Cursed is he who serves it,” he said.

“ Show me the order, and meanwhile strike  
A blow at your peril ! ” said Justice Pike.  
Of all the rulers the land possessed,  
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest he met  
As man meets man ; his feet he set  
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,  
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant : “ *These convey  
From our precincts ; at every town on the way  
Give each ten lashes.* ” “ God judge the  
brute !  
I tread his order under my foot ! ”

“ Cut loose these poor ones and let them  
go ;  
Come what will of it, all men shall know  
No warrant is good, though backed by the  
Crown,  
For whipping women in Salisbury town ! ”

The hearts of the villagers, half released  
From creed of terror and rule of priest,  
By a primal instinct owned the right  
Of human pity in law’s despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,  
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept ;  
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran  
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise  
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze  
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed  
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,  
When souls were fettered and thought was  
crime,  
And heresy’s whisper above its breath  
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and  
death !

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,  
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,  
And soft words rarely answered back  
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail  
Pierced sharp as the Kenite’s driven nail,

O woman, at ease in these happier days,  
Forbear to judge of thy sister’s ways !

How much thy beautiful life may owe  
To her faith and courage thou canst not  
know,  
Nor how from the paths of thy calm re-  
treat  
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding  
feet.

#### SAINT GREGORY’S GUEST

A TALE for Roman guides to tell  
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,  
Who pause beside the narrow cell  
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk’s door came  
A beggar, stretching empty palms,  
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name  
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, “ All I have  
In this poor cell of mine I give,  
The silver cup my mother gave ;  
In Christ’s name take thou it, and  
live.”

Years passed ; and, called at last to bear  
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,  
The poor monk, in Saint Peter’s chair,  
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

“ Prepare a feast,” Saint Gregory cried,  
“ And let twelve beggars sit thereat.”  
The beggars came, and one beside,  
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

“ I asked thee not,” the Pontiff spake,  
“ O stranger ; but if need be thine,  
I bid thee welcome, for the sake  
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine.”

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,  
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,  
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,  
Whose form was as the Son of God.

“ Know’st thou,” he said, “ thy gift of  
old ? ”  
And in the hand he lifted up  
The Pontiff marvelled to behold  
Once more his mother’s silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom  
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.  
I am The Wonderful, through whom  
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell  
With his twelve guests in mute accord  
Prone on their faces, knowing well  
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain ;  
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,  
Telling it o'er and o'er again  
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares  
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,  
And love the beggar's feast prepares,  
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to Him.

## BIRCHBROOK MILL

A NOTELESS stream, the Birchbrook runs  
Beneath its leaning trees ;  
That low, soft ripple is its own,  
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone  
The distant church spire's tip,  
And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray,  
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,  
It wanders at its will ;  
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell  
Where once was Birchbrook mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed  
Long since a farmer's fires ;  
His doorsteps are the stones that ground  
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here ; but Nature lost  
No right of her domain ;  
She waited, and she brought the old  
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves  
Falls on its moist, green sod,  
And wakes the violet bloom of spring  
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,  
The swallow dips her wings  
In the cool spray, and on its banks  
The gray song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night falls,  
The school-girl shrinks with dread ;  
The farmer, home-bound from his fields,  
Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the grind  
Of shadowy stone on stone ;  
The plashing of a water-wheel  
Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a cry of pain been heard  
Above the clattering mill ?  
The pawing of an unseen horse,  
Who waits his mistress still ?

Yet never to the listener's eye  
Has sight confirmed the sound ;  
A wavering birch line marks alone  
The vacant pasture ground.

No ghostly arms fling up to heaven  
The agony of prayer ;  
No spectral steed impatient shakes  
His white mane on the air.

The meaning of that common dread  
No tongue has fitly told ;  
The secret of the dark surmise  
The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past  
Broods here forevermore ?  
What ghost his unforgiven sin  
Is grinding o'er and o'er ?

Does, then, immortal memory play  
The actor's tragic part,  
Rehearsals of a mortal life  
And unveiled human heart ?

God's pity spare a guilty soul  
That drama of its ill,  
And let the scenic curtain fall  
On Birchbrook's haunted mill !

## THE TWO ELIZABETHS

Read at the unveiling of the bust of Elizabeth Fry at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

A. D. 1207

**AMIDST** Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,  
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,  
Sweetening with gracious words the food  
she dealt  
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazed  
zoned door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in chains,  
Cramped the sweet nature that he could  
not kill,  
Scarred her fair body with his penance-  
pains,  
And gauged her conscience by his narrow  
will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace,  
With fast and vigil she denied them all ;  
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face,  
She followed meekly at her stern guide's  
call.

So drooped and died her home-blown rose  
of bliss  
In the chill rigor of a discipline  
That turned her fond lips from her chil-  
dren's kiss,  
And made her joy of motherhood a sin.

To their sad level by compassion led,  
One with the low and vile herself she  
made,  
While thankless misery mocked the hand  
that fed,  
And laughed to scorn her piteous mas-  
querade.

But still, with patience that outwore  
hate,  
She gave her all while yet she had to  
give ;  
And then her empty hands, importunate,  
In prayer she lifted that the poor might  
live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs more  
hard to bear,  
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh con-  
trol,

She kept life fragrant with good deeds and  
prayer,  
And fresh and pure the white flower of  
her soul.

Death found her busy at her task : one  
word  
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,  
"Silence!" — then listened even as one  
who heard  
With song and wing the angels drawing  
nigh !

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,  
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want and  
Pain  
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image  
stands  
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's  
holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross up-  
rears,  
Wide as the world her story still is told ;  
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers  
and tears,  
She lives again whose grave is centuries  
old.

And still, despite the weakness or the blame  
Of blind submission to the blind, she  
hath  
A tender place in hearts of every name,  
And more than Rome owns Saint Eliza-  
beth !

A. D. 1780

Slow ages passed : and lo ! another came,  
An English matron, in whose simple faith  
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,  
A plain, uncanonized Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled  
hair,  
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor vigil  
long,  
Marred her calm presence. God had made  
her fair,  
And she could do His goodly work no  
wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden light  
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of  
God ;

Her quiet trust and faith transcending sight  
Smoothed to her feet the difficult paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade her go,  
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered nun,  
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's gaudy show,  
And overcame the world she did not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal hall,  
In the great city's restless crowd and din,  
Her ear was open to the Master's call,  
And knew the summons of His voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,  
Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime she stood

In modest raiment faultless as her life,  
The type of England's worthiest womanhood !

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone  
The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,  
And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,  
Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went  
She followed, finding every prison cell  
It opened for her sacred as a tent  
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong appeal,  
And priest and ruler marvelled as they saw  
How hand in hand went wisdom with her zeal,  
And woman's pity kept the bounds of law.

She rests in God's peace ; but her memory stirs  
The air of earth as with an angel's wings,  
And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,  
The sainted daughter of Hungarian kings.

United now, the Briton and the Hun,  
Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,  
Live sister souls ! in name and spirit one  
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth !

### REQUITAL

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day drew Nigh to its close, besought all men to say

Whom he had wronged, to whom he then should pay  
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,  
And, through the silence of his weeping friends,  
A strange voice cried : "Thou owest me a debt,"  
"Allah be praised !" he answered.  
"Even yet

He gives me power to make to thee amends.  
O friend ! I thank thee for thy timely word."

So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,  
For all have sinned in thought, or word,  
Or, like the Prophet, through neglect have erred.

All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay  
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.

### THE HOMESTEAD

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,  
Ghost of a dead home, staring through  
Its broken lights on wasted lands  
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,  
The poor, forsaken farm-fields lie,  
Once rich and rife with golden corn  
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
The garden plot no housewife keeps ;  
Through weeds and tangle only left,  
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, still blossom-clad,  
Sways slow before the empty rooms ;  
Beside the roofless porch a sad  
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,  
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,  
And in the fireless chimney's mouth  
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,  
Resounds no more on husking eves ;  
No cattle low in yard or stall,  
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear ! It seems almost  
Some haunting Presence makes its sign ;  
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost  
Might drive his spectral kine !

O home so desolate and lorn !  
Did all thy memories die with thee ?  
Were any wed, were any born,  
Beneath this low roof-tree ?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,  
And let the waiting sunshine through ?  
What goodwife sent the earliest smoke  
Up the great chimney flue ?

Did rustic lovers hither come ?  
Did maidens, swaying back and forth  
In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,  
Make light their toil with mirth ?

Did child feet patter on the stair ?  
Did boyhood frolic in the snow ?  
Did gray age, in her elbow chair,  
Knit, rocking to and fro ?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,  
The pine's slow whisper, cannot tell ;  
Low mounds beneath the hemlock-trees  
Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast  
Of sons far off who strive and thrive,  
Forgetful that each swarming host  
Must leave an emptier hive !

O wanderers from ancestral soil,  
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store :  
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,  
And build the home once more !

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,  
And fragrant fern, and ground-nut vine ;  
Breathe airs blown over holt and copse  
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small  
That life's essential wants supply ?  
Your homestead's title gives you all  
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollared crave,  
The brick-walled slaves of 'Change and  
mart,  
Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers, you  
have,  
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-willed,  
With none to bid you go or stay,  
Till the old fields your fathers tilled,  
As manly men as they !

With skill that spares your toiling hands,  
And chemic aid that science brings,  
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,  
And reign thereon as kings !

### HOW THE ROBIN CAME

#### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,  
Under May's blown apple-tree,  
While these home-birds in and out  
Through the blossoms flit about.  
Hear a story, strange and old,  
By the wild red Indians told,  
How the robin came to be :  
Once a great chief left his son, —  
Well-beloved, his only one, —  
When the boy was well-nigh grown,  
In the trial-lodge alone.  
Left for tortures long and slow  
Youths like him must undergo,  
Who their pride of manhood 'est,  
Lacking water, food, and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept,  
Seven nights he never slept.  
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
Weak from nature's overstrain,  
Faltering, moaned a low complaint.  
" Spare me, father, for I faint ! "  
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
Hid his pity in his pride.  
" You shall be a hunter good,  
Knowing never lack of food :

You shall be a warrior great,  
Wise as fox and strong as bear ;  
Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
If with patient heart you wait  
Bravely till your task is done.  
Better you should starving die  
Than that boy and squaw should cry  
Shame upon your father's son !"

When next morn the sun's first rays  
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,  
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
And boiled samp and moose meat  
brought.

"Rise and eat, my son !" he said.  
Lo, he found the poor boy dead !  
As with grief his grave they made,  
And his bow beside him laid,  
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,  
On the lodge-top overhead,  
Preening smooth its breast of red  
And the brown coat that it wore,  
Sat a bird, unknown before.  
And as if with human tongue,  
"Mourn me not," it said, or sung ;  
"I, a bird, am still your son,  
Happier than if hunter fleet,  
Or a brave, before your feet  
Laying scalps in battle won.  
Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
To each wigwam I shall bring  
Tidings of the coming spring ;  
Every child my voice shall know  
In the moon of melting snow,  
When the maple's red bud swells,  
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.  
As their fond companion  
Men shall henceforth own your son,  
And my song shall testify  
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith  
How, at first, the robin came  
With a sweeter life than death,  
Bird for boy, and still the same.  
If my young friends doubt that this  
Is the robin's genesis,  
Not in vain is still the myth  
If a truth be found therewith :  
Unto gentleness belong  
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;  
Happier far than hate is praise, —  
He who sings than he who slays.

## BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS

1660

On a painting by E. A. Abbey. The General Court of Massachusetts enacted Oct. 19, 1658, that "any person or persons of the cursed sect of Quakers" should, on conviction of the same, be banished, on pain of death, from the jurisdiction of the commonwealth.

OVER the threshold of his pleasant home  
Set in green clearings passed the exiled  
Friend,

In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.  
"Dear heart of mine !" he said, "the time  
has come

To trust the Lord for shelter." One long  
gaze

The goodwife turned on each familiar  
thing, —

The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,  
The open door that showed the hearth-fire's  
blaze, —

And calmly answered, "Yes, He will pro-  
vide."

Silent and slow they crossed the home-  
stead's bound,

Lingering the longest by their child's  
grave-mound.

"Move on, or stay and hang !" the sheriff  
cried.

They left behind them more than home or  
land,

And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human  
wrath,

With ravening wolves than those whose  
zeal for God

Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod  
Drear leagues of forest without guide or  
path,

Or launching frail boats on the uncharted  
sea,

Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of  
granite ground

The waves to foam, their perilous way  
they wound,

Enduring all things so their souls were free.  
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did  
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim Fathers  
bore !

For you the Mayflower spread her sail  
once more,  
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid  
Faithful as they who sought an unknown  
land,  
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of  
Sand !

So from his lost home to the darkening main,  
Bodeful of storm, stout Macy held his  
way,

And, when the green shore blended with  
the gray,  
His poor wife moaned : "Let us turn back  
again."

"Nay, woman, weak of faith, kneel down,"  
said he,  
"And say thy prayers : the Lord himself  
will steer ;  
And led by Him, nor man nor devils I  
fear !"

So the gray Southwicks, from a rainy sea,  
Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and  
gave

With feeble voices thanks for friendly  
ground

Whereon to rest their weary feet, and  
found

A peaceful death-bed and a quiet grave  
Where, ocean-walled, and wiser than his  
age,

The lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's  
rage.

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,  
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw  
The way-worn travellers round their  
camp-fire draw,

Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.  
And every place whereon they rested grew  
Happier for pure and gracious woman-  
hood,

And men whose names for stainless honor  
stood,

Founders of States and rulers wise and true.  
The Muse of history yet shall make amends  
To those who freedom, peace, and justice  
taught,

Beyond their dark age led the van of  
thought,

And left unforfeited the name of Friends.  
O mother State, how foiled was thy de-  
sign !  
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was  
thine.

### THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN

The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's *Märchen*, Berlin, 1816. The ballad appeared first in *St. Nicholas*, whose young readers were advised, while smiling at the absurd superstition, to remember that bad companionship and evil habits, desires, and passions are more to be dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who frightened the children of past ages.

The pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic  
water o'er,  
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore ;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and  
maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and  
in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their  
degree :

He was the Amptman's first-born, the mil-  
ler's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of  
Dwarfs and Trolls,  
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the  
people without souls ;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's  
island found  
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was  
underground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning,  
strolled away  
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the  
elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the har-  
vesters had known  
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the  
small horns blown.

She came not back ; the search for her in  
field and wood was vain :  
They cried her east, they cried her west,  
but she came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs,"  
said the dream-wives wise and old,  
And prayers were made, and masses said,  
and Rambin's church bell tolled

Five years her father mourned her ; and then John Deitrich said :  
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing, And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red, Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.  
"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit !"

"Nay," Deitrich said ; "the Dwarf who throws his charmed cap away, Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth ; And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come ; she 's one of us ; she 's mine !" the Brown Dwarf said ; "The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee !" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still. Quick ! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill !"

The Dwarf obeyed ; and youth and Troll down the long stairway passed, And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land, — Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread, Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild ! Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled !

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.

He looked ; he clasped her in his arms ; he knew the long-lost one ; "O Lisbeth ! See thy playmate — I am the Amptman's son !"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sobs she spoke : "Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk !

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again, And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain !

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree, The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea ;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door, And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more !"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips ; the Brown Dwarf groaned to see, And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said : "For five long years this tender Christian maid Has served you in your evil world, and well must she be paid !

"Haste ! — hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store ; Then when we pass the gate of glass, you 'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed, And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and  
passed the gate of glass ;  
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they  
trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf  
stretch up to them his brown  
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed  
his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never  
sky so blue,  
As hand in hand they homeward walked  
the pleasant meadows through !

And never sang the birds so sweet in Ram-  
bin's woods before,  
And never washed the waves so soft along  
the Baltic shore ;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the  
father met his child,  
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the  
folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the  
twain came forth as one,  
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the mil-  
ler blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide,  
and nurse and maid crooned o'er  
Their cradle song : " Sleep on, sleep well,  
the Trolls shall come no more ! "

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a  
cross of stone ;  
And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain  
a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's  
pride and boast,  
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pome-  
ranian coast ;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich be-  
yond compare,  
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt  
long and happy there.

## POEMS OF NATURE

### THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! You may trace his foot-steps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! from the frozen Labrador, From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er, Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow !

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! on the rushing Northern blast, And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past. With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! and the quiet lake shall feel The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel ; And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass, Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! Let us meet him as we may,

And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away ; And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high, And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by !

### THE MERRIMAC

“ The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimac.” — SIEUR DE MONTS, 1604.

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still The sunset rays thy valley fill ; Poured slantwise down the long defile, Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile. I see the winding Powow fold The green hill in its belt of gold, And following down its wavy line, Its sparkling waters blend with thine. There's not a tree upon thy side, Nor rock, which thy returning tide As yet hath left abrupt and stark Above thy evening water-mark ; No calm cove with its rocky hem, No isle whose emerald swells begem Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ; No small boat with its busy oars, Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ; Nor farm-house with its maple shade, Or rigid poplar colonnade, But lies distinct and full in sight, Beneath this gush of sunset light. Centuries ago, that harbor-bar, Stretching its length of foam afar, And Salisbury's beach of shining sand, And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand, Saw the adventurer's tiny sail, Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ; And o'er these woods and waters broke The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak, As brightly on the voyager's eye,

Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
 Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
 The Merrimac rolled down his flood ;  
 Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
 Which channels vast Agioochook  
 When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
 The frozen fountains of the rock,  
 And more abundant waters given  
 From that pure lake, "The Smile of  
 Heaven,"  
 Tributes from vale and mountain-side, —  
 With ocean's dark, eternal tide !

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
 The stormy challenge of the waves,  
 Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
 The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
 Planting upon the topmost crag  
 The staff of England's battle-flag ;  
 And, while from out its heavy fold  
 Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,  
 Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
 And weapons brandishing in air,  
 He gave to that lone promontory  
 The sweetest name in all his story ;  
 Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
 Whose harem look on Stamboul's wa-  
 ters, —

Who, when the chance of war had bound  
 The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
 Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
 Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
 And fondly to her youthful slave  
 A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look ! the yellow light no more  
 Streams down on wave and verdant shore ;  
 And clearly on the calm air swells  
 The twilight voice of distant bells.  
 From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,  
 The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
 Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
 Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
 While yonder lonely coast-light, set  
 Within its wave-washed minaret,  
 Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
 Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers ! — I have stood  
 Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood :  
 Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
 Along his frowning Palisade ;  
 Looked down the Appalachian peak  
 On Juniata's silver streak ;  
 Have seen along his valley gleam

The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;  
 The level light of sunset shine  
 Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;  
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
 Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee !  
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
 The unforgotten swell and roar  
 Of waves on thy familiar shore ;  
 And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
 And quiet of his lonely room,  
 Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;  
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
 The loved and lost arose to view,  
 Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
 Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
 Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
 Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
 Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
 Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept ;  
 And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
 More near, some dear familiar face,  
 He wept to find the vision flown, —  
 A phantom and a dream alone !

#### HAMPTON BEACH

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of  
 sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea !  
 Against its ground  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for  
 miles around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark-green fields and blossoming  
 grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering  
 locust spray.

Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,

While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life, the healing of  
the seas !

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
His feet hath set  
In the great waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds  
with cool spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care ! I take  
Mine ease to-day :  
Here where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary  
thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath, I seem  
Like all I see —  
Waves in the sun, the white-winged  
gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,  
And far-off sails which flit before the south-  
wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the  
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may  
seem  
No new revealing ;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
Or pleasant memory of a dream  
The loved and cherished Past upon the  
new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
May have its dawning ;  
And, as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the  
soul's new morning.

I sit alone ; in foam and spray  
Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and  
gray,  
Shoulder the broken tide away,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through  
mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town ?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer  
waves shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,  
I yield to all  
The change of cloud and wave and wind ;  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them  
rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer ! wave and shore  
In shadow lie ;  
The night-wind warns me back once more  
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sun-  
set sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell !  
I bear with me  
No token stone nor glittering shell,  
But long and oft shall Memory tell  
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by  
the Sea.

## A DREAM OF SUMMER

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play ;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear ;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.  
“ Bear up, O Mother Nature ! ” cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;  
“ Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee ! ”

So, in those winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole.  
Will sunny days appear.  
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,

And how beneath the winter's snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His hope with all !

## THE LAKESIDE

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night ;  
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills ! where, cool and sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie !

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er isle and reach and bay,  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked down  
Upon the Smile of God.  
To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest skeptic taught ;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines ;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.  
God near him seemed ; from earth and  
skies  
His loving voice he heard,  
As, face to face, in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father ! that, like him,  
Thy tender love I see,  
In radiant hill and woodland dim,

And tinted sunset sea.  
For not in mockery dost Thou fill  
Our earth with light and grace ;  
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
Behind Thy smiling face !

## AUTUMN THOUGHTS

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and  
show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
"An emblem of myself thou art."  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen  
heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath  
gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow ;

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart ;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

## ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
Upon my heart have lain,  
Like shadows on the winter sky,  
Like frost upon the pane ;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,  
And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,  
Or witch upon her broom !

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
Before me spreads the lake  
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
The grain he has not sown ;  
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,  
The prairie harvest mown !

I hear the far-off voyager's horn ;  
I see the Yankee's trail, —  
His foot on every mountain-pass,  
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,  
I see his pedler show ;  
The mighty mingling with the mean,  
The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,  
Upon his loaded wain ;  
He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,  
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell,  
The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuit chapel bell !

I see the swarthy trappers come  
From Mississippi's springs ;  
And war-chiefs with their painted brows,  
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves ;  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be ;  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet and warm ;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form !

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
Its fitting place shall find, —  
The raw material of a State,  
Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which leads  
The New World in its train  
Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
Are kindling on its way ;  
And California's golden sands  
Gleam brighter in its ray !

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,  
As, wandering far and wide,  
I thank thee for this twilight dream  
And Fancy's airy ride !

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,  
Which Western trappers find,  
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance  
sown,  
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
Whose glistening quill I hold ;  
Thy home the ample air of hope,  
And memory's sunset gold !

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
And strength unite with love,  
The eagle's pinions folding round  
The warm heart of the dove !

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
Where still the blind bird clings,  
The sunshine of the upper sky  
Shall glitter on thy wings !

## APRIL

“The spring comes slowly up this way.”  
*Christabel.*

\*T IS the noon of the spring-time, yet never  
a bird  
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is  
heard ;  
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of  
snow,  
And blowing of drifts where the crocus  
should blow ;  
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and  
white,  
On south-sloping brooksides should smile  
in the light,  
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-  
waking roots  
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal  
shoots ;  
And, longing for light, under wind-driven  
heaps,

Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,  
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,  
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers !  
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south !  
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth ;  
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,  
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !  
Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased  
The wail and the shriek of the bitter northeast,  
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,  
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux,  
Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,  
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny southwest.  
O soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,  
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death ;  
Renew the great miracle ; let us behold  
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,  
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old !  
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,  
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,  
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree  
The symbols and types of our destiny see ;  
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,  
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul !

## PICTURES

## I

**LIGHT**, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er all  
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down  
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,  
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides brown ;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of pine,  
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,  
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude  
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood,—  
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,  
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,  
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,  
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with mine,—  
Once more, through God's great love, with you I share  
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair  
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,  
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom  
From the dark night and winter of the tomb !

## II

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway winds  
Before me ; dust is on the shrunken grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass ;  
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,  
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,  
While mounting with his dog-star high and higher  
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds  
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.  
Between me and the hot fields of his South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,  
As if the burning arrows of his ire  
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light ;  
Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,  
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,  
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,  
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,  
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,  
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,  
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined.  
So the o'erworned pilgrim, as he fares

Along life's summer waste, at times is  
fanned,  
Even at noon tide, by the cool, sweet airs  
Of a serener and a holier land,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall  
bland.  
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which  
we pray,  
Blow from the eternal hills ! make glad  
our earthly way !

## SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

## I. NOON

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the  
deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O isles of calm ! O dark, still wood !  
And stiller skies that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through  
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and airs more bland,  
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain  
friends !  
With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind !  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,  
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,  
The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,  
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,  
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,  
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,  
Whose voice we hear behind us call, —

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,  
It speaks but what the light waves say, —  
Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I  
Alike on Nature's love rely ;  
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills  
With light the spaces of these hills  
No evil to His creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He  
Will do, whatever that may be,  
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,  
What light and life the other know,  
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

## II. EVENING

Yon mountain's side is black with night,  
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming  
crown  
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,  
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,  
Each silver - hemmed ! How sharply  
show  
The shadows of their rocky piles,  
And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains seem,  
Dim-looming through the pale, still light !  
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,  
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,  
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,  
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,  
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and Night  
    Make rival love, I leave ye soon,  
What time before the eastern light  
    The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,  
    And the young archer, Morn, shall break  
His arrows on the mountain pines,  
    And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay  
    Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,  
With lighter steps than mine, may stray  
    In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave  
    These waters and these hills than I :  
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve  
    Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild  
    On wooded isle and silvering bay ;  
Or setting suns beyond the piled  
    And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,  
    Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,  
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,  
    The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart  
    Her choicest gifts to such as gain  
An entrance to her loving heart  
    Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes  
    One blessing from us others fall ;  
And, soon or late, our Father makes  
    His perfect recompense to all !

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,  
    And folded in the strong embrace  
Of the great mountains, with the light  
    Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy dower  
    Of beauty still, and while above  
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,  
    Be thou the mirror of God's love.

#### THE FRUIT-GIFT

LAST night, just as the tints of autumn's sky  
    Of sunset faded from our hills and  
streams,

I sat, vague listening, lapped in twilight  
    dreams,  
To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's cry.  
Then, like that basket, flush with summer  
    fruit,  
Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's  
    foot,  
Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered  
    sweetness,  
Full-orbed, and glowing with the prisoned  
    beams  
Of summery suns, and rounded to completeness  
By kisses of the south-wind and the dew.  
Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought I  
    knew  
The pleasure of the homeward-turning  
    Jew,  
When Eschol's clusters on his shoulders  
    lay,  
Dropping their sweetness on his desert way.  
I said, "This fruit beseems no world of  
    sin.  
Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,  
    O'ercrept the wall, and never paid the  
    price  
Of the great mischief,—an ambrosial  
    tree,  
Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,  
    To keep the thorns and thistles company."  
Perchance our frail, sad mother plucked in  
    haste  
A single vine-slip as she passed the gate,  
Where the dread sword alternate paled  
    and burned,  
And the stern angel, pitying her fate,  
Forgave the lovely trespasser, and turned  
Aside his face of fire ; and thus the waste  
And fallen world hath yet its annual taste  
Of primal good, to prove of sin the cost,  
And show by one gleaned ear the mighty  
    harvest lost.

#### FLOWERS IN WINTER

##### PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,  
    In graceful counterfeit of flowers,  
These children of the meadows, born  
    Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains  
    The pictures of its flower-sown home,

The lights and shades, the purple stains,  
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring  
To the dark season's frost and rime  
This painted memory of spring,  
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,  
Our fancy's age renews its youth,  
And dim-remembered fictions take  
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimac,—  
So old ancestral legends say,—  
Could call green leaf and blossom back  
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,  
Beneath his touch, put out their leaves ;  
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,  
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail  
Take bud, and bloom before his eyes ;  
From frozen pools he saw the pale,  
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,  
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,  
And through their leafy tongues complained  
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,  
The pipkin wore its old-time green,  
The cradle o'er the sleeping child  
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,  
While wandering in her sylvan quest,  
Haunting his native woodlands yet,  
That Druid of the West ;

And, while the dew on leaf and flower  
Glistened in moonlight clear and still,  
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power,  
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,  
The gift which makes the day more bright,  
And paints, upon the ground of cold  
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;  
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing ;

Yet, summer-like, we sit between  
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,  
And sweetest breath of woodland balm,  
And one whose matron lips unclose  
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !  
The sweet azalea's oaken dells,  
And hide the bank where roses blow,  
And swing the azure bells !

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,  
The purple aster's brookside home,  
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives  
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round again,  
By greening slope and singing flood  
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,  
Her darlings of the wood.

### THE MAYFLOWERS

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter. The name *mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and still is, to the hawthorn. Its use in New England in connection with *Epigaea repens* dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower association.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sleeted spars,  
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,  
Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
In common with the wild-wood flowers,  
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised ! " the Pilgrim said,  
Who saw the blossoms peer  
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,  
"Behold our Mayflower here ! "

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,  
Our years of wandering o'er ;

For us the Mayflower of the sea  
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
As sweetly now as then  
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,  
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,  
Like love behind the manly strength  
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day  
Its shadow round us draws ;  
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,  
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring  
To life the frozen sod ;  
And through dead leaves of hope shall  
spring  
Afresh the flowers of God !

### THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

#### I

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched  
hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness  
gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling  
morn atone.

#### II

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod ;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the  
sweet wild-rose !

#### III

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells  
Like a great arrow through the sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun ;  
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy  
jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid  
them stay.

#### IV

I passed this way a year ago :  
The wind blew south ; the noon of day  
Was warm as June's ; and save that snow  
Flecked the low mountains far away,  
And that the vernal-seeming breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,  
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft  
wind at play.

#### V

Since then, the winter blasts have piled  
The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong and  
wild,  
Yon river, in its overflow  
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;  
And over these gray fields, then green and  
gold,  
The sunnier corn has waved, the thunder's  
organ rolled.

#### VI

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands  
gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits  
and flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in  
its round been ours !

#### VII

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go ;  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow !

Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates ;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

## VIII

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails ;  
And he who wanders widest lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,  
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset  
call to prayer !

## IX

The eye may well be glad that looks  
Where Pharpur's fountains rise and  
fall ;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.  
The marble palaces of Ind  
Rise round him in the snow and wind ;  
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz  
smiles,  
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

## X

And thus it is my fancy blends  
The near at hand and far and rare ;  
And while the same horizon bends  
Above the silver-sprinkled hair  
Which flashed the light of morning skies  
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
Within its round of sea and sky and field,  
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos  
stands revealed.

## XI

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
The toiler to his task-work bound,  
Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
Their clipped horizon widen round !  
While freedom-giving fancy waits,  
Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,  
To bring the lost world back, and make it  
theirs again !

## XII

What lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre

Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire !  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes ;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows  
austere,  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of  
Thought, draw near.

## XIII

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
"In vain the human heart we mock ;  
Bring living guests who love the day,  
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock !  
The herbs we share with flesh and blood  
Are better than ambrosial food  
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing  
loath,  
But doubly blest is he who can partake of  
both.

## XIV

He who might Plato's banquet grace,  
Have I not seen before me sit,  
And watched his puritanic face,  
With more than Eastern wisdom lit ?  
Shrewd mystic ! who, upon the back  
Of his Poor Richard's Almanac  
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoos dream,  
Links Mann's age of thought to Fulton's  
age of steam !

## XV

Here too, of answering love secure,  
Have I not welcomed to my hearth  
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,  
Whose songs have girdled half the  
earth ;  
Whose pages, like the magic mat  
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple  
vines,  
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's  
mountain pines !

## XVI

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,  
The wisdom and the moral health,  
The ethics of the school of Christ ;  
The statesman to his holy trust,  
As the Athenian archon, just,  
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,  
Has he not graced my home with beauty  
all his own ?

## XVII

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,  
What loved ones enter and depart !  
The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart !  
How conscious seems the frozen sod !  
And beechen slope whereon they trod !  
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends  
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

## XVIII

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.  
I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,  
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet !

## XIX

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic calm ;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength  
to beauty join

## XX

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by !  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim  
to know.

## XXI

Home of my heart ! to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,  
The painted, shingly town-house where  
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls !

The simple roof where prayer is made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade ;  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan !

## XXII

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,  
And Learning wears the chains of  
Creed ;  
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
Than the mad license ushering Lenten  
pains,  
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance  
in chains.

## XXIII

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells ;  
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells !  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old home-bred virtues hold their not un-honored place.

## XXIV

Here manhood struggles for the sake  
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
The graces and the loves which make  
The music of the march of life ;  
And woman, in her daily round  
Of duty, walks on holy ground.  
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here  
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights  
to sneer.

## XXV

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm,  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.  
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
As gayly as I did of old ;  
And I, who watch them through the frosty  
pane,  
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er  
again.

## XXVI

And I will trust that He who heeds  
 The life that hides in mead and wold,  
 Who hangs you alder's crimson beads,  
 And stains these mosses green and gold,  
 Will still, as He hath done, incline  
 His gracious care to me and mine ;  
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
 And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter  
 every star !

## XXVII

I have not seen, I may not see,  
 My hopes for man take form in fact,  
 But God will give the victory  
 In due time ; in that faith I act.  
 And he who sees the future sure,  
 The baffling present may endure,  
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand  
 that leads  
 The heart's desires beyond the halting step  
 of deeds.

## XXVIII

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,  
 Where harsher songs of mine have  
 flown ;  
 Go, find a place at home and hearth  
 Where'er thy singer's name is known ;  
 Revive for him the kindly thought  
 Of friends ; and they who love him  
 not,  
 'touched by some strain of thine, perchance  
 may take  
 The hand he proffers all, and thank him for  
 thy sake.

## THE FIRST FLOWERS

FOR ages, on our river borders,  
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,  
 And willowy studs of downy silver,  
 Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters  
 Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,  
 And the clear carol of the robin  
 And song of bluebird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,  
 Or song of early bird, have they  
 Been greeted with a gladder welcome  
 Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,  
 The weary watch of sleepless pain ;  
 And from my heart, as from the river,  
 The ice of winter melts again

Thanks, Mary ! for this wild-wood token  
 Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;  
 Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,  
 The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me  
 From ceiliéd room and silent books,  
 To see the dance of woodland shadows,  
 And hear the song of April brooks !

As in the old Teutonic ballad  
 Of Odenwald live bird and tree,  
 Together live in bloom and music,  
 I blend in song thy flowers and thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever  
 The dint of rain and small bird's track :  
 Who knows but that my idle verses  
 May leave some trace by Merrimac !

The bird that trod the mellow layers  
 Of the young earth is sought in vain ;  
 The cloud is gone that wove the sandstone,  
 From God's design, with threads of rain !

So, when this fluid age we live in  
 Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,  
 Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle  
 The savants of the coming time ;

And, following out their dim suggestions,  
 Some idly-curious hand may draw  
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier  
 Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,  
 Singing my words to breeze and stream,  
 Shall wonder if the old-time Mary  
 Were real, or the rhyme's dream !

## THE OLD BURYING-GROUND

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,  
 Our hills are maple-crowned ;  
 But not from them our fathers chose  
 The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land  
 To Death they set apart ;

With scanty grace from Nature's hand,  
And none from that of art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows  
Its drooped and tasselled head ;  
Within, a stag-horn sumach grows,  
Fern-leafed, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring  
plain  
Like white ghosts come and go,  
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,  
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,  
The distant pines reply ;  
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,  
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,  
Unchecked the winter blast ;  
The school-girl learns the place to shun,  
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified,  
That he might read who ran,  
The emptiness of human pride,  
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flow-  
ers,  
Nor dress the funeral sod,  
Where, with a love as deep as ours,  
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept  
From beauty turned aside ;  
Nor missed they over those who slept  
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,  
The golden leaves would fall,  
The seasons come, the seasons go,  
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung  
In bloom and green its wreath,

And harebells swung as if they rung  
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,  
The gifts she hath for all,  
The common light, the common air,  
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,  
The sunrise and the noon,  
And glorified and sanctified  
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,  
Around the seasons ran,  
And evermore the love of God  
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand  
Within a daily strife,  
And spectral problems waiting stand  
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
The truths we know, are one ;  
The known and nameless stars revolve  
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we glide  
We fall as in our dreams ;  
The far-off terror at our side  
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart  
Alike rest great and small ;  
Why fear to lose our little part,  
When He is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !  
Take hope and strength from this, —  
That Nature never hints in vain,  
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,  
Her lights and airs are given  
Alike to playground and the grave ;  
And over both is Heaven.

## THE PALM-TREE

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?  
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,  
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark  
sheath,  
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,  
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,  
And the rope is of palm that idly trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?  
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,  
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and  
wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under the  
Line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?  
The master, whose cunning and skill could  
charm  
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,  
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,  
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun  
aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his  
hands,  
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands !

The turban folded about his head  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf  
braid,  
And the fan that cools him of palm was  
made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,  
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as  
one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine, —  
House, and raiment, and food, and wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

“ Allah il Allah ! ” he sings his psalm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ;  
“ Thanks to Allah who gives the palm ! ”

## THE RIVER PATH

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified, —

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :  
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,  
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.  
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;  
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine  
showed,  
A long, slant splendor downward flowed

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;  
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw  
near  
The river dark, with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,  
O Father ! let Thy light break through !

“So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

“So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On Thy eternal hills look forth ;

“And in Thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below !”

## MOUNTAIN PICTURES

I. FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North, unveil  
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles  
by !

And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye  
fail,

Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine  
weave

Its golden net-work in your belting woods,  
Smile down in rainbows from your fall-  
ing floods,

And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
Set crowns of fire ! So shall my soul  
receive

Haply the secret of your calm and strength,  
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse

My common life, your glorious shapes and  
hues

And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding  
come,

Loom vast through dreams, and stretch  
in billowy length

From the sea-level of my lowland home !

They rise before me ! Last night’s thun-  
der-gust

Roared not in vain : for where its light-  
nings thrust

Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem  
so near,

Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and  
clear,

I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,  
The loose rock’s fall, the steps of browsing  
deer.

The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn  
walls

And splintered on the rocks their spears  
of rain

Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,  
Making the dusk and silence of the woods  
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods,  
And luminous with blown spray and silver  
gleams,

While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped  
streams

Sing to the freshened meadow-lands  
again.

So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats  
The land with hail and fire may pass away  
With its spent thunders at the break of  
day,

Like last night’s clouds, and leave, as it  
retreats,

A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
Blown crystal clear by Freedom’s North-  
ern wind !

II. MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET

I would I were a painter, for the sake  
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,  
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,  
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake  
Tinted with sunset ; next the wavy lines  
Of far receding hills ; and yet more  
far,

Monadnock lifting from his night of pines  
His rosy forehead to the evening star.

Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid  
His head against the West, whose warm  
light made

His aureole ; and o’er him, sharp and  
clear,

Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching  
stayed,

A single level cloud-line, shone upon  
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,  
Menaced the darkness with its golden  
spear !

So twilight deepened round us. Still and  
black

The great woods climbed the mountain at  
our back :

And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day  
 On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,  
 The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.  
 With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred :  
 The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,  
 The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,  
 The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell ;  
 Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed ; the gate  
 Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight  
 Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,  
 The welcome sound of supper-call to hear ;  
 And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,  
 The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.  
 Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,  
 Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,  
 Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,  
 Like one to whom the far-off is most near :  
 "Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look ;  
 I love it for my good old mother's sake,  
 Who lived and died here in the peace of God !"  
 The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,  
 As silently we turned the eastern flank  
 Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,  
 Doubling the night along our rugged road :  
 We felt that man was more than his abode,—  
 The inward life than Nature's raiment more ;  
 And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,  
 The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim  
 Before the saintly soul, whose human will  
 Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,  
 Making her homely toil and household ways  
 An earthly echo of the song of praise  
 Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

## THE VANISHERS

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams  
 In the simple Indian lore  
 Still to me the legend seems  
 Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
 Never reached nor found at rest,  
 Baffling search, but beckoning on  
 To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
 Through the dark of lowland firs,  
 Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
 Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,  
 And the hunter on the moss,  
 Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
 See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
 Twilight of the clustered pines,  
 In their faces rarely seen  
 Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow  
 On the slopes of westering knolls ;  
 In the wind they whisper low  
 Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !  
 Thou and I have seen them too ;  
 On before with beek and sign  
 Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail  
 In the gold of setting day ;  
 More than gleams of wing or sail  
 Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
 Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
 Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
 Airs from viewless Eden blown ;

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
 Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
 Loving hands we may not clasp,  
 Shining feet that mock our haste ;

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
 Tender voices heard once more,

Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !  
Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

### THE PAGEANT

A sound as if from bells of silver,  
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,  
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,  
A splendor brooking no delay,  
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway  
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through  
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,  
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-embossed,  
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves  
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,  
I touch its mimic garden bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

The flora of the mystic mine-world  
Around me lifts on crystal stems  
The petals of its clustered gems !

What miracle of weird transforming  
In this wild work of frost and light,  
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City  
Like that to him of Patmos given,  
The white bride coming down from heaven !

How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders,  
Through what sharp-glancing spears of reeds  
The brook its muffled water leads !

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,  
Burns unconsumed : a white, cold fire  
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,  
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,  
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock  
Crowned with his glistening circlet stands !  
What jewels light his swarthy hands !

Here, where the forest opens southward,  
Between its hospitable pines,  
As through a door, the warm sun shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,  
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,  
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their cymbals  
I hear the old familiar fall  
Of water down the rocky wall,

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,  
In dark and silence hidden long,  
The brook repeats its summer song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine,  
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,  
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,  
The foolish screaming of the jay,  
The chopper's axe-stroke far away ;

The clamor of some neighboring barn-yard,  
The lazy cock's belated crow,  
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And, as in some enchanted forest  
The lost knight hears his comrades sing,  
And, near at hand, their bridles ring, —

So welcome I these sounds and voices,  
These airs from far-off summer blown,  
This life that leaves me not alone.

For the white glory overawes me ;  
The crystal terror of the seer  
Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven !  
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me  
Thy keen reproach of purity,

If, in this august presence-chamber,  
I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom  
And warm airs thick with odorous  
bloom !

Let the strangè frost-work sink and crumble,  
And let the loosened tree-boughs swing,  
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noontime,  
On this chill pageant, melt and move  
The winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,  
Breathe through a veil of tenderest  
haze  
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,  
And to this dead, cold splendor bring  
The living jewels of the spring !

#### THE PRESSED GENTIAN

THE time of gifts has come again,  
And, on my northern window-pane,  
Outlined against the day's brief light,  
A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
The wayside travellers, as they pass,  
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass ;  
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,  
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
The perfect grace it hath for me ;  
For there the flower, whose fringes through  
The frosty breath of autumn blew,  
Turns from without its face of bloom  
To the warm tropic of my room,  
As fair as when beside its brook  
The hue of bending skies it took.

So from the trodden ways of earth,  
Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,  
And offer to the careless glance  
The clouding gray of circumstance.

They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,  
To loving eyes alone they turn  
The flowers of inward grace, that hide  
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,  
My half-immortal flower, from thee !  
Man judges from a partial view,  
None ever yet his brother knew ;  
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole  
May better read the darkened soul,  
And find, to outward sense denied,  
The flower upon its inmost side !

#### A MYSTERY

THE river hemmed with leaning trees  
Wound through its meadows green ;  
A low, blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang :  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang !

No clue of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew ;  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine ;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills  
The mountain road should creep ;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind ;  
Their place the mountains took :  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwanted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide ;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Traited noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream ?  
Or glimpse through æons old ?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

#### A SEA DREAM

We saw the slow tides go and come,  
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,  
The gray rocks touched with tender bloom  
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost  
The sombre pomp of showery noons ;  
And signalled spectral sails that crossed  
The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head  
We saw the white spray tossed and  
spurned ;  
While over all, in gold and red,  
Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,  
Half curious, half indifferent,  
Like passing sails or floating clouds,  
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay  
And watched the mirage-lifted wall  
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,  
And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,  
Of airy flock and childish throng,  
Up from the water's edge there came  
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice  
Of old and common airs ; at last  
The tender pathos of his voice  
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,  
And memories old and sadly sweet ;

While, timing to its minor strain,  
The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun :  
The rocks are fringed with foam ;  
I walk once more a haunted shore,  
A stranger, yet at home,  
A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind  
That stirred thy locks of brown ?  
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew  
The trail of thy light gown,  
Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,  
The boats that rock below ;  
And, out at sea, the passing sails  
We saw so long ago  
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
On every breeze is blown ;  
As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—  
The change is ours alone ;  
The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,  
Is he who bears my name ;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there  
Thy place I cannot see ;  
I only know that where thou art  
The blessed angels be,  
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years  
Have left on me their sign ;  
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,  
The many stains of mine  
In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live,  
If thou wert by my side ;  
The vision of a shining one,  
The white and heavenly bride,  
Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face  
Without the angel's crown,

The wedded roses of thy lips,  
Thy loose hair rippling down  
In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space and time,  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's frescoed wall,  
A shadow, and yet all !

Draw near, more near, forever dear !  
Where'er I rest or roam,  
Or in the city's crowded streets,  
Or by the blown sea foam,  
The thought of thee is home !

At breakfast hour the singer read  
The city news, with comment wise,  
Like one who felt the pulse of trade  
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told  
The man of action, not of books,  
To whom the corners made in gold  
And stocks were more than seaside nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed  
His song had hinted unawares ;  
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,  
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch  
That face so hard and shrewd and strong ;  
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch  
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought  
To sound him, leaving as she came ;  
Her baited album only caught  
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,  
That trembled on the singer's tongue ;  
He came and went, and left no sign  
Behind him save the song he sung.

#### HAZEL BLOSSOMS

THE summer warmth has left the sky,  
The summer songs have died away ;  
And, withered, in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,  
And drearily the dead vines fall,  
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall

Yet through the gray and sombre wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,  
The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,  
For spring to own or summer hail ;  
But, in the season's saddest hour,  
To skies that weep and winds that wail  
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold ! O life grown old !  
No rose of June may bloom again ;  
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,  
Through early frost and latter rain  
Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough  
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,  
That points to golden ores below,  
And in dry desert places tells  
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet  
wells, —

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,  
Be mine the hazel's grateful part  
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,  
The living waters thrill and start,  
The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light  
With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;  
To call some hidden spring to sight  
That, in these dry and dusty ways,  
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love ! the hazel-wand may fail,  
But thou canst lend the surer spell,  
That, passing over Baca's vale,  
Repeats the old-time miracle,  
And makes the desert-land a well.

#### SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem  
Of hills the river runs,  
As down its long, green valley falls

The last of summer's suns.  
 Along its tawny gravel-bed  
   Broad-flowing, swift, and still,  
 As if its meadow levels felt  
   The hurry of the hill,  
 Noiseless between its banks of green  
   From curve to curve it slips ;  
 The drowsy maple-shadows rest  
   Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,  
   Unstoried and unknown ;  
 The ursine legend of its name  
   Prowls on its banks alone.  
 Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn  
   As ever Yarrow knew,  
 Or, under rainy Irish skies,  
   By Spenser's Mulla grew ;  
 And through the gaps of leaning trees  
   Its mountain cradle shows :  
 The gold against the amethyst,  
   The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
   A glory never sung,  
 Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
   Are God's great pictures hung.  
 How changed the summits vast and old !  
   No longer granite-browed,  
 They melt in rosy mist ; the rock  
   Is softer than the cloud ;  
 The valley holds its breath ; no leat  
   Of all its elms is twirled :  
 The silence of eternity  
   Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals  
   Of mystery is this ;  
 You miracle-play of night and day  
   Makes dumb its witnesses.  
 What unseen altar crowns the hills  
   That reach up stair on stair ?  
 What eyes look through, what white wings  
   fan  
   These purple veils of air ?  
 What Presence from the heavenly heights  
   To those of earth stoops down ?  
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
   On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
   The golden water pales,  
 And over all the valley-land  
   A gray-winged vapor sails.  
   I go the common way of all ;

The sunset fires will burn,  
 The flowers will blow, the river flow,  
   When I no more return.  
 No whisper from the mountain pine  
   Nor lapsing stream shall tell  
 The stranger, treading where I tread,  
   Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,  
   God's colors all are fast ;  
 The glory of this sunset heaven  
   Into my soul has passed,  
 A sense of gladness unconfined  
   To mortal date or clime ;  
 As the soul liveth, it shall live  
   Beyond the years of time.  
 Beside the mystic asphodels  
   Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
 And new horizons flush and glow  
   With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell ! these smiling hills must wear  
   Too soon their wintry frown,  
 And snow-cold winds from off them shake  
   The maple's red leaves down.  
 But I shall see a summer sun  
   Still setting broad and low ;  
 The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,  
   The golden water flow.  
 A lover's claim is mine on all  
   I see to have and hold, —  
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,  
   And sunsets never cold !

#### THE SEEKING OF THE WATER-FALL

THEY left their home of summer ease  
 Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,  
 To seek, by ways unknown to all,  
 The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumor to the vale  
 Had crept — perchance a hunter's tale —  
 Of its wild mirth of waters lost  
 On the dark woods through which it tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang ; some-  
   where  
 Whirled in mad dance its misty hair ;  
 But who had raised its veil, or seen  
 The rainbow skirts of that Undine ?

They sought it where the mountain brook  
 Its swift way to the valley took ;

Along the rugged slope they clomb,  
Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won ;  
The fiery javelins of the sun  
Smote the bare ledge ; the tangled shade  
With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and then  
They saw the cheerful homes of men,  
And the great mountains with their wall  
Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad winds  
blew

Shared the wild dance the waters knew ;  
And where the shadows deepest fell  
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn  
Swung low the waving fronds of fern ;  
From stony cleft and mossy sod  
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,  
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,  
And found in rock and root the keys  
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew  
Of tossing foam the birch-trees through ;  
Now seen, now lost, but baffling still  
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each : "Lo here ! Lo  
there !

Its white scarf flutters in the air !"  
They climbed anew ; the vision fled,  
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain-slope  
With faint and ever fainter hope ;  
With faint and fainter voice the brook  
Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done ;  
Above the tall peaks saw the sun  
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set  
Behind the hills of violet.

"Here ends our quest !" the seekers  
cried,  
"The brook and rumor both have lied !  
The phantom of a waterfall  
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser, said :  
"So, always baffled, not misled,  
We follow where before us runs  
The vision of the shining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals fly,  
Their voices while we listen die ;  
We cannot keep, however fleet,  
The quick time of their wingéd feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray  
These kindly mockers in our way ;  
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,  
To something better than themselves ?

"Here, though unreached the goal we  
sought,  
Its own reward our toil has brought :  
The winding water's sounding rush,  
The long note of the hermit thrush,

"The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of pond  
And river track, and, vast, beyond  
Broad meadows belted round with pines,  
The grand uplift of mountain lines !

"What matter though we seek with pain  
The garden of the gods in vain,  
If lured thereby we climb to greet  
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet ?

"To seek is better than to gain,  
The fond hope dies as we attain ;  
Life's fairest things are those which seem,  
The best is that of which we dream.

"Then let us trust our waterfall  
Still flashes down its rocky wall,  
With rainbow crescent curved across  
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

"And we, forgetful of our pain,  
In thought shall seek it oft again ;  
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,  
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

"And haply gain, through parting boughs,  
Grand glimpses of great mountain brows  
Cloud-turbaned, and the sharp steel sheer  
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

"So failure wins ; the consequence  
Of loss becomes its recompense ;  
And evermore the end shall tell  
The unreached ideal guided well.

“Our sweet illusions only die  
Fulfilling love’s sure prophecy ;  
And every wish for better things  
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

“ For fate is servitor of love ;  
Desire and hope and longing prove  
The secret of immortal youth,  
And Nature cheats us into truth.

“ O kind allurers, wisely sent,  
Beguiling with benign intent,  
Still move us, through divine unrest,  
To seek the loveliest and the best !

“ Go with us when our souls go free,  
And, in the clear, white light to be,  
Add unto Heaven’s beatitude  
The old delight of seeking good ! ”

#### THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees  
made  
Against the bitter East their barricade,  
And, guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,  
The trailing spring flower tinted like a  
shell  
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my  
feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss  
the pines  
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming  
vines  
Lifted their glad surprise,  
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless  
trees  
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,  
And snow-drifts lingered under April  
skies.

As, pausing, o’er the lonely flower I bent,  
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and  
pent,  
Which yet find room,  
Through care and cumber, coldness and  
decay,  
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,  
And make the sad earth happier for their  
bloom.

#### ST. MARTIN’S SUMMER

This name in some parts of Europe is given  
to the season we call Indian Summer, in honor  
of the good St. Martin. The title of the poem  
was suggested by the fact that the day it refers  
to was the exact date of that set apart to the  
Saint, the 11th of November.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch  
Of Frost, the early comer,  
I hail the season loved so much,  
The good St. Martin’s summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,  
And thin moon curving o’er it !  
The old year’s darling, latest born,  
More loved than all before it !

How flamed the sunrise through the pines !  
How stretched the birchen shadows,  
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines  
The westward sloping meadows !

The sweet day, opening as a flower  
Unfolds its petals tender,  
Renews for us at noontide’s hour  
The summer’s tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed ; alone the wind,  
That through the woodland searches,  
The red-oak’s lingering leaves can find,  
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine  
Invites no thought of sorrow,  
No hint of loss from air like wine  
The earth’s content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here  
Midway a truce are holding,  
A soft, consenting atmosphere  
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,  
Rise solemn in their gladness ;  
The quiet that the valley fills  
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange ! The autumn yesterday  
In winter’s grasp seemed dying ;  
On whirling winds from skies of gray  
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood  
There steals a soft relenting,  
I will not mar the present good,  
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's hold  
A dreamy tryst together,  
And, both grown old, about us fold  
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day  
To feel its bland caressing ;  
I will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old  
The Syrian shepherds knew them ;  
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,  
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need there is, in times like this  
When heaven to earth draws nearer,  
Of wing or song as witnesses  
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow  
Is of the end forewarning,  
Methinks thy sundown afterglow  
Seems less of night than morning !

Old cares grow light ; aside I lay  
The doubts and fears that troubled ;  
The quiet of the happy day  
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine  
Not less a joy I find it ;  
Nor less you warm horizon line  
That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days  
I close my eyes from reading ;  
His will be done whose darkest ways  
To light and life are leading !

Less drear the winter night shall be,  
If memory cheer and hearten  
Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,  
Sweet summer of St. Martin !

#### STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM

A CLOUD, like that the old-time Hebrew saw  
On Carmel prophesying rain, began

To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,  
Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw  
Of chill wind menaced ; then a strong blast  
beat  
Down the long valley's murmuring pines,  
and woke  
The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and  
broke  
Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness  
swept  
Over the rough pine-bearded Asquam  
range ;  
A wraith of tempest, wonderful and  
strange,  
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,  
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel  
Looked from his watch-tower ; then the  
shadow fell,  
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,  
Weaving its light through slant-blown  
veils of rain,  
Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles on  
pain ;  
And, when the tumult and the strife were  
done,

With one foot on the lake, and one on land,  
Framing within his crescent's tinted streak  
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,  
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel  
spanned.

#### A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE

To kneel before some saintly shrine,  
To breathe the health of airs divine,  
Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,  
The cowled and turbanned pilgrims go.  
I too, a palmer, take, as they  
With staff and scallop-shell, my way  
To feel, from burdening cares and ills,  
The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,  
For dreamed-of wonders all athirst,  
I saw on Winnipesaukee fall

The shadow of the mountain wall.  
Ah ! where are they who sailed with me  
The beautiful island-studded sea ?  
And am I he whose keen surprise  
Flashed out from such unclouded eyes ?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,  
My longing for the hills returns ;  
And northward, leaving at my back  
The warm vale of the Merrimac,  
I go to meet the winds of morn,  
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,  
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy  
The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline  
Along a ridged horizon line ;  
Touching the hill-tops, as a nun  
Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.  
One lake lies golden, which shall soon  
Be silver in the rising moon ;  
And one, the crimson of the skies  
And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends  
The distance-softened voice of friends ;  
The girl's light laugh no discord brings  
To the low song the pine-tree sings ;  
And, not unwelcome, comes the hail  
Of boyhood from his nearing sail.  
The human presence breaks no spell,  
And sunset still is miracle !

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel  
A sense of worship o'er me steal ;  
Not that of satyr-charming Pan,  
No cult of Nature shaming man,  
Not Beauty's self, but that which lives  
And shines through all the veils it weaves, —  
Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,  
Their witness to the Eternal Good !

And if, by fond illusion, here  
The earth to heaven seems drawing near,  
And yon outlying range invites  
To other and serener heights,  
Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,  
The shining Mounts Delectable !  
A dream may hint of truth no less  
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her veil of incense smoke  
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,  
More than her heathen oracle,  
May not this trance of sunset tell

That Nature's forms of loveliness  
Their heavenly archetypes confess,  
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone  
From patterns in the Mount made known ?

A holier beauty overbroads  
These fair and faint similitudes ;  
Yet not unblest is he who sees  
Shadows of God's realities,  
And knows beyond this masquerade  
Of shape and color, light and shade,  
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,  
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set !  
O hills that charmed horizons fret !  
I know how fair your morns can break,  
In rosy light on isle and lake ;  
How over wooded slopes can run  
The noonday play of cloud and sun,  
And evening droop her oriflamme  
Of gold and red in still Asquam.

The summer moons may round again,  
And careless feet these hills profane ;  
These sunsets waste on vacant eyes  
The lavish splendor of the skies ;  
Fashion and folly, misplaced here,  
Sigh for their natural atmosphere,  
And travelled pride the outlook scorn  
Of lesser heights than Matterhorn :

But let me dream that hill and sky  
Of unseen beauty prophesy ;  
And in these tinted lakes behold  
The trailing of the rainment fold  
Of that which, still eluding gaze,  
Allures to upward-tending ways,  
Whose footprints make, wherever found,  
Our common earth a holy ground.

### SWEET FERN

THE subtle power in perfume found  
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned ;  
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound  
No censer idly burned.

That power the old-time worships knew,  
The Corybantes' frenzied dance,  
The Pythian priestess swooning through  
The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and field,  
Her thousand sunlit censers still ;

To spells of flower and shrub we yield  
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and new  
With slow feet, pausing at each turn ;  
A sudden waft of west wind blew  
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept  
The alien landscape ; in its stead,  
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,  
As light of heart as tread.

I saw my boyhood's lakelet shine  
Once more through rifts of woodland  
shade ;

I knew my river's winding line  
By morning mist betrayed.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,  
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call  
Of birds, and one in voice and look  
In keeping with them all.

A fern beside the way we went  
She plucked, and, smiling, held it up,  
While from her hand the wild, sweet  
scent  
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell !  
The dust-dry leaves to life return,  
And she who plucked them owns the spell  
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit ? Who shall say  
What touch the chord of memory thrills ?  
It passed, and left the August day  
Ablaze on lonely hills.

### THE WOOD GIANT

[Written at Sturtevant's Farm, about a mile  
from Centre Harbor, N. H.]

FROM Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,  
From Mad to Saco river,  
For patriarchs of the primal wood  
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said : "The giants old  
Are lost beyond retrieval ;  
This pygmy growth the axe has spared  
Is not the wood primeval.

"Look where we will o'er vale and hill,  
How idle are our searches  
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed  
oaks,  
Centennial pines and birches !

"Their tortured limbs the axe and saw  
Have changed to beams and trestles ;  
They rest in walls, they float on seas,  
They rot in sunken vessels.

"This shorn and wasted mountain land  
Of underbrush and boulder, —  
Who thinks to see its full-grown tree  
Must live a century older."

At last to us a woodland path,  
To open sunset leading,  
Revealed the Anakim of pines  
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before ;  
Below, the lake's green islands ;  
Beyond, in misty distance dim,  
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill  
Of time and change defiant !  
How dwarfed the common woodland  
seemed,  
Before the old-time giant !

What marvel that, in simpler days  
Of the world's early childhood,  
Men crowned with garlands, gifts, and  
praise  
Such monarchs of the wild-wood ?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song  
Danced through the hill grove's spaces,  
And hoary-bearded Druids found  
In woods their holy places ?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe  
With Christian reverence blending,  
We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms  
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,  
Now rising, and now dying,  
As erst Dodona's priestess heard  
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan  
Of one apart and mateless,

The weariness of unshared power,  
The loneliness of greatness ?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him  
Your beauty and your wonder !  
Blithe sparrow, sing thy summer song  
His solemn shadow under !

Play lightly on his slender keys,  
O wind of summer, waking  
For hills like these the sound of seas  
On far-off beaches breaking !

And let the eagle and the crow  
Find shelter in his branches,  
When winds shake down his winter snow  
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,  
The strongest need assurance,  
The sigh of longing makes not less  
The lesson of endurance.

#### A DAY

TALK not of sad November, when a day  
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of  
noon,  
And a wind, borrowed from some morn  
of June,  
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless  
spray.

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines  
Lay their long shafts of shadow : the  
small rill,

Singing a pleasant song of summer still,  
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of  
bees,  
In the thin grass the crickets pipe no  
more ;  
But still the squirrel hoards his winter  
store,  
And drops his nut-shells from the shag-  
bark trees.

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper :  
high  
Above, the spires of yellowing larches  
show,  
Where the woodpecker and home-loving  
crow  
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat  
defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old !  
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly  
dear  
When the low sunshine warns the closing  
year  
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic  
cold !

Close to my heart I fold each lovely  
thing  
The sweet day yields ; and, not disconso-  
late,  
With the calm patience of the woods I  
wait  
For leaf and blossom when God gives us  
Spring !

## PERSONAL POEMS

### A LAMENT

"The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow ? Answereth not  
Its blessing to our tears ?"

THE circle is broken, one seat is forsaken,  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is  
shaken ;  
One heart from among us no longer shall  
thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our  
ill.

Weep ! lonely and lowly are slumbering  
now  
The light of her glances, the pride of her  
brow ;  
Weep ! sadly and long shall we listen in  
vain  
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead ! For human-  
ity's claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the  
same ;  
The hope of that world whose existence is  
bliss  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of  
this.

For, oh ! if one glance the freed spirit can  
throw  
On the scene of its troubled probation be-  
low,  
Than the pride of the marble, the pomp of  
the dead,  
To that glance will be dearer the tears which  
we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her  
smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the  
while,  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-  
like, and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its  
tear.

And the charm of her features, while over  
the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sun-  
shine of soul ;  
And the tones of her voice, like the music  
which seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of  
dreams !

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious  
than gold,  
The love and the kindness and pity which  
gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths  
for the grave !

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and  
blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting  
and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful  
sleeper !  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for  
the weeper !  
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful  
or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sor-  
row for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem ;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still tempered  
by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in  
heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is  
given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens  
in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy  
from this.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES  
B. STORRS

Late President of Western Reserve College, who died at his post of duty, overworn by his strenuous labors with tongue and pen in the cause of Human Freedom.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord !  
With thy last breath crying "Onward!"  
And thy hand upon the sword.  
The haughty heart derideth,  
And the sinful lip reviles,  
But the blessing of the perishing  
Around thy pillow smiles !

When to our cup of trembling  
The added drop is given,  
And the long-suspended thunder  
Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
When a new and fearful freedom  
Is proffered of the Lord  
To the slow-consuming Famine,  
The Pestilence and Sword !

When the refuges of Falsehood  
Shall be swept away in wrath,  
And the temple shall be shaken,  
With its idol, to the earth,  
Shall not thy words of warning  
Be all remembered then ?  
And thy now unheeded message  
Burn in the hearts of men ?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
Its nettles on thy tomb,  
And even Christian bosoms  
Deny thy memory room ;  
For lying lips shall torture  
Thy mercy into crime,  
And the slanderer shall flourish  
As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south-wind lingers  
On Carolina's pines,  
Or falls the careless sunbeam  
Down Georgia's golden mines ;  
Where now beneath his burthen  
The toiling slave is driven ;  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offered unto Heaven ;

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,

And pride and lust debases  
The workmanship of God,—  
There shall thy praise be spoken,  
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
When the fetters shall be broken,  
And the slave shall be a man !

Joy to thy spirit, brother !  
A thousand hearts are warm,  
A thousand kindred bosoms  
Are baring to the storm.  
What though red-handed Violence  
With secret Fraud combine ?  
The wall of fire is round us,  
Our Present Help was thine.

Lo, the waking up of nations,  
From Slavery's fatal sleep ;  
The murmur of a Universe,  
Deep calling unto Deep !  
Joy to thy spirit, brother !  
On every wind of heaven  
The onward cheer and summons  
Of Freedom's voice is given !

Glory to God forever !  
Beyond the despot's will  
The soul of Freedom liveth  
Imperishable still.  
The words which thou hast uttered  
Are of that soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scattered  
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
And the trials yet to come,  
In the shadow of the prison,  
Or the cruel martyrdom,—  
We will think of thee, O brother !  
And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
And the anthem of the free.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY,  
SECRETARY OF THE BOSTON YOUNG  
MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land !  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty

On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine ?

Oh, thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see ?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee ?  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow ?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou ?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love !  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above !  
Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak ;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek ;  
Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore, —  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibinah's vine ;  
Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back ;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track ;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land !  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,

Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours !

TO —

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." — *Essays of Elia*.

MAIDEN ! with the fair brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still abide, —  
Instinct take the place of Duty,  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with the gift of Midas,  
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As, when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies ;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being

Hath upon thy spirit pressed, —  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest :

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
In his night watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching :  
What and where is Truth ?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings  
Only wake a quiet scorn, —  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,  
Beautiful and frail !

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin ;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and sky,  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature taught ;  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame,  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end ;

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of Woolman's feet !  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught :

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather  
Round that meek and suffering one,—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee ;  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look !

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
Who, himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek ;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

#### LEGGETT'S MONUMENT

William Leggett, who died in 1830 at the age of thirty-seven, was the intrepid editor of the *New York Evening Post* and afterwards of *The Plain Dealer*. His vigorous assault upon the system of slavery brought down upon him the enmity of political defenders of the system.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets." — *Holy Writ*

YES, pile the marble o'er him ! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long  
stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from  
hell,  
Who clamored down the bold reformer  
when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and  
sought  
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,  
The angel utterance of an upright mind,  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the  
builders' shame !

#### TO A FRIEND

##### ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
Light-hearted rover !  
Old walls of chateaux gray,  
Towers of an early day,  
Which the Three Colors play  
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine :  
Now midst the splendor  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
He saw the long hollow dell,  
Touched by the prophet's spell,  
Into an ocean swell  
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
Autumn's blue heaven :  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain-side.

Waiting their hour to glide  
Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine-stream, by castle old,  
Baron's and robber's hold,  
Peacefully flowing ;  
Sweeping through vineyards green,  
Or where the cliffs are seen  
O'er the broad wave between  
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
Vast, dim, and solemn ;  
Hymns ever chanting low,  
Censers swung to and fro,  
Sable stoles sweeping slow,  
Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all  
Will there not voices call  
Evermore back again ?  
In the mind's gallery  
Wilt thou not always see  
Dim phantoms beckon thee  
O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt,  
New voices softly chant,  
New faces greet thee !  
Pilgrims from many a shrine  
Hallowed by poet's line,  
At memory's magic sign,  
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
Unto thy olden home,  
Will they not waken  
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
Led thee o'er sea and land  
Back to the household band  
Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,  
Swells the cathedral's chime,  
Yet, in thy dreaming,  
While to thy spirit's eye  
Yet the vast mountains lie  
Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,  
Be the wild picture there  
In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day

Him who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
As to all given,  
Still may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
Gladness in Heaven !

### LUCY HOOPER

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L.I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged twenty-four years.

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,  
That all of thee we loved and cherished  
Has with thy summer roses perished ;  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead,  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain,  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart, that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good ;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them — of thee — remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?  
A shadow in the land of thought ?  
No ! Even my weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;  
And, save the absence of all ill  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimac,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow,  
Of all we knew and loved in thee,

But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality !  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of old,  
Unbodied, like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold ;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one,  
In blank annihilation blest ;  
Dust-atoms of the infinite,  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.  
No ! I have friends in Spirit Land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came ;  
Their change, — the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking, —  
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household  
graves,  
Where father, brother, sister lie ;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubt'd to thy bosom taken,  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
A spirit filled the vast machine,  
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee  
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,

Which opens on eternity.  
Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set,  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.  
All lovely things, by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;  
These green hills, where thy childhood  
roved,  
You river winding to the sea,  
The sunset light of autumn eves  
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods,  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;  
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

## FOLLEN

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE  
STATE"

Charles Follen, one of the noblest contributions of Germany to American citizenship, was at an early age driven from his professorship in the University of Jena, and compelled to seek shelter from official prosecution in Switzerland, on account of his liberal political opinions. He became Professor of Civil Law in the University of Basle. The governments of Prussia, Austria, and Russia united in demanding his delivery as a political offender ; and, in consequence, he left Switzerland, and came to the United States. At the time of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society he was a Professor in Harvard University, honored for his genius, learning, and estimable character. His love of liberty and hatred of oppression led him to seek an interview with Garrison and express his sympathy with him. Soon after, he attended a meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. An able speech was made by Rev. A. A. Phelps, and a letter of nine addressed to the Secretary of the Society was read. Whereupon he rose and stated that his views were in unison with those of the Society, and that after hearing the speech and the letter, he was ready to join it, and abide the probable consequences of such an unpopular act. He lost by so doing his professorship.

He was an able member of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He perished in the ill-fated steamer Lexington, which was burned on its passage from New York, January 13, 1840. The few writings left behind him show him to have been a profound thinker of rare spiritual insight.

**FRIEND** of my soul ! as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me ! at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charm'd page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth,

Lifting the Future's solemn veil ;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land ;

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear,  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they  
wrought ?

Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought ?

Thou livest, Follen ! not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne

The burthen of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh, while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall,  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er  
all !

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown ;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain ;

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their tears ;

'T is something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet ;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh ! at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight ;

While through these elm-boughs wet with  
rain

The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover-bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream be-  
tween ;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the pure and true  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine ;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb,  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze erelong shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee ;  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can  
move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love !

## TO J. P.

John Pierpont, the eloquent preacher and  
poet of Boston.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that lay  
of thine,  
Which, like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy  
Boy,  
Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine, —  
Not to the poet, but the man I bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering :  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with  
me  
Life all too earnest, and its time too short

For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful  
sport ;  
And girded for thy constant strife with  
wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every  
thought !

## CHALKLEY HALL

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., was the residence of Thomas Chalkley, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city. I have referred to my youthful acquaintance with his writings in *Snow-Bound*.

How bland and sweet the greeting of this  
breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary  
gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies !

Here, while the market murmurs, while men  
throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

Oh, once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain !

Once more let God's green earth and sunset  
air  
Old feelings waken ;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and  
ill.

Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood :  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless  
years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in  
rain  
And summer sunshine threw the fruits and  
grain  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's  
vales,  
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
Raised up in life and power :

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from  
heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
Upon its life-long pain :

How the armed warrior sat him down to hear  
Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimac's green  
shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory  
warm, —  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and  
shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland  
glade, —  
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius  
keeps  
His vigils still ;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's  
shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and  
Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given ;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream  
have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven !

### GONE

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay ;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister's wav.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice, —  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps  
pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move ;  
The breathing of an inward psalm,  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light ;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good-night ! "

There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers ;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled ;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.

## TO RONGE

This was written after reading the powerful and manly protest of Johannes Ronge against the "pious fraud" of the Bishop of Treves. The bold movement of the young Catholic priest of Prussian Silesia seemed to me full of promise to the cause of political as well as religious liberty in Europe. That it failed was due partly to the faults of the reformer, but mainly to the disagreement of the Liberals of Germany upon a matter of dogma, which prevented them from unity of action. Ronge was born in Silesia in 1813 and died in October, 1887. His autobiography was translated into English and published in London in 1846.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man ! Down to the root  
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then  
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
Plant, as they may, that better tree whose  
fruit  
The wounded bosom of the Church shall  
heal.  
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
On crown or crozier, which shall interpose  
Between thee and the weal of Fatherland.  
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
Shake thou all German dream-land with  
the fall  
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart  
monk.  
Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let  
us hear  
The snap of chain-links. Let our gladdened  
ear  
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the  
light  
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of  
night.  
Be faithful to both worlds ; nor think to  
feed  
Earth's starving millions with the husks of  
creed.  
Servant of Him whose mission high and holy

Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the  
    lowly,  
Thrust not his Eden promise from our  
    sphere,  
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's  
    span ;  
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,  
The New Jerusalem comes down to man !  
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like  
    him,  
When the roused Teuton dashes from his  
    limb  
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
His hands for whom thou claim'st the free-  
    dom of the mind !

## CHANNING

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOT vainly did old poets tell,  
    Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle,  
    The hero and the saint !

For even in a faithless day  
    Can we our sainted ones discern ;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
    Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
    Which, world-wide, echo Channing's  
    fame,  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
    Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
    And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
    All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
    Beneath his green embowering wood,  
To me it seems but yesterday  
    Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
    The western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
    The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
    Life's highest purpose understood,  
And, like his blessed Master, knew  
    The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
    Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
    With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
    The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
    And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong,  
    The ills her suffering children know,  
The squalor of the city's throng,  
    The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
    Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
    The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told  
    How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
    Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
    Thrill through that frail and pain-worn  
    frame,  
And, kindling in those deep, calm eyes,  
    A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
    The human heart, — the Faith-sown seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
    To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,  
    The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,  
And at one common altar knelt  
    The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain : with strength renewed,  
    And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
    The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word !  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before,  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our fatherland.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave ?  
What dust upon the spirit lies ?  
God keeps the sacred life he gave,—  
The prophet never dies !

#### TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counselor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman."

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another  
May never know ;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother !  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine ;  
With even the weakness of my soul uphold-  
ing  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-  
hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condol-  
ing  
Must vainly fall :  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is toll-  
ing,  
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor world's  
common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart ap-  
proveth :  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He lov-  
eth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought :  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—  
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not  
wholly  
What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as  
truly  
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee ; in thy path of trial  
She walketh yet ;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of  
harvest  
Lie white in view !  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou  
servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle ! England's toilworn  
peasants  
They call abide ;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy  
presence,  
Shall glean beside !

#### DANIEL WHEELER

Daniel Wheeler, a minister of the Society of Friends, who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.

O DEARLY loved !  
And worthy of our love ! No more  
Thy aged form shall rise before  
The hushed and waiting worshipper,  
In meek obedience utterance giving  
To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
That, even to the inward sense,  
They bore unquestioned evidence  
Of an anointed Messenger !  
Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
In reverent awfulness of prayer,

The world, its time and sense, shut out,  
The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
Gathered upon thy countenance,

As if each lingering cloud of doubt,  
The cold, dark shadows resting here  
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,  
Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
And through them on thy spiritual eye  
Shone down the blessedness on high,  
The glory of the Better Land !

The oak has fallen !  
While, meet for no good work, the vine  
May yet its worthless branches twine,  
Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
A great man in our Israel ?

Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
And in thy hand retaining yet  
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell !  
Unharmed and safe, where, wild and free,  
Across the Neva's cold morass  
The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
With winter's arrowy keenness pass ;  
Or where the unwarning tropic gale  
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;  
The same mysterious Hand which gave  
Deliverance upon land and wave,  
Tempered for thee the blasts which blew  
Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,  
Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours ! 'T is well with thee !  
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,  
But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
" My Father careth still for me !"  
Called from thy hearth and home, — from  
her,  
The last bud on thy household tree,  
The last dear one to minister  
In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee here,  
Whether for labor or for death,  
In childlike trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith !

Oh, far away,  
Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
From Darien's mountains stretching far,  
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that  
there,  
With forehead to its damp wind bare,  
He bent his mail'd knee in awe ;  
In many an isle whose coral feet  
The surges of that ocean beat,  
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,  
And Honolulu's silver bay,

Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,  
And taro-plains of Tooboonai,  
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be  
Sad as our own at thought of thee,  
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
Whose souls in weariness and need  
Were strengthened and refreshed by  
thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand  
Was thy deep love and tender care,  
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—  
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine  
To Israel in a weary land !

And they who drew  
By thousands round thee, in the hour  
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,  
That He who bade the islands keep  
Silence before Him, might renew  
Their strength with His unslumbering  
power,  
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
That nevermore thy aged lip  
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,  
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,—  
Seals of thy true apostleship.  
And, if the brightest diadem,  
Whose gems of glory purely burn  
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
Be evermore reserved for them  
Who here, through toil and sorrow,  
turn  
Many to righteousness,  
May we not think of thee as wearing  
That star-like crown of light, and bear-  
ing,  
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,  
Th' unfading palm-branch in thy hand ;  
And joining with a seraph's tongue  
In that new song the elders sung,  
Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever !

Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong ones are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
His ancient watch around us keepeth ;  
Still, sent from His creating hand,  
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,  
New instruments to sound abroad  
The Gospel of a risen Lord ;

To gather to the fold once more  
The desolate and gone astray,  
The scattered of a cloudy day,  
And Zion's broken walls restore ;  
And, through the travail and the toil  
Of true obedience, minister  
Beauty for ashes, and the oil  
Of joy for mourning, unto her !  
So shall her holy bounds increase  
With walls of praise and gates of peace :  
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
And blood sustained in other years,  
With fresher life be clothed upon ;  
And to the world in beauty show  
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
And glorious as Lebanon !

### TO FREDRIKA BREMER

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptus of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

SEERESS of the misty Norland,  
Daughter of the Vikings bold,  
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,  
Which thy fathers sought of old !

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,  
When the moon of summer shines,  
Strong as Winter from his mountains  
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened  
To thy saga, rune, and song ;  
As a household joy and presence  
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,  
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,  
Thou our friend and teacher art ;  
Come, and know us as we know thee ;  
Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our homes and household altars  
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,  
As thy loving hand has led us  
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

## TO AVIS KEENE

## ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual  
showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep ;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
With fairest forms and hues, and thus  
Forever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butter-  
flies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird  
that flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,  
Forevermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet,  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow  
The promise of a fairer morrow,  
An earnest of the better life to come ;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad,  
The eye to see, the hand to cull  
Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food,  
All own one Source, and all are good !  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the  
beach,  
And toss their gifts of weed and shell  
From foamy curve and combing swell,

No unbefitting task was thine  
To weave these flowers so soft and  
fair  
In unison with His design  
Who loveth beauty everywhere ;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air,  
" All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
He speaks to man ;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower  
His rainbows span ;  
And where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage  
there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon  
hours,  
And on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers ;  
And where the dark shaft pierces down  
Beneath the mountain roots,  
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
The star-like crystal shoots ;  
So, where, the winds and waves below,  
The coral-branchèd gardens grow,  
His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
Of varied hues more strangely gay  
Than forest leaves in autumn's day ; —  
Thus evermore,  
On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems to say :  
God's love and power are one ; and  
they,  
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
Smite to restore,  
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift  
Their perfume on the air,  
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own  
gift,  
Making their lives a prayer !

## THE HILL-TOP

THE burly driver at my side,  
We slowly climbed the hill,  
Whose summit, in the hot noon tide,  
Seemed rising, rising still.  
At last, our short noon-shadows hid  
The top-stone, bare and brown,

From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
I saw the cloud-shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze  
warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocoura's peak ; and west,  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone !

“ A good look-off ! ” the driver spake :  
“ About this time last year,  
I drove a party to the Lake,  
And stopped, at evening, here.  
T'was duskish down below ; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

“ A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That — though I hate delays —  
I could not choose but rest awhile, —  
(These women have such ways !)

“ On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze ;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light

Upraised and glorified, —  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

“ As good as fair ; it seemed her joy  
To comfort and to give ;  
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,  
Will bless her while they live ! ”  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame :  
“ I dare say, sir, you may have known ” —  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
The blue lake fled away ;  
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
A lighted hearth for day !  
From lonely years and weary miles  
The shadows fell apart ;  
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on ; but earth and sky  
Had power to charm no more ;  
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
The dream of memory o'er.  
Ah ! human kindness, human love, —  
To few who seek denied ;  
Too late we learn to prize above  
The whole round world beside !

## ELLIOTT

Ebenezer Elliott was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His *Corn-law Rhymes* contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of *The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain* said of him, “ Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day.”

HANDS off ! thou tithe-fat plunderer ! play  
No trick of priestcraft here !  
Back, puny lordling ! darest thou lay  
A hand on Elliott's bier ?  
Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,  
Beneath his feet he trod :  
He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
 Which England's millions feel,  
 A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
 As from his forge the steel.  
 Strong-armed as Thor, a shower of fire  
 His smitten anvil flung ;  
 God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's  
 ire,  
 He gave them all a tongue !

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
 Bear up the mighty dead,  
 And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
 Behind as mourners tread.  
 Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
 Leave rank its minster floor ;  
 Give England's green and daisied grounds  
 The poet of the poor !

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
 That brave old heart of oak,  
 With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
 And pall of furnace smoke !  
 Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
 And axe and sledge are swung,  
 And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
 His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
 The grinder chant his rhyme ;  
 Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
 Befits the man or time.  
 No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
 For him whose words were bread ;  
 The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
 The foodless poor were fed !

Pile up the tombs of rank and pride,  
 O England, as thou wilt !  
 With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
 Emblazon titled guilt !  
 No part or lot in these we claim ;  
 But, o'er the sounding wave,  
 A common right to Elliott's name,  
 A freehold in his grave !

#### ICHABOD

This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the "compromise," and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great

Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest. I saw, as I wrote, with painful clearness its sure results, — the Slave Power arrogant and defiant, strengthened and encouraged to carry out its scheme for the extension of its baleful system, or the dissolution of the Union, the guarantees of personal liberty in the free States broken down, and the whole country made the hunting-ground of slave-catchers. In the horror of such a vision, so soon fearfully fulfilled, if one spoke at all, he could only speak in tones of stern and sorrowful rebuke.

But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in *The Lost Occasion*, I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of Slavery, and, in view of this desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable."

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore !  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
 Forevermore !

Revile him not, the Tempter hath  
 A snare for all ;  
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
 Befit his fall !

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
 When he who might  
 Have lighted up and led his age,  
 Falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to mark  
 A bright soul driven,  
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
 From hope and heaven !

Let not the land once proud of him  
 Insult him now,  
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
 From sea to lake,  
 A long lament, as for the dead,  
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
 Save power remains :

A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled :  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame ;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame !

## THE LOST OCCASION

SOME die too late and some too soon,  
At early morning, heat of noon,  
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own  
brow,  
With all the massive strength that fills  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited,  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian ;  
Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look  
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece  
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece) ;  
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,  
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,  
With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,  
Crushing as if with Talus' hail  
Through Error's logic-woven mail,  
And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side, —  
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved  
Of old friends, by the new deceived,  
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,  
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,  
Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,  
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrew ;

The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.  
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's  
wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,  
And armed rebellion pressing on  
The broken lines of Washington !  
No stronger voice than thine had then  
Called out the utmost might of men,  
To make the Union's charter free  
And strengthen law by liberty.  
How had that stern arbitrament  
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,  
Shaming ambition's paltry prize  
Before thy disillusioned eyes ;  
Breaking the spell about thee wound  
Like the green withes that Samson  
bound ;  
Redeeming in one effort grand,  
Thyself and thy imperilled land !  
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity !  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not lack ;  
But still, with memory turning back,  
In the dark hours we thought of thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,  
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow  
The sea-fog comes, with evermore  
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,  
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
As Nature fain would typify  
The sadness of a closing scene,  
The loss of that which should have been.  
But, where thy native mountains bare  
Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name.  
For thee the cosmic forces did  
The rearing of that pyramid,  
The prescient ages shaping with  
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.  
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon  
With hands of light their benison,  
The stars of midnight pause to set  
Their jewels in its coronet.  
And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass  
To light, as if to manifest  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best !

## WORDSWORTH

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS  
MEMOIRS

DEAR friends, who read the world aright,  
And in its common forms discern  
A beauty and a harmony  
The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found  
In simple flower and leaf and stone  
The impulse of the sweetest lays  
Our Saxon tongue has known, —

Accept this record of a life  
As sweet and pure, as calm and good.  
As a long day of blandest June  
In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained  
By strife of sect and party noise,  
The brook-like murmur of his song  
Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,  
The primrose by the river's brim,  
And chance-sown daffodil, have found  
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall ;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With Him surviveth all.

## TO —

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER DAY'S  
EXCURSION

FAIR Nature's priestesses ! to whom,  
In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,  
Her mysteries are told ;  
Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,  
The seasons' pictured scrolls can read,  
In lessons manifold !

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay  
Good-humor, which on Washing Day  
Our ill-timed visit bore ;

Thanks for your graceful oars, which broke  
The morning dreams of Artichoke,  
Along his wooded shore !

Varied as varying Nature's ways,  
Sprites of the river, woodland fays,  
Or mountain nymphs, ye seem ;  
Free-limbed Dianas on the green,  
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,  
Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,  
The fair benignities of old,  
Were doubtless such as you ;  
What more than Artichoke the rill  
Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill  
Arcadia's mountain-view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,  
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,  
Than those you dwell among ;  
Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined  
With roses, over banks inclined  
With trembling harebells hung !

A charm'd life unknown to death,  
Immortal freshness Nature hath ;  
Her fabled fount and glen  
Are now and here : Dodona's shrine  
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine, —  
All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome  
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home ;  
We need but eye and ear  
In all our daily walks to trace  
The outlines of incarnate grace,  
The hymns of gods to hear !

## IN PEACE

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,  
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded  
shore  
Whisper of peace, and with the low winds  
make  
Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,  
And listening all night long for their sweet  
sake ;  
A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered  
o'er  
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light  
On viewless stems, with folded wings of  
white ;

A slumberous stretch of mountain-land, far seen  
Where the low westering day, with gold and green,  
Purple and amber, softly blended, fills  
The wooded vales, and melts among the hills ;  
A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest  
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,  
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,  
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars impressed,  
The hues of time and of eternity :  
Such are the pictures which the thought of thee,  
O friend, awakeneth, — charming the keen pain  
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss  
Requiting with the fullness of thy gain.  
Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,  
Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine,  
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !  
No sob of grief, no wild lament be there,  
To break the Sabbath of the holy air ;  
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer  
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.  
O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if henceforth,  
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,  
We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green,  
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,  
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen  
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,  
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart.

## BENEDICITE

GOD's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead, —

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine, —  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day ;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word nor

The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —  
What can I more than weakly plead  
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

## KOSSUTH

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

TYPE of two mighty continents ! — combining  
The strength of Europe with the warmth and glow

Of Asian song and prophecy, — the shining  
 Of Orient splendors over Northern snow !  
 Who shall receive him ? Who, unblushing,  
 speak  
 Welcome to him, who, while he strove to  
 break  
 The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks,  
 smote off  
 At the same blow the fetters of the serf,  
 Rearing the altar of his Fatherland  
 On the firm base of freedom, and thereby  
 Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless hand,  
 Mocked not the God of Justice with a  
 lie !  
 Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece ? Who  
 shall give  
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive ?  
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts betraying,  
 Is scourging back to slavery's hell of pain  
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land again !  
 Not he whose utterance now from lips de-  
 signed  
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,  
 And call her hosts beneath the breaking  
 light,  
 The keen reveille of her morn of fight,  
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-  
 hound's baying,  
 The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's  
 flight !  
 Oh for the tongue of him who lies at rest  
 In Quiney's shade of patrimonial trees,  
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best,  
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sympa-  
 thies,  
 And hail the coming of the noblest guest  
 The Old World's wrong has given the New  
 World of the West !

#### TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER

##### AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE

These lines were addressed to my worthy friend Joshua Coffin, teacher, historian, and antiquarian. He was one of the twelve persons who with William Lloyd Garrison formed the first anti-slavery society in New England.

OLD friend, kind friend ! lightly down  
 Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown !  
 Never be thy shadow less,

Never fail thy cheerfulness ;  
 Care, that kills the cat, may plough  
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,  
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
 Heavy on the hypocrite,  
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride  
 In the gilded coach of pride ; —  
 Let the fiend pass ! — what can he  
 Find to do with such as thee ?  
 Seldom comes that evil guest  
 Where the conscience lies at rest,  
 And brown health and quiet wit  
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
 In that smoked and dingy room,  
 Where the district gave thee rule  
 O'er its ragged winter school,  
 Thou didst teach the mysteries  
 Of those weary A B C's, —  
 Where, to fill the every pause  
 Of thy wise and learned saws,  
 Through the cracked and crazy wall  
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
 And the goodman's voice, at strife  
 With his shrill and tipsy wife, —  
 Luring us by stories old,  
 With a comic unction told,  
 More than by the eloquence  
 Of terse birchen arguments  
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look  
 With complacence on a book ! —  
 Where the genial pedagogue  
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,  
 Citing tale or apologue,  
 Wise and merry in its drift  
 As was Phædrus' twofold gift,  
 Had the little rebels known it,  
*Risum et prudentiam monet !*  
 I, — the man of middle years,  
 In whose sable locks appears  
 Many a warning fleck of gray, —  
 Looking back to that far day,  
 And thy primal lessons, feel  
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
 As, remembering thee, I blend  
 Olden teacher, present friend,  
 Wise with antiquarian search,  
 In the scrolls of State and Church .  
 Named on history's title-page,  
 Parish-clerk and justice sage ;  
 For the ferule's wholesome awe  
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,  
Gathering up the scattered leaves  
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast  
Careless from her as she passed, —  
Twofold citizen art thou,  
Freeman of the past and now.  
He who bore thy name of old  
Midway in the heavens did hold  
Over Gibeon moon and sun ;  
*Thou* hast bidden them backward run ;  
Of to-day the present ray  
Flinging over yesterday !

Let the busy ones deride  
What I deem of right thy pride :  
Let the fools their treadmills grind,  
Look not forward nor behind,  
Shuffle in and wriggle out,  
Veer with every breeze about,  
Turning like a windmill sail,  
Or a dog that seeks his tail ;  
Let them laugh to see thee fast  
Tabernacled in the Past,  
Working out with eye and lip  
Riddles of old penmanship,  
Patient as Belzoni there  
Sorting out, with loving care,  
Mummies of dead questions stripped  
From their sevenfold manuscript !

Dabbling, in their noisy way,  
In the puddles of to-day,  
Little know they of that vast  
Solemn ocean of the past,  
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,  
Thou art walking with the dead,  
Questioning the stranded years,  
Waking smiles by turns, and tears,  
As thou callest up again  
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain, —  
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,  
Cavalier and Puritan ;  
In an age whose eager view  
Seeks but present things, and new,  
Mad for party, sect and gold,  
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
Naught amiss to thee can float,  
Tale, or song, or anecdote ;  
Village gossip, centuries old,  
Scandals by our grandams told,  
What the pilgrim's table spread,  
Where he lived, and whom he wed,

Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
For his ordination cheer,  
Or the flip that wellnigh made  
Glad his funeral cavalcade ;  
Weary prose, and poet's lines,  
Flavored by their age, like wines,  
Eulogistic of some quaint,  
Doubtful, Puritanic saint ;  
Lays that quickened husking jigs,  
Jests that shook grave periwigs,  
When the parson had his jokes  
And his glass, like other folks ;  
Sermons that, for mortal hours,  
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,  
As the long nineteenthlies poured  
Downward from the sounding-board,  
And, for fire of Pentecost,  
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we  
What our fathers are shall be, —  
Shadow-shapes of memory !  
Joined to that vast multitude  
Where the great are but the good,  
And the mind of strength shall prove,  
Weaker than the heart of love ;  
Pride of graybeard wisdom less  
Than the infant's guilelessness,  
And his song of sorrow more  
Than the crown the Psalmist wore !  
Who shall then, with pious zeal,  
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,  
From a stained and stony page  
Reading to a careless age,  
With a patient eye like thine,  
Prosing tale and limping line,  
Names and words the hoary rime  
Of the Past has made sublime ?  
Who shall work for us as well  
The antiquarian's miracle ?  
Who to seeming life recall  
Teacher grave and pupil small ?  
Who shall give to thee and me  
Freeholds in futurity ?

Well, whatever lot be mine,  
Long and happy days be thine,  
Ere thy full and honored age  
Dates of time its latest page !  
Squire for master, State for school,  
Wisely lenient, live and rule ;  
Over grown-up knave and rogue  
Play the watchful pedagogue ;  
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,  
At the call of youth and beauty,

Speak for them the spell of law  
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,  
 And the flaming sword remove  
 From the Paradise of Love.  
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore  
 Ancient tome and record o'er ;  
 Still thy week-day lyrics croon,  
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,  
 Showing something, in thy part,  
 Of the old Puritanic art,  
 Singer after Sternhold's heart !  
 In thy pew, for many a year,  
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,  
 Who to wit like that of South,  
 And the Syrian's golden mouth,  
 Doth the homely pathos add  
 Which the pilgrim preachers had ;  
 Breaking, like a child at play,  
 Gilded idols of the day,  
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool  
 Tossing with his ridicule,  
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,  
 Ever keeping truth abreast.  
 And, when thou art called, at last,  
 To thy townsmen of the past,  
 Not as stranger shalt thou come ;  
 Thou shalt find thyself at home  
 With the little and the big,  
 Woollen cap and periwig,  
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,  
 Goody in her home-made stuff, —  
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,  
 Thou hast known them all before !

## THE CROSS

Richard Dillingham, a young member of the Society of Friends, died in the Nashville penitentiary, where he was confined for the act of aiding the escape of fugitive slaves.

“THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be  
 No burden, but support to thee ;”  
 So, moved of old time for our sake,  
 The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one ! upon whom  
 Was laid the cross of martyrdom,  
 How didst thou, in thy generous youth,  
 Bear witness to this blessed truth !

Thy cross of suffering and of shame  
 A staff within thy hands became,

In paths where faith alone could see  
 The Master's steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time ; God alone  
 Beholds the end of what is sown ;  
 Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
 The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,  
 That seed of generous sacrifice,  
 Though seeming on the desert cast,  
 Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

## THE HERO

The hero of the incident related in this poem was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the well-known philanthropist, who when a young man volunteered his aid in the Greek struggle for independence.

“Oh for a knight like Bayard,  
 Without reproach or fear ;  
 My light glove on his casque of steel,  
 My love-knot on his spear !

“Oh for the white plume floating  
 Sad Zutphen's field above, —  
 The lion heart in battle,  
 The woman's heart in love !

“Oh that man once more were manly,  
 Woman's pride, and not her scorn :  
 That once more the pale young mother  
 Dared to boast 'a man is born' !

“But now life's slumberous current  
 No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;  
 No tall, heroic manhood  
 The level dulness breaks.

“Oh for a knight like Bayard,  
 Without reproach or fear !  
 My light glove on his casque of steel,  
 My love-knot on his spear !”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing  
 To the time her proud pulse beat,  
 “Life hath its regal natures yet,  
 True, tender, brave, and sweet !

“Smile not, fair unbeliever !  
 One man, at least, I know,  
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard  
 Or Sidney's plume of snow.

“Once, when over purple mountains  
Died away the Grecian sun,  
And the far Cyllenian ranges  
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

“Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,  
Cleaving all the quiet sky,  
And against his sharp steel lightnings  
Stood the Suliote but to die.

“Woe for the weak and halting !  
The crescent blazed behind  
A curving line of sabres,  
Like fire before the wind !

“Last to fly, and first to rally,  
Rode he of whom I speak,  
When, groaning in his bridle-path,  
Sank down a wounded Greek.

“With the rich Albanian costume  
Wet with many a ghastly stain,  
Gazing on earth and sky as one  
Who might not gaze again !

“He looked forward to the mountains,  
Back on foes that never spare,  
Then flung him from his saddle,  
And placed the stranger there.

“‘Allah ! hu !’ Through flashing sabres,  
Through a stormy hail of lead,  
The good Thessalian charger  
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“Hot spurred the turbaned riders ;  
He almost felt their breath,  
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly  
down  
Between the hills and death.

“One brave and manful struggle,—  
He gained the solid land,  
And the cover of the mountains,  
And the carbines of his band ! ”

“It was very great and noble,”  
Said the moist-eyed listener then,  
“But one brave deed makes no hero ;  
Tell me what he since hath been ! ”

“Still a brave and generous manhood,  
Still an honor without stain,  
In the prison of the Kaiser,  
By the barricades of Seine.

“But dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valor true ;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.

“Wouldst know him now ? Behold him,  
The Cadmus of the blind,  
Giving the dumb lip language,  
The idiot-clay a mind.

“Walking his round of duty  
Serenely day by day,  
With the strong man’s hand of labor  
And childhood’s heart of play.

“True as the knights of story,  
Sir Lancelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in tilt of spears.

“As waves in stillest waters,  
As stars in noonday skies,  
All that wakes to noble action  
In his noon of calmness lies.

“Wherever outraged Nature  
Asks word or action brave,  
Wherever struggles labor,  
Wherever groans a slave,—

“Wherever rise the peoples,  
Wherever sinks a throne,  
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds  
An answer in his own.

“Knight of a better era,  
Without reproach or fear !  
Said I not well that Bayards  
And Sidneys still are here ? ”

## RANTOUL

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this : “He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law.”

ONE day, along the electric wire  
His manly word for Freedom sped ;  
We came next morn : that tongue of fire  
Said only, “He who spake is dead ! ”

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,  
In echoes round the pillared dome !

Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet  
With themes of state and loves of home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,  
That triumph of life's zenith hour !  
Dead ! while we watched his manhood's  
prime

Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and wise,  
While the mean thousands yet drew  
breath ;  
How deepened, through that dread surprise,  
The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our votes  
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell  
His first words, like the prelude notes  
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,  
Our champion waiting in his place  
For the last battle of the world,  
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the word  
Which wins the freedom of a land ;  
And lift, for human right, the sword  
Which dropped from Hampden's dying  
hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,  
And walked with Pym and Vane apart ;  
And, through the centuries, felt the beat  
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's  
heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,  
Where England's best and wisest trod ;  
And, lingering, drank the springs that  
welled  
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,  
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway  
The coolness of his northern night,  
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still  
He pressed where others paused or failed ;  
The calm star climb with constant will,  
The restless meteor flashed and paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew  
And owned the higher ends of Law ;

Still rose majestic on his view  
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice  
The choral harmonies whereby  
The stars, through all their spheres, rejoice,  
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied  
To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,  
We saw him take the weaker side,  
And right the wronged, and free the  
thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North,  
For one like him in word and act,  
To call her old, free spirit forth,  
And give her faith the life of fact, —

To break her party bonds of shame,  
And labor with the zeal of him  
To make the Democratic name  
Of Liberty the synonyme, —

We sweep the land from hill to strand,  
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,  
And, sad of heart, return to stand  
In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home  
Look out upon his sail-white seas,  
The sounds of winds and waters come,  
And shape themselves to words like  
these :

“ Why, murmuring, mourn that he, whose  
power  
Was lent to Party over-long,  
Heard the still whisper at the hour  
He set his foot on Party wrong ?

“ The human life that closed so well  
No lapse of folly now can stain :  
The lips whence Freedom's protest fel.  
No meaner thought can now profane.

“ Mightier than living voice his grave  
That lofty protest utters o'er ;  
Through roaring wind and smiting wave  
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

“ Men of the North ! your weak regret  
Is wasted here ; arise and pay  
To freedom and to him your debt,  
By following where he led the way ! ”

## WILLIAM FORSTER

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereignties, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty. He was the father of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. He visited my father's house in Haverhill during his first tour in the United States.

THE years are many since his hand  
Was laid upon my head,  
Too weak and young to understand  
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look  
Before me seems to swim,  
As if some inward feeling took  
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,  
Or near temptation's charm,  
Through him the low-voiced monitor  
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim ! from that day  
Of meeting, first and last,  
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,  
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,  
To proffer life to death,  
Hope to the erring, — to the weak  
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right ; remove  
The sting of hate from Law ;  
And soften in the fire of love  
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,  
Still guidance of the Light ;  
In tearful tenderness a child,  
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,  
He found, in prayer, release ;  
Through what abysmal shadows lay  
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see  
The tranquil strength he gained ;  
The bondage lost in liberty,  
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I, — my youthful fancies grown  
The habit of the man,  
Whose field of life by angels sown  
The wilding vines o'erran, —

Low bowed in silent gratitude,  
My manhood's heart enjoys  
That reverence for the pure and good  
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives  
Like star-beams over doubt ;  
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives  
Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain  
Thy life so calm and true,  
The silver dropping of the rain,  
The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have prayed  
Their lives like thine might be !  
But more shall pray henceforth for aid  
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,  
In old age as in youth,  
Thy Master found thee sowing still  
The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day  
In golden-skied decline,  
His angel met thee on the way,  
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man, — thy last  
Of earthly thought a prayer, —  
Oh, who thy mantle, backward cast,  
Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks thy bed  
Might bless our land and save,  
As rose, of old, to life the dead  
Who touched the prophet's grave !

## TO CHARLES SUMNER

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong  
 Than praise the right ; if seldom to thine ear  
 My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer  
 Borne upon all our Northern winds along ;  
 If I have failed to join the fickle throng  
 In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong  
 In victory, surprised in thee to find  
 Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace combined ;  
 That he, for whom the ninefold Muses sang,  
 From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,  
 Barbing the arrows of his native tongue  
 With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,  
 To smite the Python of our land and time,  
 Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,  
 Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs  
 Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,  
 And on the shrine of England's freedom laid  
 The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade, —  
 Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.  
 Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess  
 That, even though silent, I have not the less  
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree  
 With the large future which I shaped for thee,  
 When, years ago, beside the summer sea,  
 White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall  
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,  
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,  
 Opposed alone its massive quietude,  
 Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor vine  
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,  
 Crowned it like God's peace. I sometimes think  
 That night - scene by the sea prophet-ical

(For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,  
 And through her pictures human fate divines),  
 That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink  
 In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall  
 In the white light of heaven, the type of one  
 Who, momently by Error's host assailed,  
 Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed ;  
 And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all  
 The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done !

## BURNS

## ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM

No more these simple flowers belong  
 To Scottish maid and lover ;  
 Sown in the common soil of song,  
 They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
 The minstrel and the heather,  
 The deathless singer and the flowers  
 He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns !  
 The moorland flower and peasant !  
 How, at their mention, memory turns  
 Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold  
 And purple of adorning,  
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
 The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
 From off the wings of pleasure,  
 The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
 With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,  
 The early harvest mowing,  
 The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
 And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
 The locust in the haying ;  
 And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
 Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read "*The Twa Dogs'*" story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs ! The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman ;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing ;  
The tender idyls of the heart  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying ;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover ;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet Soul of Song ! I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine  
Or wanton ones of beauty ;

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render ;  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor !

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer ?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So "*Bonnie Doon*" but tarry ;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary !

## TO GEORGE B. CHEEVER

So spake Esaias : so, in words of flame,  
Tekoa's prophet - herdsman smote with  
blame  
The traffickers in men, and put to shame,  
All earth and heaven before,  
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee again,  
To smite like lightning on the hands profane  
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the chain.  
Once more the old Hebrew tongue  
Bends with the shafts of God a bow new-  
strung !

Take up the mantle which the prophets  
wore ;  
Warn with their warnings, show the Christ  
once more  
Bound, scourged, and crucified in His  
blameless poor ;  
And shake above our land  
The unquenched bolts 'hat blazed in Hosea's  
hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years  
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers,  
And smite with truth a guilty nation's ears.

Mightier was Luther's word  
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutton's  
sword !

## TO JAMES T. FIELDS

ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS PRINTED,  
NOT PUBLISHED"

WELL thought ! who would not rather hear  
The songs to Love and Friendship sung  
Than those which move the stranger's  
tongue,  
And feed his unselected ear ?

Our social joys are more than fame ;  
Life withers in the public look.  
Why mount the pillory of a book,  
Or barter comfort for a name ?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,  
With curious eyes at every pane ?  
To ring him in and out again,  
Who wants the public crier's bell ?

To see the angel in one's way,  
Who wants to play the ass's part,—  
Bear on his back the wizard Art,  
And in his service speak or bray ?

And who his manly locks would shave,  
And quench the eyes of common sense,  
To share the noisy recompense  
That mocked the shorn and blinded slave ?

The heart has needs beyond the head,  
And, starving in the plenitude  
Of strange gifts, craves its common  
food,—  
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men : no gods are we,  
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,  
Each separate, on his painful peak,  
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

Better his lot whose axe is swung  
In Wartburg's woods, or that poor girl's  
Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls  
And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,  
At Weimar sat, a demigod,  
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod  
His votaries in and out again !

Ply, Vanity, thy wing'd feet !  
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair !  
Who envies him who feeds on air  
The icy splendor of his seat ?

I see your Alps, above me, cut  
The dark, cold sky ; and dim and lone  
I see ye sitting, — stone on stone, —  
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,  
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes ;  
And (spare the fable of the grapes  
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals !  
The safer plain below I choose :  
Who never wins can rarely lose,  
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream  
Divide with him his home of ice :  
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—  
The valley-song of bird and stream :

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,  
The flail-beat chiming far away,  
The cattle-low, at shut of day,  
The voice of God in leaf and breeze !

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,  
And help me to the vales below,  
(In truth, I have not far to go,)  
Where sweet with flowers the fields extend.

## THE MEMORY OF BURNS

Read at the Boston celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, 25th 1st mo., 1859. In my absence these lines were read by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
From saints and martyrs down,  
The waving of triumphal palms  
Above the thorny crown !  
The choral praise, the chanted prayers  
From harps by angels strung,  
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,  
The hymns that Luther sung !

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,  
The sounds of earth are heard,  
As through the open minster floats  
The song of breeze and bird !  
Not less the wonder of the sky  
That daisies bloom below ;  
The brook sings on, though loud and high  
The cloudy organs blow !

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
That, haply, hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue ;  
For he who sings the love of man  
The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy !  
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs the bard himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum  
Of household melodies,  
Come singing, as the robins come

To sing in door-yard trees.  
And, heart to heart, two nations lean,  
No rival wreaths to twine,  
But blending in eternal green  
The holly and the pine !

## IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE

IN the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's  
mountains,  
Across the charméd bay  
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver  
fountains  
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
His gold-bought masses given ;  
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums  
to sweeten  
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute  
thanksgiving,  
The court of England's queen  
For the dead monster so abhorred while  
living  
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning ;  
By lone Edgbaston's side  
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,  
Bareheaded and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of labor,  
Save the low funeral tread,  
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his  
neighbor  
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immor-tals  
Rose from the lips of sin ;  
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly  
portals  
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful  
faces  
In the low hovel's door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-  
places  
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
 The vagrant of the street,  
 The human dice wherewith in games of  
 battle  
 The lords of earth compete,  
 Touched with a grief that needs no outward  
 draping,  
 All swelled the long lament,  
 Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,  
 shaping  
 His viewless monument !

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splen-  
 dor,  
 In the long heretofore,  
 A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and  
 tender,  
 Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old  
 steeples  
 No crash of brazen wail,  
 The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues,  
 and peoples  
 Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted  
 meadows,  
 And from the tropic calms  
 Of Indian islands in the sun-smitten shadows  
 Of Occidental palms ;

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian  
 peasants,  
 And harbors of the Finn,  
 Where war's worn victims saw his gentle  
 presence  
 Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste  
 places,  
 To link the hostile shores  
 Of severing seas, and sow with England's  
 daisies  
 The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful ex-  
 ample,  
 Who in the vilest saw  
 Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
 Still vocal with God's law ;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing  
 As from its prison cell,

Praying for pity, like the mournful cry-  
 ing  
 Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persua-  
 sion,  
 But a fine sense of right,  
 And Truth's directness, meeting each occa-  
 sion  
 Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that in-  
 termingle,  
 In the same channel ran :  
 The crystal clearness of an eye kept sin-  
 gle  
 Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
 He joined to courage strong,  
 And love outreaching unto all God's crea-  
 tures  
 With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman, manliness and meek-  
 ness  
 In him were so allied  
 That they who judged him by his strength  
 or weakness  
 Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal  
 seemed nourished  
 By failure and by fall ;  
 Still a large faith in human-kind he cher-  
 ished,  
 And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and his  
 sweetness  
 No more shall seem at strife,  
 And death has moulded into calm comple-  
 teness  
 The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the songbirds  
 warble,  
 His dust to dust is laid,  
 In Nature's keeping, with no pomp or  
 marble  
 To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ring-  
 ing ;  
 Beneath its smoky veil,

Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love !

## BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his  
dying day :

“I will not have to shrive my soul a priest  
in Slavery’s pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I  
have striven to free,  
With her children, from the gallows-stair  
put up a prayer for me !”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him  
out to die ;  
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little  
child pressed nigh.  
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and  
the old harsh face grew mild,  
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and  
kissed the negro’s child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment  
fell apart ;  
And they who blamed the bloody hand for-  
gave the loving heart.  
That kiss from all its guilty means re-  
deemed the good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter’s hair the mar-  
tyr’s aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through  
evil good !  
Long live the generous purpose unstained  
with human blood !  
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the  
thought which underlies ;  
Not the borderer’s pride of daring, but the  
Christian’s sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the North-  
ern rifle hear,  
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on  
the negro’s spear.  
But let the free-winged angel Truth their  
guarded passes scale,  
To teach that right is more than might, and  
justice more than mail !

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in  
array ;  
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the  
winter snow with clay.  
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she  
dares not harm the dove ;  
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open  
wide to Love !

## NAPLES

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON,  
OF BOSTON

Helen Waterston died at Naples in her  
eighteenth year, and lies buried in the Prot-  
estant cemetery there. The stone over her  
grave bears the lines,

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

I GIVE thee joy ! — I know to thee  
The dearest spot on earth must be  
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer  
sea ;

Where, near her sweetest poet’s tomb,  
The land of Virgil gave thee room  
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down  
Behind thee on the gleaming town,  
On Baiae’s baths and Posilippo’s crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mocking  
day  
Burned Ischia’s mountain lines away,  
And Capri melted in its sunny bay ;

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot  
The sharp pang of a bitter thought  
That slaves must tread around that holy  
spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest  
In giving thy beloved rest,  
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast

That every sweet and saintly grave  
Was freedom’s prophecy, and gave  
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and  
save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear  
The unchained city sends its cheer,  
**And, tamed to joy, the muffled bells of fear**

**Ring Victor in. The land sits free**  
And happy by the summer sea,  
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain  
The languid smile that follows pain,  
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun  
again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call  
From gray Camaldoli's convent-wall  
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines  
And olives, like the breath of pines  
Blown downward from the breezy Apen-  
nines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath,  
Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
**Beauty from ashes rise, and life from death!**

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,  
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,  
**Writing the grave with flowers : " Arisen  
again ! "**

#### A MEMORIAL

Moses Austin Cartland, a dear friend and relation, who led a faithful life as a teacher, and died in the summer of 1863.

Oh, thicker, deeper, darker growing,  
The solemn vista to the tomb  
Must know henceforth another shadow,  
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,  
We walked, O friend, from childhood's  
day;  
And, looking back o'er fifty summers,  
Our footprints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing  
To make the world within our reach  
Somewhat the better for our living,  
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off voices,  
The old beguiling song of fame,

But life to thee was warm and present,  
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships  
Thy genial nature fondly clung ;  
And so the shadow on the dial  
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weak-  
ness  
Which, only to thyself unjust,  
So overprized the worth of others,  
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust ?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence  
Of one who, seeking not his own,  
Gave freely for the love of giving,  
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly words ;  
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,  
Open to sunrise and the birds !

The task was thine to mould and fashion  
Life's plastic newness into grace :  
To make the boyish heart heroic,  
And light with thought the maiden's  
face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,  
With bended heads of mourning, stand  
The living forms that owe their beauty  
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,  
The noonday calm of heart and mind,  
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining  
To mourn me, linger still behind :

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,  
A debt of love still due from me, —  
The vain remembrance of occasions,  
Forever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred  
To join the silent funeral prayers,  
But all that long sad day of summer  
My tears of mourning dropped with  
theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,  
The birds forgot their merry trills :  
All day I heard the pines lamenting  
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines forever,  
And green the meadowy lowlands be,  
And green the old memorial beeches,  
Name-carven in the woods of Lee !

Still let them greet thy life companions  
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,  
In every mossy line recalling  
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend ! if thought and sense avail not  
To know thee henceforth ~~as~~ thou art,  
That all is well with thee forever  
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,  
Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,  
And smiles of saintly recognition,  
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow  
To meet us, but to thee we come,  
With thee we never can be strangers,  
And where thou art must still be home.

#### BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Mr. Bryant's seventieth birthday, November 3, 1864, was celebrated by a festival to which these verses were sent.

We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song ;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown  
With charms to common sight denied, —  
The marvellous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-side ;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for  
tears ;  
We speak his praise who wears to-day  
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,  
Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;  
His life is now his noblest strain,  
His manhood better than his verse !

Thank God ! his hand on Nature's keys  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;

But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like  
these,  
The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,  
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,  
Let our names perish, if thereby  
Our country may be saved and freed !

#### THOMAS STARR KING

Published originally as a prelude to the posthumous volume of selections edited by Richard Frothingham.

THE great work laid upon his twoscore years  
Is done, and well done. If we drop our  
tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,  
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan  
With him whose life stands rounded and  
approved

In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith and  
hope !

Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way  
down,  
From thousand-masted bay and steepled  
town !

Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell  
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.  
O East and West ! O morn and sunset  
twain

No more forever ! — has he lived in vain  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and  
told  
Your bridal service from his lips of gold ?

#### LINES ON A FLY-LEAF

[Suggested by the book *A New Atmosphere*,  
by Gail Hamilton. The other friends referred  
to in the lines are Lydia Maria Child, Grace  
Greenwood, Anna E. Dickinson and Mrs.  
Stowe.]

I NEED not ask thee, for my sake,  
To read a book which well may make  
Its way by native force of wit  
Without my manual sign to it.  
Its piquant writer needs from me  
No gravely masculine guaranty,

And well might laugh her merriest laugh  
 At broken spears in her behalf ;  
 Yet, spite of all the critics tell,  
 I frankly own I like her well.  
 It may be that she wields a pen  
 Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned men,  
 That her keen arrows search and try  
 The armor joints of dignity,  
 And, though alone for error meant,  
 Sing through the air irreverent.  
 I blame her not, the young athlete  
 Who plants her woman's tiny feet,  
 And dares the chances of debate  
 Where bearded men might hesitate,  
 Who, deeply earnest, seeing well  
 The ludicrous and laughable,  
 Mingling in eloquent excess  
 Her anger and her tenderness,  
 And, chiding with a half-caress,  
 Strives, less for her own sex than ours,  
 With principalities and powers,  
 And points us upward to the clear  
 Sunned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults ! — I will not pause  
 To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,  
 Or waste my pity when some fool  
 Provokes her measureless ridicule.  
 Strong-minded is she ? Better so  
 Than dulness set for sale or show,  
 A household folly, capped and belled  
 In fashion's dance of puppets held,  
 Or poor pretence of womanhood,  
 Whose formal, flavorless platitude  
 Is warranted from all offence  
 Of robust meaning's violence.  
 Give me the wine of thought whose bead  
 Sparkles along the page I read, —  
 Electric words in which I find  
 The tonic of the northwest wind ;  
 The wisdom which itself allies  
 To sweet and pure humanities,  
 Where scorn of meanness, hate of wrong,  
 Are underlaid by love as strong ;  
 The genial play of mirth that lights  
 Grave themes of thought, as when, on nights  
 Of summer-time, the harmless blaze  
 Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,  
 And tree and hill-top resting dim  
 And doubtful on the sky's vague rim,  
 Touched by that soft and lambent gleam,  
 Start sharply outlined from their dream.  
  
 Talk not to me of woman's sphere,  
 Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,

Nor wrong the manliest saint of all  
 By doubt, if he were here, that Paul  
 Would own the heroines who have lent  
 Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,  
 Foregone the praise to woman sweet,  
 And cast their crowns at Duty's feet ;  
 Like her, who by her strong Appeal  
 Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,  
 Who, earliest summoned to withstand  
 The color-madness of the land,  
 Counted her life-long losses gain,  
 And made her own her sisters' pain ;  
 Or her who, in her greenwood shade,  
 Heard the sharp call that Freedom made,  
 And, answering, struck from Sappho's lyre  
 Of love the Tyrtæan carmen's fire :  
 Or that young girl, — Domrémy's maid  
 Revived a nobler cause to aid, —  
 Shaking from warning finger-tips  
 The doom of her apocalypse ;  
 Or her, who world-wide entrance gave  
 To the log-cabin of the slave,  
 Made all his want and sorrow known,  
 And all earth's languages his own.

#### GEORGE L. STEARNS

No man rendered greater service to the  
 cause of Freedom than Major Stearns in the  
 great struggle between invading slave-holders  
 and the free settlers of Kansas.

He has done the work of a true man, —  
 Crown him, honor him, love him.  
 Weep over him, tears of woman,  
 Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,  
 Vigils of mourning keep for him !  
 Up in the mountains, and down by the  
 waters,  
 Lift up your voices and weep for him !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,  
 The freest of hands is still ;  
 And the gap in our picked and chosen  
 The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,  
 No need his will outrun ;  
 Or ever our lips could ask him,  
 His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,  
 Himself to his neighbor lending ;

He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,  
Whence he saw the doors wide swung  
Against whose bolted iron  
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened  
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,  
And knew while his ear yet hearkened  
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well ! The world is discreet ;  
There are plenty to pause and wait ;  
But here was a man who set his feet  
Sometimes in advance of fate ;

Plucked off the old bark when the inner  
Was slow to renew it,  
And put to the Lord's work the sinner  
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing  
A worthier paladin.  
Shall he not hear the blessing,  
"Good and faithful, enter in !"

### GARIBALDI

IN TRANCE AND DREAM OF OLD, GOD'S PROPHET  
SAW  
THE CASTING DOWN OF THRONES. THOU,  
WATCHING LONE  
THE HOT SARDINIAN COAST-LINE, HAZY-HILLED,  
WHERE, FRINGING ROUND CAPRERA'S ROCKY  
ZONE  
WITH FOAM, THE SLOW WAVES GATHER AND  
WITHDRAW,  
BEHOLD'ST THE VISION OF THE SEER FULFILLED,  
AND HEAR'ST THE SEA-WINDS BURDENED WITH  
A SOUND  
OF FALLING CHAINS, AS, ONE BY ONE, UN-  
BOUND,  
THE NATIONS LIFT THEIR RIGHT HANDS UP AND  
SWEAR  
THEIR OATH OF FREEDOM. FROM THE CHALK-  
WHITE WALL  
OF ENGLAND, FROM THE BLACK CARPATHIAN  
RANGE,  
ALONG THE DANUBE AND THE THEISS,  
THROUGH ALL  
THE PASSES OF THE SPANISH PYRENEES,

AND FROM THE SEINE'S THRONGED BANKS, ~~8~~  
MURMUR STRANGE  
AND GLAD FLOATS TO THEE O'ER THY SUMMER  
SEAS  
ON THE SALT WIND THAT STIRS THY WHITENING  
HAIR, —

THE SONG OF FREEDOM'S BLOODLESS VICTORIES !  
REJOICE, O GARIBALDI ! THOUGH THY SWORD  
FAILED AT ROME'S GATES, AND BLOOD SEEMED  
VAINLY POURED  
WHERE, IN CHRIST'S NAME, THE CROWNED INFIDEL  
OF FRANCE WROUGHT MURDER WITH THE ARMS  
OF HELL

ON THAT SAD MOUNTAIN SLOPE WHOSE GHOSTLY  
DEAD,  
UNMINDFUL OF THE GRAY EXORCIST'S BAN,  
WALK, UNAPPEASED, THE CHAMBERED VATICAN,  
AND DRAW THE CURTAINS OF NAPOLEON'S BED !  
GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS NOT BLIND, BUT, FULL OF  
EYES,  
IT SEARCHES ALL THE REFUGES OF LIES ;  
AND IN HIS TIME AND WAY, THE ACCURSED  
THINGS  
BEFORE WHOSE EVIL FEET THY BATTLE-GAGE  
HAS CLASHED DEFIANCE FROM HOT YOUTH TO  
AGE  
SHALL PERISH. ALL MEN SHALL BE PRIESTS AND  
KINGS,  
ONE ROYAL BROTHERHOOD, ONE CHURCH MADE  
FREE  
BY LOVE, WHICH IS THE LAW OF LIBERTY !

### TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE STANDARD"

Mrs. Child wrote her lines, beginning,  
"Again the trees are clothed in vernal green,"  
May 24, 1859, on the first anniversary of Ellis  
Gray Loring's death, but did not publish them  
for some years afterward, when I first read  
them, or I could not have made the reference  
which I did to the extinction of slavery.

THE SWEET SPRING DAY IS GLAD WITH MUSIC,  
BUT THROUGH IT SOUNDS A SADDER STRAIN ;  
THE WORHIEST OF OUR NARROWING CIRCLE  
SINGS LORING'S DIRGES O'ER AGAIN.

O WOMAN GREATLY LOVED ! I JOIN THEE  
IN TENDER MEMORIES OF OUR FRIEND ;  
WITH THEE ACROSS THE AWFUL SPACES  
THE GREETING OF A SOUL I SEND !

What cheer hath he ? How is it with him ?  
Where lingers he this weary while ?  
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven  
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile ?

Does he not know our feet are treading  
The earth hard down on Slavery's grave ?  
That, in our crowning exultations,  
We miss the charm his presence gave ?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper  
From him to tell us all is well ?  
Why to our flower-time comes no token  
Of lily and of asphodel ?

I feel the unutterable longing,  
Thy hunger of the heart is mine ;  
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,  
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies ;  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?

O friend ! no proof beyond this yearning.  
This outreach of our hearts, we need ;  
God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;  
Some day their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart ;  
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,  
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

### THE SINGER

This poem was written on the death of Alice Cary. Her sister Phœbe, heart-broken by her loss, followed soon after. Noble and richly gifted, lovely in person and character, they left behind them only friends and admirers.

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;  
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,  
A gray old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,  
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun !

Her gravest mood could scarce displace  
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less  
For quick and tremulous tenderness ;  
And, following close her merriest glance,  
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romance.

Timid and still the elder had  
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;  
The crown of pain that all must wear  
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,  
Her modest lips were sweet with song ;  
A memory haunted all her words  
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the west ;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the  
gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me :  
I quiered not with destiny :  
I knew the trial and the need,  
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?  
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?  
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke  
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,  
But left me richer than before ;  
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,  
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed : through all the land her  
name  
A pleasant household word became :  
All felt behind the singer stood  
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;  
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;  
And even through her lightest strain  
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,  
The good she did she rarely knew,  
Unquestioned of her in life the love  
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,  
She waited for her great release ;  
And that old friend so sage and bland,  
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs  
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,  
And men who toiled in storm and sun  
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed  
To healthful themes of life ~~she~~ led :  
The out-door world of bud and bloom  
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought  
Of loss to come within us wrought,  
And all the while we felt the strain  
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last !  
The common way that all have passed  
She went, with mortal yearnings foud,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
My dear ones ! Give the singer place !  
To you, to her,— I know not where,—  
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find ;  
The gone before, the left behind,  
All mortal voices die between ;  
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing ; the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,  
And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed  
The sweet surprises of the wood ;  
And bird and flower are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter !

What to shut eyes has God revealed ?  
What hear the ears that death has  
sealed ?  
What undreamed beauty passing show  
Requires the loss of all we know ?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love,

And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow !

O white soul ! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the old voice we loved so well !

### HOW MARY GREW

These lines were in answer to an invitation to hear a lecture of Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, before the Boston Radical Club. The reference in the last stanza is to an essay on Sappho by T. W. Higginson, read at the club the preceding month.

WITH wisdom far beyond her years,  
And graver than her wondering peers,  
So strong, so mild, combining still  
The tender heart and queenly will,  
To conscience and to duty true,  
So, up from childhood, Mary Grew !

Then in her gracious womanhood  
She gave her days to doing good.  
She dared the scornful laugh of men,  
The hounding mob, the slanderer's pen.  
She did the work she found to do, —  
A Christian heroine, Mary Grew !

The freed slave thanks her ; blessing comes  
To her from women's weary homes ;  
The wronged and erring find in her  
Their censor mild and comforter.  
The world were safe if but a few  
Could grow in grace as Mary Grew !

So, New Year's Eve, I sit and say,  
By this low wood-fire, ashen gray ;  
Just wishing, as the night shuts down,  
That I could hear in Boston town,  
In pleasant Chestnut Avenue,  
From her own lips, how Mary Grew !

And hear her graceful hostess tell  
The silver-voiced oracle  
Who lately through her parlors spoke,  
As through Dodona's sacred oak,  
A wiser truth than any told  
By Sappho's lips of ruddy gold, —  
The way to make the world anew  
Is just to grow — as Mary Grew :

## SUMNER

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied." — MILTON's *Defence of the People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE! the winds of March  
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,  
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch  
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,  
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead  
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,  
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,  
Once more the flag is half-way hung,  
And yet again the mournful bells  
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,  
Have come a simple wreath to lay,  
Superfluous, on a grave that still  
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned ;  
It may be that my friend might miss,  
In his new sphere of heart and mind,  
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,  
Along the past my thought I send ;  
The record of the cause he loved  
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,  
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,  
But never yet to Hebrew seer  
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said : "Break thou these yokes ;  
undo  
These heavy burdens. I ordain  
A work to last thy whole life through,  
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,  
Put thou the scholar's promise by,  
The rights of man are more than these."  
He heard, and answered : "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,  
His feet against the flinty shard,  
Till the hard service grew, at last,  
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,  
Upon his kingly forehead fell  
The first sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,  
Launched at the truth he urged so well.

Ah ! never yet, at rack or stake,  
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,  
Than his, who suffered for her sake  
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain !

The fixed star of his faith, through all  
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same ;  
As through a night of storm, some tall,  
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw  
The sheaves of Freedom's large increase  
The holy fanes of equal law,  
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling mock  
The faint and blind of heart regret ;  
All knew at last th' eternal rock  
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise  
Was folly to his purpose bold ;  
The strongest mesh of party lies  
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,  
Straight onward to his goal he trod,  
And proved the highest statesmanship  
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice, — none heard,  
When treason's storm-cloud blacked  
grew,  
The weakness of a doubtful word ;  
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;  
When once the hostile ensigns fell,  
He stretched out hands of generous care  
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small  
Or craven in his soul's broad plan ;  
Forgiving all things personal,  
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,  
The memories of her great and good,  
Took from his life a fresher date,  
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,  
The venal crew that schemed and planned,  
The fine scorn of that haughty face,  
The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier  
He wore his senatorial robe,  
His lofty port was all for her,  
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave  
The vast contempt his manhood felt,  
He saw a brother in the slave,—  
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he ? If his presence kept  
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,  
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped  
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,  
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;  
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,  
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own  
The slight defects he never hid,  
The surface-blemish in the stone  
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought  
His conscience to the public mart ;  
But lived himself the truth he taught,  
White - souled, clean - handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride  
Of power in noble use, too true  
With thin humilities to hide  
The work he did, the lore he knew ?

Was he not just ? Was any wronged  
By that assured self-estimate ?  
He took but what to him belonged,  
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,  
And scan with care the written page  
Through which he still shall warm and wake  
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because  
He solaced thus his hours of pain !  
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,  
And hold to light his golden grain ?

No sense of humor dropped its oil  
On the hard ways his purpose went ;  
Small play of fancy lightened toil ;  
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints  
A beauty veiled behind its own,  
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,  
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,  
The social courtesies that bless  
And sweeten life, and loved his friends  
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned  
The glad relief by Nature brought ;  
Her mountain ranges never turned  
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech  
Three-banked like Latium's tall trireme,  
With laboring oars ; the grove and beach  
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair  
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,  
And left from youth to silvered hair  
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,  
O Nature, make the last amends !  
Train all thy flowers his grave about,  
And make thy singing-birds his friends !

Revive again, thou summer rain,  
The broken turf upon his bed !  
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain  
Of low, sweet music overhead !

With calm and beauty symbolize  
The peace which follows long annoy,  
And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes,  
Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,  
As God lives he must live alway ;  
There is no end for souls like his,  
No night for children of the day !

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes

Made weak his life's great argument ;  
Small leisure his for frames and moods  
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw  
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;  
The truths he moulded into law  
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His state-craft was the Golden Rule,  
His right of vote a sacred trust ;  
Clear, over threat and ridicule,  
All heard his challenge : " Is it just ? "

And when the hour supreme had come,  
Not for himself a thought he gave ;  
In that last pang of martyrdom,  
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,  
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven  
Whose mercy to His suffering poor  
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,  
Her children's children long be taught,  
How, praised or blamed, he guarded  
well  
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,  
O Mother, from thy son, not long  
He waited calmly in his place  
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved  
The one brief lapse, the single blot ;  
Forgotten be the stain removed,  
Her righted record shows it not !

The lifted sword above her shield  
With jealous care shall guard his fame ;  
The pine-tree on her ancient field  
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son  
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,  
And from her pictured Pantheon  
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,  
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim ?  
The world that counts thy jewels o'er  
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name !

## THIERS

### I

FATE summoned, in gray-bearded age, to  
act

A history stranger than his written fact,  
Him who portrayed the splendor and the  
gloom

Of that great hour when throne and altar  
fell

With long death-groan which still is audi-  
ble.

He, when around the walls of Paris  
rung

The Prussian bugle like the blast of doom,  
And every ill which follows unblest war  
Maddened all France from Finistère to  
Var,

The weight of fourscore from his  
shoulders flung,  
And guided Freedom in the path he saw  
Lead out of chaos into light and law,  
Peace, not imperial, but republican,  
And order pledged to all the Rights of  
Man.

### II

Death called him from a need as immi-  
nent

As that from which the Silent William  
went

When powers of evil, like the smiting  
seas

On Holland's dikes, assailed her liberties.  
Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance hung  
The weal and woe of France, the bells were  
rung

For her lost leader. Paralyzed of will,  
Above his bier the hearts of men stood  
still.

Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn  
Of Roland wound once more to rouse and  
warn,

The old voice filled the air ! His last brave  
word

Not vainly France to all her boundaries  
stirred.

Strong as in life, he still for Freedom  
wrought,  
As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

## AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE

AMONG their graven shapes to whom  
Thy civic wreaths belong,  
O city of his love, make room  
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,  
Nor his the helm of state,  
Nor glory of the stricken field,  
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,  
He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerky pen  
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
A duty left undone ?

He toiled and sang ; and year by year  
Men found their homes more sweet,  
And through a tenderer atmosphere  
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street  
knew ;  
The Red King walked Broadway ;  
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew  
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea ! upraise  
His veil with reverent hands ;  
And mingle with thy own the praise  
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe  
Above her hero-urns ;  
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathes  
The flower he culled for Burns.

Oh, stately stand thy palace walls,  
Thy tall ships ride the seas ;  
To-day thy poet's name recalls  
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,  
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,  
That shaded square and dusty street  
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,  
The echoes of his song ;  
Too late the tardy meed we bring,  
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas ! Of all who knew  
The living man, to-day  
Before his unveiled face, how few  
Make bare their locks of gray !

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,  
Our grateful eyes be dim ;  
O brothers of the days to come,  
Take tender charge of him !

New hands the wires of song may sweep,  
New voices challenge fame ;  
But let no moss of years o'ercreep  
The lines of Halleck's name.

## WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

OH, well may Essex sit forlorn  
Beside her sea-blown shore ;  
Her well beloved, her noblest born,  
Is hers in life no more !

No lapse of years can render less  
Her memory's sacred claim ;  
No fountain of forgetfulness  
Can wet the lips of Fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,  
A thought to soothe and pain,  
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel  
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,  
And brave men yet shall be ;  
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,  
Of all her years was he !

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,  
What worthier knight was found  
To grace in Arthur's golden age  
The fabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,  
To welcome and restore ;  
A hand, that all unwilling smote,  
To heal and build once more !

A soul of fire, a tender heart  
Too warm for hate, he knew

The generous victor's graceful part  
To sheathe the sword he drew.

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,  
Looks back upon her wars,  
And the white light of Christ outstreams  
From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van  
Of battle well may cease,  
But never that which crowns the man  
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore  
Thy beautiful and brave,  
Whose failing hand the olive bore,  
Whose dying lips forgave !

Let age lament the youthful chief,  
And tender eyes be dim ;  
The tears are more of joy than grief  
That fall for one like him !

### BAYARD TAYLOR

#### I

“AND where now, Bayard, will thy footsteps tend ?”  
My sister asked our guest one winter's day.  
Smiling he answered in the Friends' sweet way  
Common to both : “Wherever thou shalt send !”  
What wouldest thou have me see for thee ?”  
She laughed,  
Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-fire's glow :  
“Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and the low,  
Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-craft.”  
“All these and more I soon shall see for thee !”  
He answered cheerily : and he kept his pledge  
On Lapland snows, the North Cape's windy wedge,  
And Tromsö freezing in its winter sea.  
He went and came. But no man knows the track  
Of his last journey, and he comes not back !

#### II

He brought us wonders of the new and old ;  
We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent  
To him its story-telling secret lent.  
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.  
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,  
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought ;  
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought  
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.  
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,  
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown  
Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,  
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.  
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears  
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears !

#### III

O Vale of Chester ! trod by him so oft,  
Green as thy June turf keep his memory.  
Let  
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,  
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedar-croft ;  
Let the home voices greet him in the far,  
Strange land that holds him ; let the messages  
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas  
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star !  
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse  
Of perishable fame, in every sphere  
Itself interprets ; and its utterance here  
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe  
Shall reach our traveller, softening the surprise  
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies !

## OUR AUTOCRAT

Read at the breakfast given in honor of Dr. Holmes by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, December 3, 1879.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,  
Romance, art, science, rich in all,  
And young of heart, how dare we say  
We keep his seventieth festival ?

No sense is here of loss or lack ;  
Before his sweetness and his light  
The dial holds its shadow back,  
The charmed hours delay their flight.

His still the keen analysis  
Of men and moods, electric wit,  
Free play of mirth, and tenderness  
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all  
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,  
Its hopes and fears, its final call  
And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays  
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,  
The wisdom of the latter days,  
And tender memories of the old.

What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,  
Before us at his bidding come !  
The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse Shay,  
The dumb despair of Elsie's doom !

The tale of Avis and the Maid,  
The plea for lips that cannot speak,  
The holy kiss that Iris laid  
On Little Boston's pallid cheek !

Long may he live to sing for us  
His sweetest songs at evening time,  
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,  
To holier heights of beauty climb !

Though now unnumbered guests surround  
The table that he rules at will,  
Its Autocrat, however crowned,  
Is but our friend and comrade still.

The world may keep his honored name,  
The wealth of all his varied powers ;  
A stronger claim has love than fame,  
And he himself is only ours !

## WITHIN THE GATE

L. M. C.

I have more fully expressed my admiration and regard for Lydia Maria Child in the biographical introduction which I wrote for the volume of *Letters*, published after her death.

WE sat together, last May-day, and talked  
Of the dear friends who walked  
Beside us, sharers of the hopes and fears  
Of five and forty years,

Since first we met in Freedom's hope for-  
lorn,  
And heard her battle-horn  
Sound through the valleys of the sleeping  
North,  
Calling her children forth,

And youth pressed forward with hope-  
lighted eyes,  
And age, with forecast wise  
Of the long strife before the triumph won,  
Girded his armor on.

Sadly, as name by name we called the roll,  
We heard the dead-bells toll  
For the unanswering many, and we knew  
The living were the few.

And we, who waited our own call before  
The inevitable door,  
Listened and looked, as all have done, to  
win  
Some token from within.

No sign we saw, we heard no voices call ;  
The impenetrable wall  
Cast down its shadow, like an awful doubt,  
On all who sat without.

Of many a hint of life beyond the veil,  
And many a ghostly tale  
Wherewith the ages spanned the gulf be-  
tween  
The seen and the unseen,

Seeking from omen, trance, and dream to  
gain  
Solace to doubtful pain,  
And touch, with groping hands, the gar-  
ment hem  
Of truth sufficing them,

We talked ; and, turning from the sore  
unrest  
Of an all-baffling quest,  
We thought of holy lives that from us passed  
Hopeful unto the last,

As if they saw beyond the river of death,  
Like Him of Nazareth,  
The many mansions of the Eternal days  
Lift up their gates of praise.

And, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,  
Methought, O friend, I saw  
In thy true life of word, and work, and  
thought  
The proof of all we sought.

Did we not witness in the life of thee  
Immortal prophecy ?  
And feel, when with thee, that thy footsteps  
trod  
An everlasting road ?

Not for brief days thy generous sympathies,  
Thy scorn of selfish ease ;  
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal  
Thy strong uplift of soul.

Than thine was never turned a fonder heart  
To nature and to art  
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,  
Thy Philothea's time.

Yet, loving beauty, thou couldst pass it by,  
And for the poor deny  
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower of  
fame  
Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His embrace  
The lowliest of our race,  
Sure the Divine economy must be  
Conservative of thee !

For truth must live with truth, self-sacrifice  
Seek out its great allies ;  
Good must find good by gravitation sure,  
And love with love endure.

And so, since thou hast passed within the  
gate  
Whereby awhile I wait,  
I give blind grief and blinder sense the lie :  
Thou hast not lived to die !

### IN MEMORY

JAMES T. FIELDS

As a guest who may not stay  
Long and sad farewells to say  
Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest  
Of thy happy life possessed  
Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,  
Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane  
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

Now that thou hast gone away,  
What is left of one to say  
Who was open as the day ?

What is there to gloss or shun ?  
Save with kindly voices none  
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Safe thou art on every side,  
Friendship nothing finds to hide,  
Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,  
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,  
Played the lambent light of mirth, —

Mirth that lit, but never burned ;  
All thy blame to pity turned ;  
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing  
At thy home-fire lost its sting ;  
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,  
Faith in man and womanhood,  
Chance and change and time withstood.

Small respect for cant and whine,  
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,  
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim  
Sacred, and thy lips became  
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way,  
Go in God's peace ! We who stay  
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er  
Thou art waiting, all that here  
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past  
On a ground of wonder cast,  
In the stiller waters glassed !

Keep the hun an heart of thee ;  
Let the mortal only be  
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell  
Thine upon the asphodel,  
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss  
What we fondly dream in this, —  
Love is one with holiness !

### WILSON

Read at the Massachusetts Club on the seventieth anniversary of the birthday of Vice-President Wilson, February 18, 1882.

THE lowliest born of all the land,  
He wrung from Fate's reluctant hand  
The gifts which happier boyhood claims ;  
And, tasting on a thankless soil  
The bitter bread of unpaid toil,  
He fed his soul with noble aims.

And Nature, kindly provident,  
To him the future's promise lent ;  
The powers that shape man's destinies,  
Patience and faith and toil, he knew,  
The close horizon round him grew  
Broad with great possibilities.

By the low hearth-fire's fitful blaze  
He read of old heroic days,  
The sage's thought, the patriot's speech ;  
Unhelped, alone, himself he taught,  
His school the craft at which he wrought,  
His lore the book within his reach.

He felt his country's need ; he knew  
The work her children had to do ;  
And when, at last, he heard the call  
In her behalf to serve and dare,  
Beside his senatorial chair  
He stood the unquestioned peer of all.

Beyond the accident of birth  
He proved his simple manhood's worth ;  
Ancestral pride and classic grace  
Confessed the large-brained artisan,  
So clear of sight, so wise in plan  
And counsel, equal to his place.

With glance intuitive he saw  
Through all disguise of form and law,  
And read men like an open book ;  
Fearless and firm, he never quailed  
Nor turned aside for threats, nor failed  
To do the thing he undertook.

How wise, how brave, he was, how well  
He bore himself, let history tell  
While waves our flag o'er land and sea,  
No black thread in its warp or weft ;  
He found dissevered States, he left  
A grateful Nation, strong and free !

### THE POET AND THE CHILDREN

#### LONGFELLOW

WITH a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday ;

With his books and his pleasant pictures,  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain,  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
For he knew that his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him :

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young ;  
The last of earth and the first of heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel,  
Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master :  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven !"

#### A WELCOME TO LOWELL

TAKE our hands, James Russell Lowell,  
Our hearts are all thy own ;  
To-day we bid thee welcome  
Not for ourselves alone.

In the long years of thy absence  
Some of us have grown old,  
And some have passed the portals  
Of the Mystery untold ;

For the hands that cannot clasp thee,  
For the voices that are dumb,  
For each and all I bid thee  
A grateful welcome home !

For Cedarcroft's sweet singer  
To the nine-fold Muses dear ;  
For the Seer the winding Concord  
Paused by his door to hear ;

For him, our guide and Nestor,  
Who the march of song began,  
The white locks of his ninety years  
Bared to thy winds, Cape Ann !

For him who, to the music  
Her pines and hemlocks played,  
Set the old and tender story  
Of the lorn Acadian maid ;

For him, whose voice for freedom  
Swayed friend and foe at will,  
Hushed is the tongue of silver,  
The golden lips are still !

For her whose life of duty  
At scoff and menace smiled,  
Brave as the wife of Roland,  
Yet gentle as a Child.

And for him the three-hilled city  
Shall hold in memory long,  
Whose name is the hint and token  
Of the pleasant Fields of Song !

For the old friends unforgotten,  
For the young thou hast not known,  
I speak their heart-warm greeting ;  
Come back and take thy own !

From England's royal farewells,  
And honors fitly paid,  
Come back, dear Russell Lowell,  
To Elmwood's waiting shade !

Come home with all the garlands  
That crown of right thy head.  
I speak for comrades living,  
I speak for comrades dead !

#### AN ARTIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL

GEORGE FULLER

HAUNTED of Beauty, like the marvellous  
youth  
Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve ! How passing  
fair  
Her shapes took color in thy homestead air !  
How on thy canvas even her dreams were  
truth !

Magician ! who from commonest elements  
Called up divine ideals, clothed upon  
By mystic lights soft blending into one  
Womanly grace and child-like innocence.  
Teacher ! thy lesson was not given in vain.  
Beauty is goodness ; ugliness is sin :  
Art's place is sacred : nothing foul therein  
May crawl or tread with bestial feet profane.  
If rightly choosing is the painter's test,  
Thy choice, O master, ever was the best.

## MULFORD

Author of *The Nation* and *The Republic of God*.

UNNOTED as the setting of a star  
He passed ; and sect and party scarcely  
knew  
When from their midst a sage and seer  
withdrew  
To fitter audience, where the great dead are  
In God's republic of the heart and mind,  
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

## TO A CAPE ANN SCHOONER

LUCK to the craft that bears this name of  
mine,  
Good fortune follow with her golden spoon  
The glazed hat and tarry pantaloon ;  
And wheresoe'er her keel shall cut the brine,  
Cod, hake and haddock quarrel for her line.  
Shipped with her crew, whatever wind may  
blow,  
Or tides delay, my wish with her shall go,  
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might  
show  
At need her course, in lack of sun and star,  
Where icebergs threaten, and the sharp  
reefs are ;  
Lift the blind fog on Anticosti's lee  
And Avalon's rock ; make populous the sea

Round Grand Manan with eager finny  
swarms,  
Break the long calms, and charm away the  
storms.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN

GREYSTONE, AUGUST 4, 1886

ONCE more, O all-adjusting Death !  
The nation's Pantheon opens wide ;  
Once more a common sorrow saith  
A strong, wise man has died.

Faults doubtless had he. Had we not  
Our own, to question and asperse  
The worth we doubted or forgot  
Until beside his hearse ?

Ambitious, cautious, yet the man  
To strike down fraud with resolute hand,  
A patriot, if a partisan,  
He loved his native land.

So let the mourning bells be rung,  
The banner droop its folds half way,  
And while the public pen and tongue  
Their fitting tribute pay,

Shall we not vow above his bier  
To set our feet on party lies,  
And wound no more a living ear  
With words that Death denies ?

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### EVA

Suggested by Mrs. Stowe's tale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and written when the characters in the tale were realities by the fireside of countless American homes.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her ;  
Of the form so soft and fair  
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva  
Let the sunny south-land give her  
Flowery pillow of repose,  
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva  
Let the shining ones receive her,  
With the welcome-voicéd psalm,  
Harp of gold and waving palm !

All is light and peace with Eva ;  
There the darkness cometh never ;  
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her ;  
Care and pain and weariness  
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,  
Child confessor, true believer,  
Listener at the Master's knee,  
"Suffer such to come to me."

Oh, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,  
Lighting all the solemn river,  
And the blessings of the poor  
Wafting to the heavenly shore !

### A LAY OF OLD TIME

Written for the Essex County Agricultural Fair, and sung at the banquet at Newburyport, October 2, 1856.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,  
Poor Adam and his bride  
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall —  
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit  
For the chaste garb of old ;  
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit  
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,  
Their forfeit garden lay,  
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,  
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,  
A light step on the sward,  
And lo ! they saw before them stand  
The angel of the Lord !

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,  
When hope is all before,  
And patient hand and willing mind  
Your loss may yet restore ?

"I leave with you a spell whose power  
Can make the desert glad,  
And call around you fruit and flower  
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift  
The curse from off your soil ;  
Your very doom shall seem a gift,  
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,  
To labor as to play."  
White glimmering over Eden's trees  
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth  
Obedient to the word,  
And found where'er they tilled the earth  
A garden of the Lord !

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit  
And blushed with plum and pear,

And seeded grass and trodden root  
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,  
And, in our turn and day,  
Look back on Eden's sworded gate  
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies  
The pitying Angel leaves,  
And leads through Toil to Paradise  
New Adams and new Eyes !

#### A SONG OF HARVEST

For the Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition at Amesbury and Salisbury, September 28, 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,  
The wild grape by the river's side,  
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,  
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,  
The blushing tint of peach and pear ;  
The mirror of the Powow told  
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
These vales the idle Indian trod ;  
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,  
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !  
We thank Thee for thy wise design  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need  
The joy of simple faith is born ;  
That he who smites the summer weed,  
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their  
power ;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given ;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

#### KENOZA LAKE

This beautiful lake in East Haverhill was the "Great Pond" of the writer's boyhood. In 1859 a movement was made for improving its shores as a public park. At the opening of the park, August 31, 1859, the poem which gave it the name of Kenoza (in the Indian language signifying Pickerel) was read.

As Adam did in Paradise,  
To-day the primal right we claim :  
Fair mirror of the woods and skies,  
We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel ! — let no more  
The echoes answer back, "Great Pond,"  
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,  
Call back the ancient name to thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,  
The nutted woods we wandered through,  
To friendship, love, and social joys  
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,  
And memory's dirges soft and low,  
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,  
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays  
From a low, hidden cloud by night,  
A light to set the hills ablaze,  
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West  
Are exiled hearts remembering still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day ;  
And, listening, we may hear, ere long,  
From inland lake and ocean bay,  
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake  
 Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,—  
 No fairer face than thine shall take  
 The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
 Shall break with harsh-resounding din  
 The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
 And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
 The shy loon sound his trumpet-note.  
 Wind-weary from his fields of air,  
 The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,  
 Thy beauty our deforming strife ;  
 Thy woods and waters minister  
 The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released,  
 Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,  
 Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast  
 The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,  
 And light mists walk thy mimic sea,  
 Revive in us the thought of Him  
 Who walked on Galilee !

#### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine  
 Of fruitful Ceres charm no more ;  
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine  
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,  
 And nature holds us still in debt ;  
 And woman's grace and household skill,  
 And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
 And fruits, have come to own again  
 The blessings of the summer hours,  
 The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more  
 Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
 Of autumn, filled and running o'er  
 With fruit, and flower, and golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
 O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;

Once more with harvest-song and shout  
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
 Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;  
 Her lap is full of goodly things,  
 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new !  
 Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent !  
 The bounty overruns our due,  
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;  
 We murmur, but the corn-ears fill,  
 We choose the shadow, but the sun  
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
 The power to make it Eden-fair,  
 And richer fruits to crown our toil  
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
 Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
 Or sighs for dainties far away,  
 Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm  
 Can change a rocky soil to gold, —  
 That brave and generous lives can warm  
 A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers  
 And piled with fruits, awake again  
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
 The early and the latter rain !

#### THE QUAKER ALUMNI

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary,  
 Providence, R. I., 6th mo., 1860.

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-  
 cliffs of Maine,  
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather  
 again ;  
 And, with hearts warmer grown as your  
 heads grow more cool,  
 Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims  
 and complaints,  
 (You were not saints yourselves, if the  
 children of saints !)

All your petty self-seekings and rivalries  
done,  
Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts  
beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed from  
the fold,  
Though your "thee" has grown "you," and  
your drab blue and gold,  
To the old friendly speech and the garb's  
sober form,  
Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you  
warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance  
round the hall ;  
Your hearts call the roll, but they answer  
not all :  
Through the turf green above them the dead  
cannot hear ;  
Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as  
a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were summoned  
so soon  
From the morning of life, while we toil  
through its noon ;  
They were frail like ourselves, they had  
needs like our own,  
And they rest as we rest in God's mercy  
alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and  
frame,  
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is  
the same ;  
Though we sink in the darkness, His arms  
break our fall,  
And in death as in life, He is Father of  
all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in  
the play  
Of the far-away school-time, move slower  
to-day ;—  
Here a beard touched with frost, there a  
bald, shining crown,  
And beneath the cap's border gray mingles  
with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust  
should be glad,  
And our follies and sins, not our years, make  
us sad.

Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet  
grows prim,  
And the face grow in length as the hat grows  
in brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with rain-  
folded wings,  
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart  
sings ;  
And we, of all others, have reason to pay  
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our  
way ;

For the counsels that turned from the follies  
of youth ;  
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of  
truth ;  
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tem-  
pered its edge ;  
For the household's restraint, and the disci-  
pline's hedge ;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to  
the least  
Of the creatures of God, whether human  
or beast,  
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength  
to the frail,  
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and  
jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all  
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere  
her fall, —  
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as  
play,  
Serene as the moonlight and warm as the  
day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces  
the whole,  
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the  
soul,  
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel  
run,  
And man has not severed what God has  
made one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed every-  
where,  
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air ;  
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,  
And a hope for all darkness the Light  
shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright? — the words  
of the seers,  
And the songs of the bards in the twilight  
of years,  
All the foregleams of wisdom in santon and  
sage,  
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato dis-  
cerned;  
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire  
burned;  
The soul of the world which the Stoic but  
guessed,  
In the Light Universal the Quaker con-  
fessed!

No honors of war to our worthies be-  
long;  
Their plain stem of life never flowered into  
song;  
But the fountains they opened still gush by  
the way,  
And the world for their healing is better to-  
day.

He who lies where the minster's groined  
arches curve down  
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's  
renown,  
The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,  
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all  
owned, —

Who through the world's pantheon walked  
in his pride,  
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones  
aside,  
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,  
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his  
crypt, —

How vainly he labored to sully with  
blame  
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his  
fame!  
Self - will is self - wounding, perversity  
blind:  
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker  
designed!

For the sake of his true-hearted father be-  
fore him;  
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother  
that bore him;

For the sake of his gifts, and the works that  
outlive him,  
And his brave words for freedom, we freely  
forgive him!

There are those who take note that our  
numbers are small, —  
New Gibbons who write our decline and our  
fall;  
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of  
His own,  
And the world shall yet reap what our sown-  
ers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,  
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to  
show;  
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden  
with years,  
Till the false dies away, and the wrong dis-  
appears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight  
sinks the stone,  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles  
sweep on,  
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the  
shores run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in  
the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease, to  
forget  
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom  
our debt? —  
Hide their words out of sight, like the garb  
that they wore,  
And for Barclay's *Apology* offer one more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that  
glutted the shears,  
And festooned the stocks with our grand-  
fathers' ears?  
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness? count  
Penn heterodox?  
And take Cotton Mather in place of George  
Fox?

Make our preachers war-chaplains? quote  
Scripture to take  
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?  
Go to burning church-candles, and chanting  
in choir,  
And on the old meeting-house stick up a  
spire?

No ! the old paths we 'll keep until better  
are shown,  
Credit good where we find it, abroad or our  
own ;  
And while " Lo here " and " Lo there " the  
multitude call,  
Be true to ourselves, and do justice to all.

The good round about us we need not refuse,  
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews ;  
But why shirk the badge which our fathers  
have worn,  
Or beg the world's pardon for having been  
born ?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,  
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's  
share ;  
Truth to us and to others is equal and one :  
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the  
sun ?

Well know we our birthright may serve  
but to show  
How the meanest of weeds in the richest  
soil grow ;  
But we need not disparage the good which  
we hold ;  
Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure  
is gold !

Enough and too much of the sect and the  
name.  
What matters our label, so truth be our  
aim ?  
The creed may be wrong, but the life may  
be true,  
And hearts beat the same under drab coats  
or blue.

So the man be a man, let him worship, at  
will,  
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.  
When she makes up her jewels, what cares  
yon good town  
For the Baptist of Wayland, the Quaker of  
Brown ?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and  
sea-blown,  
When she counts up the worthies her annals  
have known,  
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect  
To measure her love, and mete out her re-  
spect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking  
her strand,  
• Each with head halo-crowned, and with  
palms in his hand, —  
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling  
serene  
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they  
need  
Credentials of party, and pass-words of  
creed :  
The new song they sing hath a threefold  
accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith, and  
one Lord !

But the golden sands run out : occasions  
like these  
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the  
seas :  
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles  
ashore,  
They lessen and fade, and we see them no  
more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant  
thoughts seem  
Like a school-boy's who idles and plays with  
his theme.  
Forgive the light measure whose changes  
display  
The sunshine and rain of our brief April  
day.

There are moments in life when the lip and  
the eye  
Try the question of whether to smile or to  
cry ;  
And scenes and reunions that prompt like  
our own  
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the  
girls  
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cartlands,  
and Earles, —  
By courtesy only permitted to lay  
On your festival's altar my poor gift, to-  
day, —

I would joy in your joy : let me have a  
friend's part  
In the warmth of your welcome of hand  
and of heart, —

On your play-ground of boyhood unbend  
the brow's care,  
And shift the old burdens our shoulders  
must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving out year  
by year  
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood  
dear :  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent  
forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth !

In and out let the young life as steadily  
flow  
As in broad Narragansett the tides come  
and go ;  
And its sons and its daughters in prairie  
and town  
Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was  
made ;  
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were  
laid :  
The blessing of Him whom in secret they  
sought  
Has owned the good work which the fathers  
have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever ! We bear  
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat with  
the tare.  
What we lack in our work may He find in  
our will,  
And winnow in mercy our good from the  
ill !

### OUR RIVER

#### FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMAC

Jean Pierre Brissot, the famous leader of the Girondist party in the French Revolution, when a young man travelled extensively in the United States. He visited the valley of the Merrimac, and speaks in terms of admiration of the view from Moulton's hill opposite Amesbury. The "Laurel Party," so called, was composed of ladies and gentlemen in the lower valley of the Merrimac, and invited friends and guests in other sections of the country. Its thoroughly enjoyable annual festivals were held in the early summer on the pine-shaded, laurel-blossomed

slopes of the Newbury side of the river opposite Pleasant Valley in Amesbury. The several poems called out by these gatherings are here printed in sequence.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height  
The summer flowers have budded ;  
Once more with summer's golden light  
The vales of home are flooded ;  
And once more, by the grace of Him  
Of every good the Giver,  
We sing upon its wooded rim  
The praises of our river :

Its pines above, its waves below,  
The west-wind down it blowing,  
As fair as when the young Brissot  
Beheld it seaward flowing, —  
And bore its memory o'er the deep,  
To soothe the martyr's sadness,  
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams  
Renowned in song and story,  
Whose music murmurs through our dreams  
Of human love and glory :  
We know that Arno's banks are fair,  
And Rhine has castled shadows,  
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr  
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung  
By painter or by poet,  
Our river waits the tuneful tongue  
And cunning hand to show it, —  
We only know the fond skies lean  
Above it, warm with blessing,  
And the sweet soul of our Undine  
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks  
That graze its shores in keeping ;  
No icy kiss of Dian mocks  
The youth beside it sleeping :  
Our Christian river loveth most  
The beautiful and human ;  
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,  
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears  
The ripple we are hearing ;  
It whispers soft to homesick ears  
Around the settler's clearing :  
In Sacramento's vales of corn,

Or Santee's bloom of cotton,  
Our river by its valley-born  
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud, the bugle fills  
The summer air with clangor ;  
The war-storm shakes the solid hills  
Beneath its tread of anger ;  
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours  
Now point the rifle's barrel,  
And hands then stained with fruits and  
flowers  
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,  
And rivers still keep flowing,  
The dear God still his rain and sun  
On good and ill bestowing.  
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait !"  
His flowers are prophesying  
That all we dread of change or fate  
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born ! — no more  
We ask the wise Allotter  
Than for the firmness of thy shore,  
The calmness of thy water,  
The cheerful lights that overlay  
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,  
To match our spirits to our day  
And make a joy of duty.

## REVISITED

Read at "The Laurels," on the Merrimac,  
6th month, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing  
Vex the air of our vales no more ;  
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
The share is the sword the soldier wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature  
Temper the triumph and chaste mirth,  
Full of the infinite love and pity  
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,  
And the oil of joy for mourning long,

Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters  
Break into jubilant waves of song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden  
With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine !

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,  
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,  
And Winnipesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall ;  
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken  
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains  
Here in thy glory and strength repeat ;  
Give us a taste of thy upland music,  
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
Pour the music and weave the flowers :  
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows  
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,  
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea ;  
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,  
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,  
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce ;  
Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,  
Pride and hope of our home and race, —  
Freedom lending to rugged labor  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,  
Hear our greetings and take our thanks ;  
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims  
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrod-  
den,  
Though never His word has stilled thy  
waves,

Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token  
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,  
Where the rivers of God are full of water,  
And full of sap are His healing trees !

“THE LAURELS”

At the twentieth and last anniversary.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day  
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and see  
The far, low coast-line stretch away  
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land  
Is burdened with old voices ; through  
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand  
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their  
prime,  
Whose bright example warms and cheers,  
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,  
And set to music all his years !

I thank you for sweet summer days,  
For pleasant memories lingering long,  
For joyful meetings, fond delays,  
And ties of friendship woven strong.

As for the last time, side by side,  
You tread the paths familiar grown,  
I reach across the severing tide,  
And blend my farewells with your own.

Make room, O river of our home !  
For other feet in place of ours,  
And in the summers yet to come,  
Make glad another Feast of Flowers !

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,  
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen ;  
Forget thy lovers not, but keep  
Our memory like thy laurels green.

JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,  
What come ye out to see ?  
This common earth, this common sky,  
This water flowing free ?

As gayly as these kalmia flowers  
Your door-yard blossoms spring ;  
As sweetly as these wild-wood birds  
Your caged minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green  
The rippling river's rune,  
The beauty which is everywhere  
Beneath the skies of June ;

The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn  
plumes  
Of old pine-forest kings,  
Beneath whose century-woven shade  
Deer Island's mistress sings.

And here are pictured Artichoke,  
And Curson's bowery mill ;  
And Pleasant Valley smiles between  
The river and the hill.

You know full well these banks of bloom.  
The upland's wavy line,  
And how the sunshine tips with fire  
The needles of the pine.

Yet, like some old remembered psalm,  
Or sweet, familiar face,  
Not less because of commonness  
You love the day and place.

And not in vain in this soft air  
Shall hard-strung nerves relax,  
Not all in vain the o'erworn brain  
Forego its daily tax.

The lust of power, the greed of gain  
Have all the year their own ;  
The haunting demons well may let  
Our one bright day alone.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,  
Aside the ledger lay :  
The world will keep its treadmill step  
Though we fall out to-day.

The truants of life's weary school,  
Without excuse from thrift  
We change for once the gains of toil  
For God's unpurchased gift.

From ceiliéd rooms, from silent books,  
From crowded car and town,  
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap  
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows ;  
Blue river, through the green  
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes  
Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways  
Are thronged with memories old,  
Have felt the grasp of friendly hands  
And heard love's story told.

A sacred presence overbroads  
The earth whereon we meet ;  
These winding forest-paths are trod  
By more than mortal feet.

Old friends called from us by the voice  
Which they alone could hear,  
From mystery to mystery,  
From life to life, draw near.

More closely for the sake of them  
Each other's hands we press ;  
Our voices take from them a tone  
Of deeper tenderness.

Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours,  
Alike below, above,  
Or here or there, about us fold  
The arms of one great love !

We ask to-day no countersign,  
No party names we own ;  
Unlabelled, individual,  
We bring ourselves alone.

What cares the unconventional wood  
For pass-words of the town ?  
The sound of fashion's shibboleth  
The laughing waters drown.

Here cant forgets his dreary tone,  
And care his face forlorn ;  
The liberal air and sunshine laugh  
The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls  
His load of selfish cares ;  
And woman takes her rights as flowers  
And brooks and birds take theirs.

The license of the happy woods,  
The brook's release are ours ;  
The freedom of the unshamed wind  
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

Yet here no evil thought finds place,  
Nor foot profane comes in ;  
Our grove, like that of Samothrace,  
Is set apart from sin.

We walk on holy ground ; above  
A sky more holy smiles ;  
The chant of the beatitudes  
Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence  
That brings us here once more ;  
For memories of the good behind  
And hopes of good before !

And if, unknown to us, sweet days  
Of June like this must come,  
Unseen of us these laurels clothe  
The river-banks with bloom ;

And these green paths must soon be trod  
By other feet than ours,  
Full long may annual pilgrims come  
To keep the Feast of Flowers ;

The matron be a girl once more,  
The bearded man a boy,  
And we, in heaven's eternal June,  
Be glad for earthly joy !

## HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR  
KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864

The poetic and patriotic preacher, who had won fame in the East, went to California in 1860 and became a power on the Pacific coast. It was not long after the opening of the house of worship built for him that he died.

AMIDST these glorious works of Thine,  
The solemn minarets of the pine,  
And awful Shasta's icy shrine, —

Where swell Thy hymns from wave and gale,  
And organ-thunders never fail,  
Behind the cataract's silver veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,  
Our poor reed-music sounds Thy praise :  
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways !

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,  
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,  
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
And dare not ask Thy hand to stay ;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to Thee  
For union, but a union free,  
With peace that comes of purity !

That Thou wilt bare Thy arm to save  
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,  
Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our need,  
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,  
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good  
To each, as to the multitude,  
Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel  
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even  
We wait to see with Thy forgiven  
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven !

Suffice it now. In time to be  
Shall holier altars rise to Thee,—  
Thy Church our broad humanity !

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word !

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

### HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT GEORGETOWN, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER

The giver of the house was the late George Peabody, of London.

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all !  
In temples which thy children raise ;  
Our work to Thine is mean and small,  
And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,  
If marred thereby our gift may be,  
For love, at least, has sanctified  
The altar that we rear to thee.

The heart and not the hand has wrought  
From sunken base to tower above  
The image of a tender thought,  
The memory of a deathless love !

And though should never sound of speech  
Or organ echo from its wall,  
Its stones would pious lessons teach,  
Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be found,  
And blessings and not curses given ;  
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound  
The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying breath  
The dear one watching by Thy cross,  
Forgetful of the pains of death  
In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim,  
O Mother-born, the offering take,  
And make it worthy of Thy name,  
And bless it for a mother's sake !

### A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION

Read at the President's Levee, Brown University, 29th 6th month, 1870.

To-DAY the plant by Williams set  
 Its summer bloom discloses ;  
 The wilding sweetbrier of his prayers  
 Is crowned with cultured roses.

Once more the Island State repeats  
 The lesson that he taught her,  
 And binds his pearl of charity  
 Upon her brown-locked daughter.

Is 't fancy that he watches still  
 His Providence plantations ?  
 That still the careful Founder takes  
 A part on these occasions ?

Methinks I see that reverend form,  
 Which all of us so well know :  
 He rises up to speak ; he jogs  
 The presidential elbow.

"Good friends," he says, "you reap a field  
 I sowed in self-denial,  
 For toleration had its griefs  
 And charity its trial.

"Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas More,  
 To him must needs be given  
 Who heareth heresy and leaves  
 The heretic to Heaven !

"I hear again the snuffed tones,  
 I see in dreary vision  
 Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,  
 And prophets with a mission.

"Each zealot thrust before my eyes  
 His Scripture-garbled label ;  
 All creeds were shouted in my ears  
 As with the tongues of Babel.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied  
 The hope of every other ;  
 Each martyr shook his branded fist  
 At the conscience of his brother !

"How cleft the dreary drone of man  
 The shriller pipe of woman,  
 As Gorton led his saints elect,  
 Who held all things in common !

"Their gay robes trailed in ditch and  
 swamp,  
 And torn by thorn and thicket,  
 The dancing-girls of Merry Mount  
 Came dragging to my wicket.

"Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears ;  
 Gray witch-wives, hobbling slowly ;  
 And Antinomians, free of law,  
 Whose very sins were holy.

"Hoarse ranters, crazed Fifth Monarchs  
 Of stripes and bondage braggarts,  
 Pale Churchmen, with singed rubrics  
 snatched  
 From Puritanic fagots.

"And last, not least, the Quakers came,  
 With tongues still sore from burning,  
 The Bay State's dust from off their feet  
 Before my threshold spurning ;

"A motley host, the Lord's *débris*,  
 Faith's odds and ends together ;  
 Well might I shrink from guests with  
 lungs  
 Tough as their breeches leather :

"If, when the hangman at their heels  
 Came, rope in hand to catch them,  
 I took the hunted outcasts in,  
 I never sent to fetch them.

"I fed, but spared them not a whit ;  
 I gave to all who walked in,  
 Not clams and succotash alone,  
 But stronger meat of doctrine.

"I proved the prophets false, I pricked  
 The bubble of perfection,  
 And clapped upon their inner light  
 The snuffers of election.

"And looking backward on my times,  
 This credit I am taking ;  
 I kept each sectary's dish apart,  
 No spiritual chowder making.

"Where now the blending signs of sect  
 Would puzzle their assorter,  
 The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,  
 The Baptist held the water.

"A common coat now serves for both,  
 The hat's no more a fixture ;  
 And which was wet and which was dry,  
 Who knows in such a mixture ?

"Well ! He who fashioned Peter's dream  
 To bless them all is able ;

And bird and beast and creeping thing  
Make clean upon His table !

“ I walked by my own light ; but when  
The ways of faith divided,  
Was I to force unwilling feet  
To tread the path that I did ?

“ I touched the garment-hem of truth,  
Yet saw not all its splendor ;  
I knew enough of doubt to feel  
For every conscience tender.

“ God left men free of choice, as when  
His Eden-trees were planted ;  
Because they chose amiss, should I  
Deny the gift He granted ?

“ So, with a common sense of need,  
Our common weakness feeling,  
I left them with myself to God  
And His all-gracious dealing !

“ I kept His plan whose rain and sun  
To tare and wheat are given ;  
And if the ways to hell were free,  
I left them free to heaven ! ”

Take heart with us, O man of old,  
Soul-freedom’s brave confessor,  
So love of God and man wax strong,  
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day  
In ours one hymn are swelling ;  
The wandering feet, the severed paths,  
All seek our Father’s dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth  
That makes us all thy debtor, —  
That holy life is more than rite,  
And spirit more than letter ;

That they who differ pole-wide serve  
Perchance the common Master,  
And other sheep He hath than they  
Who graze one narrow pasture !

For truth’s worst foe is he who claims  
To act as God’s avenger,  
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,  
The crystal walls in danger !

Who sets for heresy his traps  
Of verbal quirk and quibble,

And weeds the garden of the Lord  
With Satan’s borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys  
One Master’s touch are feeling ;  
The branches of a common Vine  
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,  
We share this restful nooning ;  
The Quaker with the Baptist here  
Believes in close communing.

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,  
Too light for thy deserving ;  
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,  
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men  
The words that thou hast spoken  
No forge of hell can weld again  
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more  
From Roman or Genevan ;  
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps  
Henceforth the road to Heaven !

## CHICAGO

The great fire at Chicago was on 8-10 October, 1871.

MEN said at vespers : “ All is well ! ”  
In one wild night the city fell ;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other’s hands, and said :  
“ The City of the West is dead ! ”

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire ;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs  
came ;  
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city ! from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness !  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous !

#### KINSMAN

Died at the Island of Panay (Philippine group), aged nineteen years.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland twines,  
As sweetly shall the loved one rest,  
As if beneath the whispering pines  
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home ! for him,  
But, haply, mourn ye not alone ;  
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,  
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give  
The story of his blameless youth ;  
All hearts shall throb intuitive,  
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name  
Shall many a tender tribute win ;  
The stranger own his sacred claim,  
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,  
The dews of holy peace shall fall,  
The same sweet heavens above him smile  
And God's dear love be over all !

#### THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD

Longwood, not far from Bayard Taylor's birthplace in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, was the home of my esteemed friends John and Hannah Cox, whose golden wedding was celebrated in 1874.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding vow,  
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant past,  
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is the last !

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,  
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint, stone-builded homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes,  
the bosilage green and soft,  
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come  
neighbors, kith and kin ;  
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the  
wedding guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-hunted, travel-worn,  
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as  
victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the  
long array,  
And hearts are light and eyes are glad,  
though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who saw  
with me the fall,  
Midst roaring flames and shouting mob, of  
Pennsylvania Hall ;

And they of Lancaster who turned the  
cheeks of tyrants pale,  
Singing of freedom through the grates of  
Moyamensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old com-  
rades, gone before,  
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your  
open door, —

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave  
Garrett's daring zeal,  
The Christian grace of Pennock, the stead-  
fast heart of Neal.

Ah me ! beyond all power to name, the  
worthies tried and true,  
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid,  
pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused  
all their hearts in one.  
God give them now, whate'er their names,  
the peace of duty done !

How gladly would I tread again the old-  
remembered places,  
Sit down beside your hearth once more and  
look in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your fifty  
years are teaching,  
For honest lives that louder speak than  
half our noisy preaching ;

For your steady faith and courage in that  
dark and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason, and to  
feed the hungry crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when  
the hounds were on his track,  
And saint and sinner, church and state,  
joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you ! — What you did for  
each sad, suffering one,  
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our  
Lord was done !

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and  
Longwood's bowery ways  
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of  
my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to  
your sum,  
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the  
beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there,  
alike below, above ;  
Our friends are now in either world, and  
love is sure of love.

#### HYMN

##### FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee ;  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;  
For human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer, this home of rest,  
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call  
On Thee for whom the heavens are small ;  
Thy glory is Thy children's good,  
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,  
Fill with Thy love their emptiness,  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

#### LEXINGTON

1775

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,  
No battle-joy was theirs, who set  
Against the alien bayonet  
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;  
They loved not strife, they dreaded  
pain ;

They saw not, what to us is plain,  
That God would make man's wrath His  
praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;  
Its vast results the future hid :

The meaning of the work they did  
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left  
The plough mid-furrow standing  
still,  
The half-ground corn *grist* in the  
mill  
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,  
They scarcely asked the reason why ;  
They only knew they could but die,  
And death was not the worst of all !

Of man for man the sacrifice,  
All that was theirs to give, they  
gave.  
The flowers that blossomed from their  
grave  
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,  
And shattered slavery's chain as  
well ;  
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,  
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb :  
The nations listening to its sound  
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,  
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,  
The gladness of the world's release,  
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace  
The hawk shall nestle with the dove ! —

The golden age of brotherhood  
Unknown to other rivalries  
Than of the mild humanities,  
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,  
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,  
The eagle of our mountain-crags,  
The lion of our Motherland !

## THE LIBRARY

Sung at the opening of the Haverhill Library,  
November 11, 1875.

"LET there be light !" God spake of old,  
And over chaos dark and cold,  
And through the dead and formless frame  
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone  
On giant fern and mastodon,  
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,  
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran  
The earth, uplifting brute and man ;  
And mind, at length, in symbols dark  
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll ;  
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,  
Man wrote his thoughts ; the ages passed,  
And lo ! the Press was found at last !

Then dead souls woke ; the thoughts of men  
Whose bones were dust revived again ;  
The cloister's silence found a tongue,  
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,  
The kings of mind again we crown ;  
We hear the voices lost so long,  
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves  
Alive along these crowded shelves ;  
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,  
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke  
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,  
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,  
The lords of thought await our call !

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE  
TOOK ME IN"

An incident in St. Augustine, Florida.

'NEATH skies that winter never knew  
The air was full of light and balm,

And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew  
Through orange bloom and groves of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,  
Who sought the fount of health in vain,  
Sank homeless on the alien earth,  
And breathed the languid air with pain.

God's angel came ! The tender shade  
Of pity made her blue eye dim;  
Against her woman's breast she laid  
The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,  
Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,  
And watched beside his bed, for whom  
His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed  
Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.  
With holy hymn and prayer she soothed  
The trembling soul that feared so much.

Through her the peace that passeth sight  
Came to him, as he lapsed away  
As one whose troubled dreams of night  
Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers  
Upon his lonely grave she laid :  
The jasmine dropped its golden showers,  
The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her thought,  
More sweet than mortal voices be :  
"The service thou for him hast wrought  
O daughter ! hath been done for me."

#### CENTENNIAL HYMN

Written for the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. The music for the hymn was written by John K. Paine, and may be found in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1876.

#### I

OUR fathers' God ! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

#### II

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
The fathers spake that word of Thine  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

#### III

Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unveiling all the triumphs won  
By art or toil beneath the sun ;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalship of hand and brain.

#### IV

Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
The war flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

#### V

For art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought nor sold !

#### VI

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of thy righteous law :  
And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old !

#### AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON, 1877

THE end has come, as come it must  
To all things ; in these sweet June  
days  
The teacher and the scholar trust  
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part : but in the years to be  
 Shall pleasant memories cling to each,  
 As shells bear inland from the sea  
 The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows  
 When, plastic to his lightest touch,  
 His clay-wrought model slowly grows  
 To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes  
 The living shapes whereon she wrought,  
 Strong, tender, innocently wise,  
 The child's heart with the woman's  
 thought.

And one shall never quite forget  
 The voice that called from dream and  
 play,  
 The firm but kindly hand that set  
 Her feet in learning's pleasant way,—

The joy of Undine soul-possessed,  
 The wakening sense, the strange de-  
 light  
 That swelled the fabled statue's breast  
 And filled its clouded eyes with sight !

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all !  
 Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams ;  
 In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
 Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,  
 She breaks her wand of power apart,  
 While, for your love and trust, she gives  
 The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon  
 Contrasted with your morn of spring,  
 The waning with the waxing moon,  
 The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years  
 She sends her God-speed back to you ;  
 She has no thought of doubts or fears :  
 Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,  
 Low voice of conscience ; through the  
 ill  
 And discord round about you, keep  
 Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle : unto griefs and needs,  
 Be pitiful as woman should,  
 And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
 Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless  
 The world that needs the hand and  
 heart  
 Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
 No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by  
 And leave each year a richer good,  
 And matron loveliness outvie  
 The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your  
 names  
 With gracious lives and manners fine,  
 The teacher shall assert her claims,  
 And proudly whisper, "These were  
 mine !"

### HYMN OF THE CHILDREN

Sung at the anniversary of the Children's  
 Mission, Boston, 1878.

Thine are all the gifts, O God !  
 Thine the broken bread ;  
 Let the naked feet be shod,  
 And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
 Give as they abound,  
 Till the poor have breathing-space,  
 And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards  
 Is the giver's choice ;  
 Sweeter than the song of birds  
 Is the thankful voice.

Welcome smiles on faces sad  
 As the flowers of spring ;  
 Let the tender hearts be glad  
 With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake  
 Make their sports and plays,  
 And from lips of childhood take  
 Thy perfected praise !

## THE LANDMARKS

This poem was read at a meeting of citizens of Boston having for its object the preservation of the Old South Church, famous in Colonial and Revolutionary history.

## I

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead  
Fast the red-winged terror sped ;

Blasting, withering, on it came,  
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way  
Stood like chained Andromeda,

Waiting on the rock, like her,  
Swift doom or deliverer !

Church that, after sea-moss grew  
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,  
Four entombed and one alive ;

Heard the martial thousand tread  
Battleward from Marblehead ;

Saw within the rock-walled bay  
Treville's lilied pennons play,

And the fisher's dory met  
By the barge of Lafayette,

Telling good news in advance  
Of the coming fleet of France !

Church to reverend memories dear,  
Quaint in desk and chandelier ;

Bell, whose century-rusted tongue  
Burials tolled and bridals rung ;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept  
Keys that Smetzler's hand had swept ;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old  
Sinai's law its thunders rolled !

Suddenly the sharp cry came :  
"Look ! St. Michael's is afame !"

Round the low tower wall the fire  
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

Sacred in its gray respect  
From the jealousies of sect,

"Save it," seemed the thought of all,  
"Save it, though our roof-trees fall !"

Up the tower the young men sprung ;  
One, the bravest, outward swung

By the rope, whose kindling strands  
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,

Smiting down with strokes of power  
Burning fragments from the tower.

Then the gazing crowd beneath  
Broke the painful pause of breath ;

Brave men cheered from street to street,  
With home's ashes at their feet ;

Houseless women kerchiefs waved :  
"Thank the Lord ! St. Michael's saved !"

## II

In the heart of Boston town  
Stands the church of old renown,

From whose walls the impulse went  
Which set free a continent ;

From whose pulpit's oracle  
Prophecies of freedom fell ;

And whose steeple-rocking din  
Rang the nation's birth-day in !

Standing at this very hour  
Perilled like St. Michael's tower,

Held not in the clasp of flame,  
But by mammon's grasping claim.

Shall it be of Boston said  
She is shamed by Marblehead ?

City of our pride ! as there,  
Hast thou none to do and dare ?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine ;  
Shall not wealth be staked for thine ?

Woe to thee, when men shall search  
Vainly for the Old South Church ;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,  
All thy pride of place is gone ;

When from Bay and railroad car,  
Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great  
Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid  
By the commonplace of trade !

City of our love ! to thee  
Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,  
Keep with thy traditions faith ;

Ere occasion 's overpast,  
Hold its flowing forelock fast ;

Honor still the precedents  
Of a grand munificence ;

In thy old historic way  
Give, as thou didst yesterday

At the South-land's call, or on  
Need's demand from fired St. John.

Set thy Church's muffled bell  
Free the generous deed to tell.

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice  
In the glad, sonorous voice,

Ringing from the brazen mouth  
Of the bell of the Old South,—

Ringing clearly, with a will,  
"What she was is Boston still !"

### GARDEN

A hymn for the American Horticultural Society, 1882. [Originally written to be sung at an agricultural and horticultural fair in Amesbury in 1853. It was translated into Portuguese by Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and read at a harvest festival. It has been translated into Italian also and sung by peasants at the gathering of the vintage.]

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,  
We own Thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
May share the work of Thine !

Apart from Thee we plant in vain  
The root and sow the seed ;  
Thy early and Thy later rain,  
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
Our burden is our boon ;  
The curse of Earth's gray morning is  
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere  
For Eden's unknown ground ?  
That garden of the primal pair  
May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil  
May right the ancient wrong,  
And give to every clime and soil  
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees  
May Eden's orchard shame ;  
We taste the tempting sweets of these  
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and West,  
The pride of every zone,  
The fairest, rarest, and the best  
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world sought  
In hill-groves and in bower,  
The fittest offerings thither brought  
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull  
Thy gifts each year renewed ;  
The good is always beautiful,  
The beautiful is good.

### A GREETING

Read at Harriet Beecher Stowe's seventieth anniversary, June 14, 1882, at a garden party at ex-Governor Claffin's in Newtonville, Mass.

THRICE welcome from the Land of Flowers  
And golden-fruited orange bowers  
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours !

To her who, in our evil time,  
Dragged into light the nation's crime  
With strength beyond the strength of men,  
And, mightier than their swords, her pen !  
To her who world-wide entrance gave  
To the log-cabin of the slave ;  
Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,  
And all earth's languages his own, —  
North, South, and East and West, made  
all  
The common air electrical,  
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven  
Blazed down, and every chain was riven !

Welcome from each and all to her  
Whose Wooing of the Minister  
Revealed the warm heart of the man  
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,  
And taught the kinship of the love  
Of man below and God above ;  
To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes  
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks ;  
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,  
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,  
With old New England's flavor rife,  
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,  
Are racy as the legends old  
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ;  
To her who keeps, through change of place  
And time, her native strength and grace,  
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,  
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles,  
Whose summer winds have shivered o'er  
The icy drift of Labrador,  
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl  
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl !  
To her at threescore years and ten  
Be tributes of the tongue and pen ;  
Be honor, praise, and heart-thanks given,  
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven !

Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs  
The air to-day, our love is hers !  
She needs no guaranty of fame  
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.  
Long ages after ours shall keep  
Her memory living while we sleep ;  
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,  
The winds that rock the Southern pines,  
Shall sing of her ; the unending years  
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.  
And when, with sins and follies past,  
Are numbered color-hate and caste,  
White, black, and red shall own as one  
The noblest work by woman done.

### GODSPEED

Written on the occasion of a voyage made  
by my friends Annie Fields and Sarah Orne  
Jewett.

OUTBOUND, your bark awaits you. Were  
I one  
Whose prayer availeth much, my wish  
should be  
Your favoring trade-wind and consenting  
sea.  
By sail or steed was never love outrun,  
And, here or there, love follows her in  
whom  
All graces and sweet charities unite,  
The old Greek beauty set in holier light ;  
And her for whom New England's byways  
bloom,  
Who walks among us welcome as the  
Spring,  
Calling up blossoms where her light feet  
stray.  
God keep you both, make beautiful your  
way,  
Comfort, console, and bless ; and safely  
bring,  
Ere yet I make upon a vaster sea  
The unreturning voyage, my friends to  
me.

### WINTER ROSES

In reply to a flower gift from Mrs. Putnam's  
school at Jamaica Plain.

My garden roses long ago  
Have perished from the leaf-strewn  
walks ;  
Their pale, fair sisters smile no more  
Upon the sweet-brier stalks.  
Gone with the flower-time of my life,  
Spring's violets, summer's blooming  
pride,  
And Nature's winter and my own  
Stand, flowerless, side by side.  
So might I yesterday have sung ;  
To-day, in bleak December's noon,  
Come sweetest fragrance, shapes, and  
hues,  
The rosy wealth of June !

Bless the young hands that culled the gift,  
And bless the hearts that prompted it ;  
If undeserved it comes, at least  
It seems not all unfit.

Of old my Quaker ancestors  
Had gifts of forty stripes save one ;  
To-day as many roses crown  
The gray head of their son

And with them, to my fancy's eye,  
The fresh-faced givers smiling come,  
And nine and thirty happy girls  
Make glad a lonely room

They bring the atmosphere of youth ;  
The light and warmth of long ago  
Are in my heart, and on my cheek  
The airs of morning blow.

O buds of girlhood, yet unblown,  
And fairer than the gift ye chose,  
For you may years like leaves unfold  
The heart of Sharon's rose !

### THE REUNION

Read September 10, 1885, to the surviving  
students of Haverhill Academy in 1827-1830.

THE gulf of seven and fifty years  
We stretch our welcoming hands across ;  
The distance but a pebble's toss  
Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on  
The remnant of a once full list ;  
Conning our lessons, undismissed,  
With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown way,  
And some await the call to rest ;  
Who knoweth whether it is best  
For those who went or those who stay ?

And yet despite of loss and ill,  
If faith and love and hope remain,  
Our length of days is not in vain,  
And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence  
The thanks of grateful hearts are due,  
For blessings when our lives were new,  
For all the good vouchsafed us since.

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,  
The wish denied, the purpose crossed,  
And pleasure's fond occasions lost,  
Were mercies to our small desert.

'T is something that we wander back,  
Gray pilgrims, to our ancient ways,  
And tender memories of old days  
Walk with us by the Merrimac ;

That even in life's afternoon  
A sense of youth comes back again,  
As through this cool September rain  
The still green woodlands dream of June.

The eyes grown dim to present things  
Have keener sight for bygone years,  
And sweet and clear, in deafening ears,  
The bird that sang at morning sings.

Dear comrades, scattered wide and far,  
Send from their homes their kindly word,  
And dearer ones, unseen, unheard,  
Smile on us from some heavenly star.

For life and death with God are one,  
Unchanged by seeming change His care  
And love are round us here and there ;  
He breaks no thread His hand has spun.

Soul touches soul, the muster roll  
Of life eternal has no gaps ;  
And after half a century's lapse  
Our school-day ranks are closed and whole.

Hail and farewell ! We go our way ;  
Where shadows end, we trust in light ;  
The star that ushers in the night  
Is herald also of the day !

### NORUMBEGA HALL

Norumbega Hall at Wellesley College, named in honor of Eben Norton Horsford, who was one of the most munificent patrons of that noble institution, and who had just published an essay claiming the discovery of the site of the somewhat mythical city of Norumbega, was opened with appropriate ceremonies, in April, 1886. The following sonnet was written for the occasion, and was read by President Alice E. Freeman, to whom it was addressed.

NOT on Penobscot's wooded bank the spires  
Of the sought City rose, nor yet beside

The winding Charles, nor where the daily tide  
 Of Naumkeag's haven rises and retires,  
 The vision tarried ; but somewhere we knew  
 The beautiful gates must open to our quest,  
 Somewhere that marvellous City of the West  
 Would lift its towers and palace domes in view,  
 And, lo ! at last its mystery is made known —  
 Its only dwellers maidens fair and young,  
 Its Princess such as England's Laureate  
 sung ;  
 And safe from capture, save by love alone,  
 It lends its beauty to the lake's green shore,  
 And Norumbega is a myth no more.

## THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

1886

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,  
 In freeing us, itself made free,  
 Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
 Her sculptured Dream of Liberty :

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands  
 Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
 On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
 We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful ! to thee  
 Once more a debt of love we owe :  
 In peace beneath thy Colors Three,  
 We hail a later Rochambeau !

Rise, stately Symbol ! holding forth  
 Thy light and hope to all who sit  
 In chains and darkness ! Belt the earth  
 With watch-fires from thy torch up-lit !

Reveal the primal mandate still  
 Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
 Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will  
 In signs of fire : " Let man be free ! "

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
 To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
 A lightning-flash the wretch to smite  
 Who shields his license with thy name !

## ONE OF THE SIGNERS

Written for the unveiling of the statue of Josiah Bartlett at Amesbury, Mass., July 4, 1888. Governor Bartlett, who was a native of the town, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Amesbury or Ambresbury, so called from the "anointed stones" of the great Druidical temple near it, was the seat of one of the earliest religious houses in Britain. The tradition that the guilty wife of King Arthur fled thither for protection forms one of the finest passages in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

O STORIED vale of Merrimac,  
 Rejoice through all thy shade and  
 shine,  
 And from his century's sleep call back  
 A brave and honored son of thine.

Unveil his effigy between  
 The living and the dead to-day ;  
 The fathers of the Old Thirteen  
 Shall witness bear as spirits may.

Unseen, unheard, his gray compeers,  
 The shades of Lee and Jefferson,  
 Wise Franklin reverend with his years,  
 And Carroll, lord of Carrollton !

Be thine henceforth a pride of place  
 Beyond thy namesake's over-sea,  
 Where scarce a stone is left to trace  
 The Holy House of Amesbury.

A prouder memory lingers round  
 The birthplace of thy true man here  
 Than that which haunts the refuge found  
 By Arthur's mythic Guinevere.

The plain deal table where he sat  
 And signed a nation's title-deed  
 Is dearer now to fame than that  
 Which bore the scroll of Runnymede.

Long as, on Freedom's natal morn,  
 Shall ring the Independence bells,  
 Give to thy dwellers yet unborn  
 The lesson which his image tells.

For in that hour of Destiny,  
 Which tried the men of bravest stock,  
 He knew the end alone must be  
 A free land or a traitor's block.

Among those picked and chosen men  
Than his, who here first drew his breath,  
No firmer fingers held the pen  
Which wrote for liberty or death.

Not for their hearths and homes alone,  
But for the world their work was done ;  
On all the winds their thought has flown  
Through all the circuit of the sun.

We trace its flight by broken chains,  
By songs of grateful Labor still ;

To-day, in all her holy fanes,  
It rings the bells of freed Brazil.

O hills that watched his boyhood's home,  
O earth and air that nursed him, give,  
In this memorial semblance, room  
To him who shall its bronze outlive !

And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice  
That in the countless years to come,  
Whene'er Freedom needs a voice,  
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb !

## THE TENT ON THE BEACH

### THE TENT ON THE BEACH

It can scarcely be necessary to name as the two companions whom I reckoned with myself in this poetical picnic, Fields the lettered magnate, and Taylor the free cosmopolite. The long line of sandy beach which defines almost the whole of the New Hampshire sea-coast is especially marked near its southern extremity, by the salt-meadows of Hampton. The Hampton River winds through these meadows, and the reader may, if he choose, imagine my tent pitched near its mouth, where also was the scene of the *Wreck of Rivermouth*. The green bluff to the northward is Great Boar's Head; southward is the Merrimac, with Newburyport lifting its steeples above brown roofs and green trees on its banks. [Mr. Whittier originally designed following the Decameron method and feigning that each person read his own poem, but abandoned it as too hackneyed.]

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful strain,—  
Too light perhaps for serious years,  
though born  
Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—  
Against the pure ideal which has drawn  
My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.  
A simple plot is mine: legends and runes  
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain  
Silent from boyhood taking voice again,  
Warmed into life once more, even as the  
tunes  
That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,  
Thawed into sound:—a winter fireside  
dream  
Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,  
Whose sands are traversed by a silent  
throng  
Of voyagers from that vaster mystery  
Of which it is an emblem;—and the dear  
Memory of one who might have tuned my  
song  
To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

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When heats as of a tropic clime  
Burned all our inland valleys through,

Three friends, the guests of summer  
time,  
Pitched their white tent where sea-  
winds blew.  
Behind them, marshes, seamed and  
crossed  
With narrow creeks, and flower-em-  
bossed,  
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy  
arms  
Screened from the stormy East the pleasant  
inland farms.  
  
At full of tide their bolder shore  
Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat;  
At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor  
They touched with light, receding feet.  
Northward a green bluff broke the chain  
Of sand-hills; southward stretched a  
plain  
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,  
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples of  
the town,—  
  
Whence sometimes, when the wind was  
light  
And dull the thunder of the beach,  
They heard the bells of morn and night  
Swing, miles away, their silver speech.  
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall  
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;  
And, the first star to signal twilight's  
hour,  
The lamp-fire glimmer down from the tall  
light-house tower.  
  
They rested there, escaped awhile  
From cares that wear the life away,  
To eat the lotus of the Nile  
And drink the poppies of Cathay,—  
To fling their loads of custom down,  
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes  
brown,  
And in the sea-waves drown the restless  
pack  
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked  
upon their track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered, bore  
 A ready credence in his looks,  
 A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
 An ever-widening realm of books.  
 In him brain-currents, near and far,  
 Converged as in a Leyden jar ;  
 The old, dead authors thronged him round  
 about,  
 And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leatheren  
 graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,  
 Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
 And well the market value tell  
 Of poet and philosopher.  
 But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
 Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
 Finding the actors human at the best,  
 No readier lips than his the good he saw  
 confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
 He loved himself the singer's art ;  
 Tenderly, gently, by his own  
 He knew and judged an author's heart.  
 No Rhadamantine brow of doom  
 Bowed the dazed pedant from his room ;  
 And bards, whose name is legion, if denied,  
 Bore off alike intact their verses and their  
 pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about  
 The lettered world as he had done,  
 And see the lords of song without  
 Their singing robes and garlands on.  
 With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,  
 Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,  
 And with the ears of Rogers, at fourscore,  
 Hear Garrick's buskinéd tread and Wal-  
 pole's wit once more.

And one there was, a dreamer born,  
 Who, with a mission to fulfil,  
 Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
 The crank of an opinion-mill,  
 Making his rustic reed of song  
 A weapon in the war with wrong,  
 Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough  
 That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to  
 spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride  
 The wingéd Hippogriff Reform ;  
 Was his a voice from side to side  
 To pierce the tumult of the storm ?

A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
 He seemed no fiery partisan  
 To hold his way against the public frown,  
 The ban of Church and State, the fierce  
 mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will  
 The work his hands had found to do,  
 He heard the fitful music still  
 Of winds that out of dream-land blew.  
 The din about him could not drown  
 What the strange voices whispered down ;  
 Along his task-field weird processions swept,  
 The visionary pomp of stately phantoms  
 stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams,—  
 He told them to the toiling crowd ;  
 Such music as the woods and streams  
 Sang in his ear he sang aloud ;  
 In still, shut bays, on windy capes,  
 He heard the call of beckoning shapes,  
 And, as the gray old shadows prompted  
 him,  
 To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped  
 their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,  
 And lightly moralized and laughed,  
 As, tracing on the shifting sands  
 A burlesque of his paper-craft,  
 He saw the careless waves o'errun  
 His words, as time before had done,  
 Each day's tide-water washing clean away,  
 Like letters from the sand, the work of  
 yesterday.

And one, whose Arab face was tanned  
 By tropic sun and boreal frost,  
 So travelled there was scarce a land  
 Or people left him to exhaust,  
 In idling mood had from him hurled  
 The poor squeezed orange of the world,  
 And in the tent - shade, sat beneath a  
 palm,  
 Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in Ori-  
 ental calm.

The very waves that washed the sand  
 Below him, he had seen before  
 Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
 And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
 From ice-rimmed isles, from summer  
 seas  
 Palm-fringed, they bore him messages

He heard the plaintive Nubian songs again,  
And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-  
paths of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked earth  
On Puck's long girdle slid at ease ;  
And, instant, to the valley's girth  
Of mountains, spice isles of the seas,  
Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's  
guess  
At truth and beauty, found access ;  
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopolite,  
Old friends, old ways, and kept his boy-  
hood's dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and pride,  
That virgin innocence of beach :  
No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,  
Stared its gray sand-birds out of reach ;  
Unhoused, save where, at intervals,  
The white tents showed their canvas  
walls,  
Where brief sojourners, in the cool, soft  
air,  
Forgot their inland heats, hard toil, and  
year-long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep sand  
A one-horse wagon slowly crawled,  
Deep laden with a youthful band,  
Whose look some homestead old re-  
called ;  
Brother perchance, and sisters twain,  
And one whose blue eyes told, more  
plain  
Than the free language of her rosy lip,  
Of the still dearer claim of love's relation-  
ship.

With checks of russet-orchard tint,  
The light laugh of their native rills,  
The perfume of their garden's mint,  
The breezy freedom of the hills,  
They bore, in unrestrained delight,  
The motto of the Garter's knight,  
Careless as if from every gazing thing  
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by his  
ring.

The clangling sea-fowl came and went,  
The hunter's gun in the marshes rang ;  
At nightfall from a neighboring tent  
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang.  
Loose-haired, barefooted, hand-in-hand,  
Young girls went tripping down the sand ;

And youths and maidens, sitting in the  
moon,  
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from  
which we wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they plied,  
With an old Triton at the oar,  
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried  
As a lean cusk from Labrador.  
Strange tales he told of wreck and  
storm,—  
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,  
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle com-  
plain,  
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to  
old Spain !

And there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing-schooners outward run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade and  
sun.  
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,  
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a  
sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening main,  
Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.  
And when west-wind and sunshine warm  
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prismatic hues in thin spray  
showers  
Where the green buds of waves burst into  
white froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore  
The mists crept upward chill and  
damp,  
Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,  
They talked of all things old and new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do ;  
And in the unquestioned freedom of the  
tent,  
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease  
unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendors died,  
And, trampling up the sloping sand,  
In lines outreaching far and wide,  
The white-maned billows swept to land,

Dim seen across the gathering shade,  
A vast and gnosti cavalcade,  
They sat around their lighted kerosene,  
Hearing the deep bass roar their every  
pause between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor  
Within his full portfolio dipped,  
Feigning excuse while searching for  
(With secret pride) his manuscript.  
His pale face flushed from eye to beard,  
With nervous cough his throat he cleared,  
And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed  
The anxious fondness of an author's heart,  
he read :

## THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

The Goody Cole who figures in this poem and *The Changeling* was Eunice Cole, who for a quarter of a century or more was feared, persecuted, and hated as the witch of Hampton. She lived alone in a hovel a little distant from the spot where the Hampton Academy now stands, and there she died, unmattened. When her death was discovered, she was hastily covered up in the earth near by, and a stake driven through her body, to exorcise the evil spirit. Rev. Stephen Bachiler or Batchelder was one of the ablest of the early New England preachers. His marriage late in life to a woman regarded by his church as disreputable induced him to return to England, where he enjoyed the esteem and favor of Oliver Cromwell during the Protectorate.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,  
By dawn or sunset shone across,  
When the ebb of the sea has left them  
free

To dry their fringes of gold-green moss :  
For there the river comes winding down,  
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,  
And waves on the outer rocks afoam  
Shout to its waters, " Welcome home ! "

And fair are the sunny isles in view  
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
And Agamemnus lifts its blue  
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er ;  
And southerly, when the tide is down,  
Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills  
brown,  
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls  
wheel  
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,  
Two hundred years ago and more,  
A boat sailed down through the winding  
ways

Of Hampton River to that low shore,  
Full of a goodly company  
Sailing out on the summer sea,  
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,  
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to  
right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid  
Their scythes to the swaths of salted  
grass,

" Ah, well-a-day ! our hay must be made ! "  
A young man sighed, who saw them  
pass.

Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand  
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,  
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,  
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

" Fie on the witch ! " cried a merry girl,  
As they rounded the point where Goody  
Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,  
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.

" Oho ! " she muttered, " ye 're brave to-  
day ! "

But I hear the little waves laugh and say,  
' The broth will be cold that waits at home ;  
For it 's one to go, but another to come ! '

" She 's cursed," said the skipper ; " speak  
her fair :

I 'm scared always to see her shake  
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,  
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a  
snake."

But merrily still, with laugh and shout,  
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,  
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed  
nigh,

And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,  
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod ;  
They saw not the Shadow that walked be-  
side,

They heard not the feet with silence shod.  
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew.  
Shot by the lightnings through and through;  
And muffled growls, like the growl of a  
beast,  
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea

Up to the dimmed and wading sun ;  
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,  
" Yet there is time for our homeward run."

Veering and tacking, they backward wore ;  
And just as a breath from the woods ashore  
Blew out to whisper of danger past,  
The wrath of the storm came down at last !

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail :  
" God be our help ! " he only cried,  
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a  
flail,

Smote the boat on its starboard side.  
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone  
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,  
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,  
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door :  
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and  
gone,  
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar  
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.  
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,  
The tear on her cheek was not of rain :  
" They are lost," she muttered, " boat and  
crew !  
Lord, forgive me ! my words were true ! "

Suddenly seaward swept the squall ;  
The low sun smote through cloudy rack ;  
The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all  
The trend of the coast lay hard and  
black.  
But far and wide as eye could reach,  
No life was seen upon wave or beach ;  
The boat that went out at morning never  
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,  
Look from the meadows green and low :  
The wind of the sea is a waft of death,  
The waves are singing a song of woe !  
By silent river, by moaning sea,  
Long and vain shall thy watching be :  
Never again shall the sweet voice call,  
Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight  
Ye saw in the light of breaking day !  
Dead faces looking up cold and white

From sand and seaweed where they lay  
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,  
And cursed the tide as it backward crept :  
" Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake !  
Leave your dead for the hearts that break ! "

Solemn it was in that old day  
In Hampton town and its log-built  
church,  
Where side by side the coffins lay  
And the mourners stood in aisle and  
porch.

In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,  
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,  
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,  
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray :  
Under the weight of his fourscore years  
He stood apart with the iron-gray  
Of his strong brows knitted to hide his  
tears ;  
And a fair-faced woman of doubtful fame,  
Linking her own with his honored name,  
Subtle as sin, at his side withstood  
The felt reproach of her neighborhood.

Apart with them, like them forbid,  
Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,  
As, two by two, with their faces hid,  
The mourners walked to the burying-ground.  
She let the staff from her clasped hands  
fall :  
" Lord, forgive us ! we 're sinners all ! "  
And the voice of the old man answered her :  
" Amen ! " said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore  
In the calm of a closing summer day,  
And the broken lines of Hampton shore  
In purple mist of cloudland lay,  
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told ;  
And waves aglow with sunset gold,  
Rising and breaking in steady chime,  
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more  
With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;  
In the east was moon-rise, with boats offshore  
And sails in the distance drifting slow.  
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,

The White Isle kindled its great red star ;  
And life and death in my old-time lay  
Mingled in peace like the night and day !

“ Well ! ” said the Man of Books, “ your story  
Is really not ill told in verse.  
As the Celt said of purgatory,  
One might go farther and fare worse.”  
The Reader smiled ; and once again  
With steadier voice took up his strain,  
While the fair singer from the neighboring tent  
Drew near, and at his side a graceful listener bent.

## THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

At the mouth of the Melvin River, which empties into Moultonboro Bay in Lake Winnipesaukee, is a great mound. The Ossipee Indians had their home in the neighborhood of the bay, which is plentifully stocked with fish, and many relics of their occupation have been found.

WHERE the Great Lake’s sunny smiles  
Dimple round its hundred isles,  
And the mountain’s granite ledge  
Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,  
Rest the giant’s mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;  
Melvin water, mountain-born,  
All fair flowers its banks adorn ;  
All the woodland voices meet,  
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
Over waters island-strown,  
Over silver-sanded beach,  
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?  
Forest-kaiser, lord o’ the hills ?  
Knight who on the birchen tree  
Carved his savage heraldry ?  
Priest o’ the pine-wood temples dim,  
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim ?

Rugged type of primal man,  
Grim utilitarian,  
Loving woods for hunt and prowls,  
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
As the brown bear blind and dull  
To the grand and beautiful :

Not for him the lesson drawn  
From the mountains smit with dawn.  
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,  
Sunset’s purple bloom of day, —  
Took his life no hue from thence,  
Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree  
All too near akin was he :  
Unto him who stands afar  
Nature’s marvels greatest are ;  
Who the mountain purple seeks  
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows, in winter tramp,  
Or the midnight of the camp,  
What revealings faint and far,  
Stealing down from moon and star,  
Kindled in that human clod  
Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
Grand in robes of skin and bark,  
What sepulchral mysteries,  
What weird funeral-rites, were his ?  
What sharp wail, what drear lament,  
Back scared wolf and eagle sent ?

Now, whate’er he may have been,  
Low he lies as other men ;  
On his mound the partridge drums,  
There the noisy blue-jay comes ;  
Rank nor name nor pomp has he  
In the grave’s democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake !  
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !  
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !  
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee !  
Speak, and tell us how and when  
Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;  
Lake and mountain give no sign ;  
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;  
Vain the search of crumbling bones :  
Deepest of all mysteries,  
And the saddest. silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
Mingles slowly day by day ;  
But somewhere, for good or ill,  
That dark soul is living still ;  
Somewhere yet that atom's force  
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod  
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,  
While the soul's dark horoscope  
Holds no starry sign of hope !  
Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?  
Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,  
While the summer eventide  
Made the woods and inland sea  
And the mountains mystery ;  
And the hush of earth and air  
Seemed the pause before a prayer, —

Prayer for him, for all who rest,  
Mother Earth, upon thy breast, —  
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid  
In rock-cave or pyramid :  
All who sleep, as all who live,  
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive ! "

Desert-smothered caravan,  
Knee-deep dust that once was man,  
Battle-trenches ghastly piled,  
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,  
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,  
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

Oh, the generations old  
Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
To the silence of the skies !  
For the innumerable dead  
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?  
Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?  
Where the spectral conscripts led  
To the white tents of the dead ?  
What strange shore or chartless sea  
Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make  
Double sunset in the lake ;  
While above I saw with it,  
Range on range, the mountains lit ;  
And the calm and splendor stole  
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,  
What to thee the mountain saith,  
What is whispered by the trees ? —  
"Cast on God thy care for these ;  
Trust Him, if thy sight be dim :  
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes  
Where like night the sunshine lies,  
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow ;  
Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison !  
Through all depths of sin and loss  
Drops the plumbmet of Thy cross !  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could sound !

Therefore well may Nature keep  
Equal faith with all who sleep,  
Set her watch of hills around  
Christian grave and heathen mound,  
And to cairn and kirkyard send  
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,  
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam !  
On the Indian's grassy tomb  
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom !  
Deep below, as high above,  
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

He paused and questioned with his eye  
The hearers' verdict on his song.  
A low voice asked : "Is't well to pry  
Into the secrets which belong  
Only to God ? — The life to be  
Is still the unguessed mystery :  
Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls re-  
main,  
We beat with dream and wish the soundless  
doors in vain.

“ But faith beyond our sight may go.”  
 He said. “ The gracious Fatherhood  
 Can only know above, below,  
 Eternal purposes of good.  
 From our free heritage of will,  
 The bitter springs of pain and ill  
 Flow only in all worlds. The perfect day  
 Of God is shadowless, and love is love  
 alway.”

“ I know,” she said, “ the letter kills ;  
 That on our arid fields of strife  
 And heat of clashing texts distils  
 The dew of spirit and of life.  
 But, searching still the written Word,  
 I fain would find, Thus saith the Lord,  
 A voucher for the hope I also feel  
 That sin can give no wound beyond love’s  
 power to heal.”

“ Pray,” said the Man of Books, “ give o’er  
 A theme too vast for time and place.  
 Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more  
 Your hobby at his old free pace.  
 But let him keep, with step discreet,  
 The solid earth beneath his feet.  
 In the great mystery which around us lies,  
 The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-helped  
 is wise.”

The Traveller said. “ If songs have  
 creeds,  
 Their choice of them let singers make ;  
 But Art no other sanction needs  
 Than beauty for its own fair sake.  
 It grinds not in the mill of use,  
 Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse ;  
 It makes the flexible laws it deigns to own,  
 And gives its atmosphere its color and its  
 tone.

“ Confess, old friend, your austere school  
 Has left your fancy little chance ;  
 You square to reason’s rigid rule  
 The flowing outlines of romance.  
 With conscience keen from exercise,  
 And chronic fear of compromise,  
 You check the free play of your rhymes,  
 to clap  
 A moral underneath, and spring it like a  
 trap.”

The sweet voice answered : “ Better so  
 Than bolder flights that know no  
 check :

Better to use the bit, than throw  
 The reins all loose on fancy’s neck.  
 The liberal range of Art should be  
 The breadth of Christian liberty,  
 Restrained alone by challenge and alarm  
 Where its charmed footsteps tread the bor-  
 der land of harm.

“ Beyond the poet’s sweet dream lives  
 The eternal epic of the man.  
 He wisest is who only gives,  
 True to himself, the best he can ;  
 Who, drifting in the winds of praise,  
 The inward monitor obeys ;  
 And, with the boldness that confesses fear,  
 Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his con-  
 science steer.

“ Thanks for the fitting word he speaks,  
 Nor less for doubtful word unspoken,  
 For the false model that he breaks,  
 As for the moulded grace unbroken ;  
 For what is missed and what remains,  
 For losses which are truest gains,  
 For reverence conscious of the Eternal eye,  
 And truth too fair to need the garnish of a  
 lie.”

Laughing, the Critic bowed. “ I yield  
 The point without another word ;  
 Who ever yet a case appealed  
 Where beauty’s judgment had been  
 heard ?  
 And you, my good friend, owe to me  
 Your warmest thanks for such a plea,  
 As true withal as sweet. For my offence  
 Of cavil, let her words be ample recom-  
 pense.”

Across the sea one lighthouse star,  
 With crimson ray that came and went,  
 Revolving on its tower afar,  
 Looked through the doorway of the  
 tent.  
 While outward, over sand-slopes wet,  
 The lamp flashed down its yellow jet  
 On the long wash of waves, with red and  
 green  
 Tangles of weltering weed through the  
 white foam-wreaths seen.

“ Sing while we may,—another day  
 May bring enough of sorrow ;”—thus  
 Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,  
 His Crimean camp-song, hints to us.”

The lady said. "So let it be ;  
Sing us a song," exclaimed all three.  
She smiled : "I can but marvel at your  
choice  
To hear our poet's words through my poor  
borrowed voice."

Her window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day  
In prayer she kneels.  
" Dear Lord ! " she saith, " to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come ;  
I only see the tossing foun  
Of stranger keels.

" Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide ;  
They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

" O Thou ! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on you gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

" O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear, —  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail !

" Come, with your dearest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about ;  
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread ;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death ! "

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees.

It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell ;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear :  
" I wait to meet thee : be of cheer,  
For all is well ! "

The sweet voice into silence went,  
A silence which was almost pain  
As through it rolled the long lament,  
The cadence of the mournful main.  
Glancing his written pages o'er,  
The Reader tried his part once more ;  
Leaving the land of hacknatack and pine  
For Tuscan valleys glad with olive and with  
vine.

#### THE BROTHER OF MERCY

[Suggested by reading C. E. Norton's account ]

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town  
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gardens  
fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his mat  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden  
drifted,  
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'  
Arno sifted ;  
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted  
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or  
strife,  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life :  
But when at last came upward from the  
street  
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,  
The sick man started, strove to rise in  
vain,  
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.  
And the monk said, " 'T is but the Brother-  
hood  
Of Mercy going on some errand good :  
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."  
Piero answered faintly, " Woe is me !  
This day for the first time in forty years  
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,  
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,  
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task

Of love or pity, — haply from the street  
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with  
feet  
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish  
brain,  
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.  
I loved the work : it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offset  
My sins, which are many, or make less my  
debt  
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord ;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker too would die,  
And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad, — what matters, if not I ?  
And now all's over. "Woe is me ! " — "My  
son,"  
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is  
done ;  
And no more as a servant, but the guest  
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.  
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost,  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit  
down  
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden  
crown  
Forever and forever." — Piero tossed  
On his sick-pillow : "Miserable me !  
I am too poor for such grand company ;  
The crown would be too heavy for this gray  
Old head ; and God forgive me if I say  
It would be hard to sit there night and day,  
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught  
With these hard hands, that all my life have  
wrought,  
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.  
I'm dull at prayers : I could not keep  
awake,  
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy  
head,  
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.  
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,  
God knows he leaves behind his better part.  
I love my fellow-men : the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change  
me so  
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer ? Why, I never yet  
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,  
Or ass o'erladen ! Must I rate man less

Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness ?  
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be  
sin !)  
The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and de-  
sires  
Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears." — Thereat the pale monk crossed  
His brow, and muttering, "Madman ! thou  
art lost !"  
Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left alone,  
The sick man closed his eyes with a great  
groan  
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be  
done !"  
Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,  
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er  
him,  
And of a voice like that of her who bore  
him,  
Tender and most compassionate : "Never  
fear !  
For heaven is love, as God himself is love ;  
Thy work below shall be thy work above."  
And when he looked, lo ! in the stern  
monk's place  
He saw the shining of an angel's face !

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've seen  
The Brothers down the long street steal,  
Black, silent, masked, the crowd between,  
And felt to doff my hat and kneel  
With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
For blessings on their pious care."  
The Reader wiped his glasses : "Friends  
of mine,  
We'll try our home-brewed next, instead  
of foreign wine."

## THE CHANGELING

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton  
They needed not to search,  
Who saw young Anna Favor  
Come walking into church, —

Or bringing from the meadows,  
At set of harvest-day,  
The frolic of the blackbirds,  
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,  
The saddest two years' bride,  
She scowls in the face of her husband,  
And spurns her child aside.

“Rake out the red coals, goodman,—  
For there the child shall lie,  
Till the black witch comes to fetch her  
And both up chimney fly.

“It's never my own little daughter,  
It's never my own,” she said ;  
“The witches have stolen my Anna,  
And left me an imp instead.

“Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,  
Blue eyes, and hair of gold ;  
But this is ugly and wrinkled,  
Cross, and cunning, and old.

“I hate the touch of her fingers,  
I hate the feel of her skin ;  
It's not the milk from my bosom,  
But my blood, that she sucks in.

“My face grows sharp with the torment ;  
Look ! my arms are skin and bone !  
Rake open the red coals, goodman,  
And the witch shall have her own.

“She'll come when she hears it crying,  
In the shape of an owl or bat,  
And she'll bring us our darling Anna  
In place of her screeching brat.”

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,  
Laid his hand upon her head :  
“Thy sorrow is great, O woman !  
I sorrow with thee,” he said.

“The paths to trouble are many,  
And never but one sure way  
Leads out to the light beyond it :  
My poor wife, let us pray.”

Then he said to the great All-Father,  
“Thy daughter is weak and blind ;  
Let her sight come back, and clothe her  
Once more in her right mind.

“Lead her out of this evil shadow,  
Out of these fancies wild ;  
Let the holy love of the mother  
Turn again to her child.

“Make her lips like the lips of Mary  
Kissing her blessed Son ;  
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,  
Rest on her little one.

“Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,  
Open her prison-door,  
And thine shall be all the glory  
And praise forevermore.”

Then into the face of its mother  
The baby looked up and smiled ;  
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,  
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine  
Made the wan face almost fair,  
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder  
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,  
She kissed it on cheek and chin,  
And she bared her snow-white bosom  
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning  
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,  
But fairer to Ezra Dalton  
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness  
He stooped to her worn young face,  
And the nursing child and the mother  
He folded in one embrace.

“Blessed be God !” he murmured.  
“Blessed be God !” she said ;  
“For I see, who once was blinded,—  
I live, who once was dead.”

“Now mount and ride, my goodman,  
As thou lovest thy own soul !  
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies  
Be the death of Goody Cole !”

His horse he saddled and bridled,  
And into the night rode he,  
Now through the great black woodland,  
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,  
He came to the ferry wide,  
And thrice he called to the boatman  
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,  
He swam to Newbury town,  
And he called up Justice Sewall  
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice  
(Upon whose soul be peace !)  
Set his name to the jailer's warrant  
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats  
Went sounding like a flail ;  
And Goody Cole at cockerow  
Came forth from Ipswich ~~jan.~~

“Here is a rhyme : I hardly dare  
To venture on its theme worn out ;  
What seems so sweet by Doon and Ayr  
Sounds simply silly hereabout ;  
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown  
Are only tin horns at our own.  
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks with  
us,  
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new Theocritus.”

## THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH

Attitash, an Indian word signifying “huckleberry,” is the name of a large and beautiful lake in the northern part of Amesbury. [In a letter to Mr. Fields, Whittier wrote : “I should like to show thee Attitash, as it is as pretty as St. Mary’s Lake which Wordsworth sings, in fact a great deal prettier. The glimpse of the Pawtuckaway range of mountains in Nottingham seen across it is very fine, and it has noble groves of pines and maples and ash trees.”]

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen,

When, in the shadow of the ash  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood ;  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat ;

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying ;  
Hardhack, and virgin’s-bower,  
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
The wood-bird’s plaintive cry,  
The locust’s sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
Tossed back her queenly head,  
And lightly laughing, said :

“No bridegroom’s hand be mine to hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold ;  
I tread no cottage-floor ;  
I own no lover poor.

“My love must come on silken wings,  
With bridal lights of diamond rings,  
Not foul with kitchen smirch,  
With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head  
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,  
With look for home-hearths meet,  
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered, “We will not rivals be ;  
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;  
Mine be the cottage small,  
And thine the rich man’s hall.

“I know, indeed, that wealth is good ;  
But lowly roof and simple food,  
With love that hath no doubt,  
Are more than gold without.”

Hard by a farmer hale and young  
His cradle in the rye-field swung,  
Tracking the yellow plain  
With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene’er he paused to whet  
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met  
Of large dark eyes, where strove  
False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;  
That love shall overmatch disdain,  
Its instincts soon or late  
The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,  
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod  
The margin of the pond,  
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come ;  
Unfelt the turning tides of doom ;  
And so the maids laughed on,  
Nor dreamed what Fate had done, —

Nor knew the step was Destiny's  
That rustled in the birchen trees,  
As, with their lives forecast,  
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side  
The summer roses paled and died,  
And Autumn's fingers shed  
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,  
Alone, but for the diving loon,  
The partridge in the brake,  
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash  
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;  
And earth and air made room  
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,  
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod  
With blushes and with smiles  
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,  
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant  
Attempered and low-toned,  
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed  
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights  
streamed ;  
The sunshine seemed to bless,  
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,  
With scornful toss of midnight hair,  
Her dark, disdainful eyes,  
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,  
But all she dreamed and coveted  
Wears, half to her surprise,  
The youthful farmer's guise !

With more than all her old-time pride  
She walks the rye-field at his side,  
Careless of cot or hall,  
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground  
Of life is gained ; her hands have found  
The talisman of old  
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense  
With all its glittering accidents,  
And trust her heart alone,  
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build  
Awaits her ; but her cup is filled  
Even now unto the brim ;  
Her world is love and him !

The while he heard, the Book-man drew  
A length of make-believing face,  
With smothered mischief laughing  
through :  
“ Why, you shall sit in Ramsay's place  
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep  
On Yankee hills immortal sheep,  
While love-lorn swains and maids the seas  
beyond  
Hold dreamy tryst around your huckle-  
berry-pond.”

The Traveller laughed : “ Sir Galahad  
Singing of love the Trouvere's lay !  
How should he know the blindfold lad  
From one of Vulcan's forge-boys ? ” —  
“ Nay,  
He better sees who stands outside  
Than they who in procession ride,”  
The Reader answered : “ selectmen and  
squire  
Miss, while they make, the show that way  
side folks admire.

“ Here is a wild tale of the North,  
Our travelled friend will own as one  
Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth  
And lips of Christian Andersen.

They tell it in the valleys green  
Of the fair island he has seen,  
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore,  
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched by  
Elsinore."

## KALLUNDBORG CHURCH

"*Tie stille, barn min !  
Inorgen kommer Fin,  
Få'er din,  
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snare's øine og hjerte at lege med !*"  
Zealand Rhyme.

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
A church as stately as church may be,  
And there shalt thou wed my daughter  
fair,"  
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,  
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed !"  
And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea ;  
Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is  
wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair ?"  
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,  
Thou must the name of its builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my  
boon."  
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought  
on ;  
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not  
pray ;

In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumor ran through the country-side ;

And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done ;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;  
And the grim Troll muttered, " Fool thou  
art !  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart ! "

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern  
Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man  
sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ;  
Before him the church stood large and  
fair :  
" I have builded my tomb," said Esbern  
Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step at his side :  
" O Esbern Snare ! " a sweet voice said,  
" Would I might die now in thy stead ! "

With a grasp by love and by fear made  
strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long :  
With the beating heart of a bird afraid,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

" O love ! " he cried, " let me look to-day  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away ;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy  
heart  
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

" I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me ! "  
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving  
heart  
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound  
Of a Troll-wife singing underground :  
" To-morrow comes Fine, father thine :  
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine ! "

“Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise  
Thou’lt play with Esbern Snare’s heart and  
eyes !”  
“Ho ! ho !” quoth Esbern, “is that your  
game ?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his  
name !”

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the lacking  
stone.  
“Too late, Gaffer Fine !” cried Esbern  
Snare ;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with  
blame  
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the  
rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon ;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare !

“What,” asked the Traveller, “would  
our sires,  
The old Norse story-tellers, say  
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,  
And smoking steamboats of to-day ?  
And this, O lady, by your leave,  
Recalls your song of yester eve :  
Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn once  
more.”  
“Hear, hear !” the Book-man cried, “the  
lady has the floor.

“These noisy waves below perhaps  
To such a strain will lend their ear,  
With softer voice and lighter lapse  
Come stealing up the sands to hear,  
And what they once refused to do  
For old King Knut accord to you.  
Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners be,  
As once, the legend runs, they heard St.  
Anthony.”

#### THE CABLE HYMN

O LONELY bay of Trinity,  
O dreary shores, give ear !  
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea  
The voice of God to hear !

From world to world His couriers fly,  
Thought-winged and shod with fire ;  
The angel of His stormy sky  
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?  
“The world’s long strife is done ;  
Close wedded by that mystic cord,  
Its continents are one.

“And one in heart, as one in blood,  
Shall all her peoples be ;  
The hands of human brotherhood  
Are clasped beneath the sea.

“Through Orient seas, o’er Afric’s plain  
And Asian mountains borne,  
The vigor of the Northern brain  
Shall nerve the world outworn.

“From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead.”

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat  
From answering beach to beach ;  
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,  
Glide tamed and dumb below !  
Bear gently, Ocean’s carrier-dove,  
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
Beneath the deep so far,  
The bridal robe of earth’s accord,  
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean’s wall  
Space mocked and time outrun ;  
And round the world the thought of all  
Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,  
The tongues of striving cease :

As on the Sea of Galilee  
The Christ is whispering, Peace !

“Glad prophecy ! to this at last,”  
The Reader said, “shall all things  
come.  
Forgotten be the bugle’s blast,  
And battle-music of the drum.  
A little while the world may run  
Its old mad way, with needle-gun  
And ironclad, but truth, at last, shall reign :  
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung  
in vain !”

Shifting his scattered papers, “Here,”  
He said, as died the faint applause,  
“Is something that I found last year  
Down on the island known as Orr’s.  
I had it from a fair-haired girl  
Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,  
(As if by some droll freak of circumstance,) Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet Stowe’s  
romance.”

## THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond  
The sundown’s golden trail ?  
The white flash of a sea-bird’s wing,  
Or gleam of slanting sail ?  
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,  
And sea-worn elders pray,—  
The ghost of what was once a ship  
Is sailing up the bay !

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,  
From peril and from pain,  
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,  
O hundred-harbored Maine !  
But many a keel shall seaward turn,  
And many a sail outstand,  
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms  
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland’s bristling pines ;  
She threads the isle-set bay ;  
No spur of breeze can speed her on,  
Nor ebb of tide delay.  
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr  
Who tell her date and name,  
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards  
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,  
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine ?  
What makes thee in the haunts of home  
A wonder and a sign ?  
No foot is on thy silent deck,  
Upon thy helm no hand ;  
No ripple hath the soundless wind  
That smites thee from the land !

For never comes the ship to port,  
Howe’er the breeze may be ;  
Just when she nears the waiting shore  
She drifts again to sea.  
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,  
Nor sheer of veering side ;  
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,  
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o’er Harpswell Neck the star  
Of evening guides her in ;  
In vain for her the lamps are lit  
Within thy tower, Seguin !  
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,  
In vain the pilot call ;  
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,  
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,  
Your gray-head hints of ill ;  
And, over sick-beds whispering low,  
Your prophecies fulfil.  
Some home amid yon birchen trees  
Shall drape its door with woe ;  
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,  
The burial boat shall row !

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,  
From island and from main,  
From sheltered cove and tided creek,  
Shall glide the funeral train.  
The dead-boat with the bearers four,  
The mourners at her stern,—  
And one shall go the silent way  
Who shall no more return !

And men shall sigh, and women weep,  
Whose dear ones pale and pine,  
And sadly over sunset seas  
Await the ghostly sign.  
They know not that its sails are filled  
By pity’s tender breath,  
Nor see the Angel at the helm  
Who steers the Ship of Death !

"Chill as a down-east breeze should be,"  
 The Book-man said. "A ghostly touch  
 The legend has. I 'm glad to see  
 Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch."  
 "Well, here is something of the sort  
 Which one midsummer day I caught  
 In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish."  
 "We wait," the Traveller said ; "serve  
 hot or cold your dish."

## THE PALATINE

Block Island in Long Island Sound, called by the Indians Manisees, the isle of the little god, was the scene of a tragic incident a hundred years or more ago, when *The Palatine*, an emigrant ship bound for Philadelphia, driven off its course, came upon the coast at this point. A mutiny on board, followed by an inhuman desertion on the part of the crew, had brought the unhappy passengers to the verge of starvation and madness. Tradition says that wreckers on shore, after rescuing all but one of the survivors, set fire to the vessel, which was driven out to sea before a gale which had sprung up. Every twelvemonth, according to the same tradition, the spectacle of a ship on fire is visible to the inhabitants of the island.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,  
 Point Judith watches with eye of hawk ;  
 Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk !

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,  
 With never a tree for Spring to waken,  
 For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,  
 Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,  
 Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold  
 The coast lights up on its turret old,  
 Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet  
 At its doors and windows howl and beat,  
 And Winter laughs at its fires of peat !

But in summer time, when pool and pond,  
 Held in the laps of valleys fond,  
 Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the briar rose,  
 And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose  
 Flowers the mainland rarely knows ;

When boats to their morning fishing go,  
 And, held to the wind and slanting low,  
 Whitening and darkening the small sails  
 show, —

Then is that lonely island fair ;  
 And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
 The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,  
 On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,  
 No blue waves shatter to foam more  
 white !

There, circling ever their narrow range,  
 Quaint tradition and legend strange  
 Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,  
 Or rocking weirdly to and fro  
 In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,  
 Talk together of dream and sign,  
 Talk of the lost ship Palatine, —

The ship that, a hundred years before,  
 Freighted deep with its goodly store,  
 In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one  
 Counted the shots of her signal gun,  
 And heard the crash when she drove right  
 on !

Into the teeth of death she sped :  
 (May God forgive the hands that fed  
 The false lights over the rocky Head !)

O men and brothers ! what sights were  
 there !  
 White upturned faces, hands stretched in  
 prayer !  
 Where waves had pity, could ye not spare ?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of  
 prey  
 Tearing the heart of the ship away,  
 And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and  
shine  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward  
sped,  
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they  
said:  
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once  
more  
Along their foam-white curves of shore  
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold ! again, with shimmer and shine,  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
The flaming wreck of the Palatine !

So, haply in fitter words than these,  
Mending their nets on their patient knees,  
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray ;  
"It is known to us all," they quietly  
say ;  
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once  
spoken ?

Was never a deed but left its token  
Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflections give ?  
Do pictures of all the ages live  
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,  
She shows at times, with shudder or  
laugh,  
Phantom and shadow in photograph ?

For still, on many a moonless night,  
From Kingston Head and from Montauk  
light  
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,  
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,  
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies  
be fine,

Reef their sails when they see the sign  
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine !

"A fitter tale to scream than sing,"  
The Book-man said. " Well, fancy,  
then,"

The Reader answered, " on the wing  
The sea-birds shriek it, not for men,  
But in the ear of wave and breeze ! "  
The Traveller mused : " Your Manisees  
Is fairy-land : off Narragansett shore  
Who ever saw the isle or heard its name  
before ?

" 'T is some strange land of Flyaway,  
Whose dreamy shore the ship beguiles,  
St. Brandan's in its sea-mist gray,  
Or sunset loom of Fortunate Isles ! "

" No ghost, but solid turf and rock  
Is the good island known as Block,"  
The Reader said. " For beauty and for  
ease

I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing Mani-  
sees !

" But let it pass ; here is a bit  
Of unrhymed story, with a hint  
Of the old preaching mood in it,  
The sort of sidelong moral squint  
Our friend objects to, which has grown,  
I fear, a habit of my own.  
'T was written when the Asian plague drew  
near,  
And the land held its breath and paled  
with sudden fear."

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19, 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our ancestors, but its occurrence brought something more than philosophical speculation into the minds of those who passed through it. The incident of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy protest is a matter of history.

In the old days (a custom laid aside  
With breeches and cocked hats) the people  
sent  
Their wisest men to make the public laws.  
And so, from a brown homestead, where the  
Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,  
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,  
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil  
deaths,  
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State  
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—  
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung  
sky

Was black with ominous clouds, save where  
its rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that  
which climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard  
fowls

Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on  
leathern wings

Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;  
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears  
grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet  
shatter

The black sky, that the dreadful face of  
Christ

Might look from the rent clouds, not as  
he looked

A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim  
as ghosts,

Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us ad-  
journ,"

Some said; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Daven-  
port.

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
The intolerable hush. "This well may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world  
awaits;

But be it so or not, I only know  
My present duty, and my Lord's command  
To occupy till He come. So at the post  
Where He hath set me in His providence,

I choose, for one, to meet Him face to  
face,—  
No faithless servant frightened from my  
task,  
But ready when the Lord of the harvest  
calls;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would  
say,  
Let God do His work, we will see to  
ours.  
Bring in the candles." And they brought  
them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker  
read,

Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An act to amend an act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries. Where-  
upon

Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,  
Straight to the question, with no figures of  
speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without  
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:  
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the  
while,

Between the pauses of his argument,  
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this  
day,

Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen  
Against the background of unnatural dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

He ceased: just then the ocean seemed  
To lift a half-faced moon in sight;  
And, shore-ward, o'er the waters  
gleamed,

From crest to crest, a line of light,  
Such as of old, with solemn awe,  
The fishers by Gennesaret saw,  
When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son of  
God,  
Tracking the waves with light where'er his  
sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye  
Upon that sudden glory turned:  
Cool from the land the breeze blew by,

The tent-ropes flapped, the long beach  
churned  
Its waves to foam ; on either hand  
Stretched, far as sight, the hills of sand ;  
With bays of marsh, and capes of bush  
and tree,  
The wood's black shore-line loomed beyond  
the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One song,  
Or hymn," they urged, "before we  
part."  
And she, with lips to which belong  
Sweet intuitions of all art,  
Gave to the winds of night a strain  
Which they who heard would hear again ;  
And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,  
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accom-  
paniment.

## THE WORSHIP OF NATURE

THE harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play ;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far ;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine ;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer ;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain,—  
The thunder-organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

The singer ceased. The moon's white rays  
Fell on the rapt, still face of her.  
"Allah il Allah ! He hath praise  
From all things," said the Traveller.  
"Oft from the desert's silent nights,  
And mountain hymns of sunset lights,  
My heart has felt rebuke, as in his tent  
The Moslem's prayer has shamed my  
Christian knee unbent."

He paused, and lo ! far, faint, and slow  
The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled  
The twelve dead hours ; the lamp burned  
low ;  
The singer sought her canvas fold.  
One sadly said, "At break of day  
We strike our tent and go our way."  
But one made answer cheerily, "Never fear,  
We'll pitch this tent of ours in type an  
other year."

## ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS

### TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

[Read at the Convention which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Philadelphia, December, 1833.]

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand :  
In view of penury, hate, and death,  
I see thee fearless stand.  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well ;  
On in the strength of God !  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear,  
The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords !

They tell me thou art rash and vain,  
A searcher after fame ;  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long-enduring name ;  
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand  
And steeld the Afric's heart,  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long ?  
And watched the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong ?

And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee ?

Go on, the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom ;  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
Is glorious martyrdom !  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal ;  
And wait thy sure reward  
When man to man no more shall kneel,  
And God alone be Lord !

### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education ; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801 the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to reestablish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery

by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

'TWAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile  
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down  
Its beauty on the Indian isle, —  
On broad green field and white-walled town ;  
And inland waste of rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream.  
All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom, —  
The white eucropia's silver rind  
Relieved by deeper green behind,  
The orange with its fruit of gold,  
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,  
The passion-flower with symbol holy,  
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,  
The rhebias dark, and cassia tall,  
And proudly rising over all,  
The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
Crowned with its leafy diadem,  
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
The fiery-winged cucullo played !

How lovely was thine aspect, then,  
Fair island of the Western Sea !  
Lavish of beauty, even when  
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
For they, at least, were free !  
Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
The toiling negro sighed, that Time  
No faster sped his hours.  
For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
He fed the weary-turning mill,  
Or bent him in the chill morass,  
To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
And hear above his scar-worn back  
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack :  
While in his heart one evil thought  
In solitary madness wrought,  
One baleful fire surviving still  
The quenching of the immortal mind,  
One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill,  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry ! long, loud, and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang.

Around, beneath, above :  
The wild beast from his cavern sprang,  
The wild bird from her grove !  
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
Were mingled in that midnight cry ;  
But like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path  
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;  
It was as if the crimes of years —  
The unrequited toil, the tears,  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether hell —  
Had found in nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gathered horror hung ;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen  
Burst on the startled ears of men  
That voice which rises unto God,  
Solemn and stern, — the cry of blood !  
It ceased, and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell,  
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,  
And flashes rose and fell ;  
And painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;  
And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trod, fierce and free, the brute he made.  
And those who crept along the wall,  
And answered to his lightest call  
With more than spaniel dread,  
The creatures of his lawless beck,  
Were trampling on his very neck !  
And on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;  
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks pressed against her own

Then, injured Afric ! for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice, — pollution or the grave !

Where then was he whose fiery zeal  
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,  
Until despair itself grew strong,  
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?  
Now, when the thunderbolt is speeding ;  
Now, when oppression's heart is bleeding ;  
Now, when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down in fire and blood,  
That curse which, through long years of  
crime,  
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood, —  
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
Where murderer's sternest deeds are done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadowed o'er his humble door,  
Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death,  
Toussaint L'Ouverture !  
What marvel that his heart beat high !  
The blow for freedom had been given,  
And blood had answered to the cry  
Which Earth sent up to Heaven !  
What marvel that a fierce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
As groan and shout and bursting flame  
Told where the midnight tempest came,  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind ! he was a Man !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain ! if the light  
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
Unveiled not to thy mental sight  
The lowlier and the purer way,  
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
Meekly amidst the sons of crime ;  
That calm reliance upon God  
For justice in His own good time ;  
That gentleness to which belongs  
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
For mercy on the evil-dealing ;  
Let not the favored white man name  
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
Has he not, with the light of heaven  
Broadly around him, made the same ?  
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,  
And gloried in his ghastly shame ?  
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
To offer mockery unto God,  
As if the High and Holy One  
Could smile on deeds of murder done !  
As if a human sacrifice  
Were purer in His holy eyes,

Though offered up by Christian hands,  
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands !

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
His carbine grasped within his hand,  
The white man stood, prepared and still,  
Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
The horn winds through their caverned  
hill.

And one was weeping in his sight,  
The sweetest flower of all the isle,  
The bride who seemed but yesternight  
Love's fair embodied smile.

And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
Looked up the form of infancy,  
With tearful glance in either face  
The secret of its fear to trace.

“ Ha ! stand or die ! ” The white man's eye  
His steady musket gleamed along,  
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,  
With fearless step and strong.  
“ What ho, Toussaint ! ” A moment more,  
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
“ Away ! ” he shouted ; “ fly with me,  
The white man's bark is on the sea ;  
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
The yoke is spurned, the chain is broken ;  
On all the hills our fires are glowing,  
Through all the vales red blood is flowing !  
No more the mocking White shall rest  
His foot upon the Negro's breast ;  
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
The warm blood from the driver's whip :  
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
For all the wrongs his race have borne,  
Though for each drop of Negro blood  
The white man's veins shall pour a flood ;  
Not all alone the sense of ill  
Around his heart is lingering still,  
Nor deeper can the white man feel  
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
Friends of the Negro ! fly with me,  
The path is open to the sea :  
Away, for life ! ” He spoke, and pressed  
The young child to his manly breast,  
As, headlong, through the crackling cane,  
Down swept the dark insurgent train,  
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell  
Howled through the dark, like sounds from  
hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.  
Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
    Along the bright horizon's verge,  
    O'er which the curse of servile war  
    Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge ;  
And he, the Negro champion, where  
    In the fierce tumult struggled he ?  
Go trace him by the fiery glare  
Of dwellings in the midnight air,  
The yells of triumph and despair,  
    The streams that crimson to the sea !

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
    Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
Dark Haytien ! for the time shall come,  
    Yea, even now is nigh,  
When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
Redeemed from color's infamy ;  
And men shall learn to speak of thee  
As one of earth's great spirits, born  
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
Casting aside the weary weight  
And fetters of its low estate,  
In that strong majesty of soul

    Which knows no color, tongue, or clime,  
Which still hath spurned the base control  
    Of tyrants through all time !  
Far other hands than mine may wreath  
The laurel round thy brow of death,  
And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,  
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,  
Whose step on human hearts fell firm :  
Be mine the better task to find  
A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own,  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amid its chains, —  
That kindness to the wronged is never  
    Without its excellent reward,  
Holy to human-kind and ever  
    Acceptable to God.

## THE SLAVE-SHIPS

“That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
    Built ! the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”  
    MILTON's *Lycidas*.

“The French ship Le Rodeur, with a crew  
of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and

sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out, — an obstinate disease of the eyes, — contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally ; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew ; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation : to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned !* — *Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies*, June 17, 1820.

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there ; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind ! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadalupe on the 21st of June ; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival. — *Bibliothèque Ophthalmologique* for November, 1819.

“ ALL ready ? ” cried the captain ;  
    “ Ay, ay ! ” the seamen said ;  
“ Heave up the worthless lubbers, —  
    ‘ The dying and the dead.’ ”  
Up from the slave-ship's prison  
    Fierce, bearded heads were thrust  
“ Now let the sharks look to it, —  
    ‘ Toss up the dead ones first ! ’ ”

Corpse after corpse came up, —  
    Death had been busy there ;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
    Why should the spoiler spare ?  
Corpse after corpse they cast  
    Sullenly from the ship,

Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted  
And his iron lip compressed.  
"Are all the dead dogs over?"  
Growled through that matted lip;  
"The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,  
The very sounds of hell!  
The ringing clank of iron,  
The maniac's short, sharp yell!  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled;  
The starving infant's moan,  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison  
The stricken blind ones came;  
Below, had all been darkness,  
Above, was still the same.  
Yet the holy breath of heaven  
Was sweetly breathing there,  
And the heated brow of fever  
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"  
Cutlass and dirk were plied;  
Fettered and blind, one after one,  
Plunged down the vessel's side.  
The sabre smote above,  
Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries  
Rang upward unto thee?  
Voices of agony and blood,  
From ship-deck and from sea.  
The last dull plunge was heard,  
The last wave caught its stain,  
And the unsated shark looked up  
For human hearts in vain.

• • • • •

Red glowed the western waters,  
The setting sun was there,  
Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
His fiery mesh of hair.  
Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye

Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck  
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
"Is gathering and at hand;  
Curse on 't, I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land."  
And then he laughed, but only  
His echoed laugh replied,  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
"A sail! — thank God, a sail!"  
And as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.  
"Ho! for the love of mercy,  
We're perishing and blind!"  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken  
With blindness every one;  
Ten days we've floated fearfully,  
Unnoting star or sun.  
Our ship's the slaver Leon,—  
We've but a score on board;  
Our slaves are all gone over,—  
Help, for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony  
The broad red lightning shone;  
But the roar of wind and thunder  
Stifled the answering groan;  
Waived from the broken waters  
A last despairing cry,  
As, kindling in the stormy light,  
The stranger ship went by.

• • • • •

In the sunny Guadaloupe  
A dark-hulled vessel lay,  
With a crew who noted never  
The nightfall or the day.  
The blossom of the orange  
Was white by every stream,

And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
And the moonlight slept as well,  
On the palm-trees by the hillside,  
And the streamlet of the dell :  
And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the slaver's darkened eye ;  
At the breaking of the morning,  
At the starlit evening time,  
O'er a world of light and beauty  
Fell the blackness of his crime.

## EXPOSTULATION

[Originally termed *Stanzas*, then *Follen*.]

Dr. Charles Follen, a German patriot, who had come to America for the freedom which was denied him in his native land, allied himself with the abolitionists, and at a convention of delegates from all the anti-slavery organizations in New England, held at Boston in May, 1834, was chairman of a committee to prepare an address to the people of New England. Toward the close of the address occurred the passage which suggested these lines.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteously than a kingdom in its age?" —Dr. Follen's Address.

"Genius of America! —Spirit of our free institution! —where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning, — how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, 'Aha! Aha! Art thou become like unto us?'" —Speech of Samuel J. May.

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
Slaves, in a land of light and law!

Slaves, crouching on the very plains  
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's  
war!

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,  
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,  
By every shrine of patriot blood,  
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
And hurrying shout of Marion's men !  
The groan of breaking hearts is there,  
The falling lash, the fetter's clank !  
Slaves, slaves are breathing in that air  
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What ho! our countrymen in chains !  
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh !  
Our soil yet reddening with the stains  
Caught from her scourging, warm and  
fresh !  
What! mothers from their children riven !  
What! God's own image bought and  
sold !  
Americans to market driven,  
And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?  
To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
The paltry menace of a chain ;  
To us, whose boast is loud and long  
Of holy Liberty and Light ;  
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong  
Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
Our sympathies across the wave,  
Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
Strikes for his freedom or a grave ?  
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
And millions hail with pen and tongue  
Our light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's  
wall,  
And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
The impulse of our cheering call ?  
And shall the slave, beneath our eye,  
Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain ?  
And toss his fettered arms on high,  
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain ?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
A refuge for the stricken slave ?  
And shall the Russian serf go free  
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ?  
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
Relax the iron hand of pride,  
And bid his bondmen cast the chain  
From fettered soul and limb aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From farthest Ind to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea ?  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse ?

Go, let us ask of Constantine  
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat ;  
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
To spare the struggling Suliote ;  
Will not the scorching answer come  
From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ :  
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
Then turn and ask the like of us !"

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn, the heathen's  
mirth,  
Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth ?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to  
bear ?  
Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
From graybeard eld to fiery youth,  
And on the nation's naked heart  
Scatter the living coals of Truth !  
Up ! while ye slumber, deeper yet  
The shadow of our fame is growing !  
Up ! while ye pause, our sun may set  
In blood around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,  
The gathered wrath of God and man,  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air ?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?  
Up, up ! why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Rise now for Freedom ! not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw,  
The awful waste of human life,  
The glory and the guilt of war :  
But break the chain, the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood ;  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

## HYMN

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, New York, held on the 4th of the seventh month, 1834.  
[Originally entitled *Lines*.]

O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night, the cloud by day !

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father ! unto Thee  
May not our humble prayer be given ?

Thy children all, though hue and form  
Are varied in Thine own good will,  
With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father ! hill and plain  
Around us wave their fruits once more,  
And clustered vine and blossomed grain  
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here ; and hope and love  
Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill ;  
For those who, under Freedom's wing,  
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still :

For those to whom Thy written word  
Of light and love is never given ;  
For those whose ears have never heard  
The promise and the hope of heaven !

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall ;  
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a Father, pitiest all !

And grant, O Father ! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land and tongue and clime  
The message of Thy love shall hear ;

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fettered soul be given  
The glorious freedom of the just !

#### THE YANKEE GIRL

SHE sings by her wheel at that low cot-  
tage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretch-  
ing before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which  
seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our  
dreams !

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her  
eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of  
the sky !  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses  
play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they !

Who comes in his pride to that low cot-  
tage-door,  
The haughty and rich to the humble and  
poor ?  
'T is the great Southern planter, the mas-  
ter who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of  
slaves.

" Nay, Ellen, for shame ! Let those Yan-  
kee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a  
change of their skin ;

Let them toil as they will at the loom or  
the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to  
feel !

" But thou art too lovely and precious a  
gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied  
by them ;  
For shame, Ellen, shame, cast thy bondage  
aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and  
pride.

" Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps  
can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the  
year long,  
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over  
my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in  
their bloom !

" Oh, come to my home, where my servants  
shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call ;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with  
trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as  
a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her — that pride of  
our girls —  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her  
curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer  
could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes  
on steel !

" Go back, haughty Southron ! thy treas-  
ures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou  
hast sold ;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I  
hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of  
fear !

" And the sky of thy South may be brighter  
than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy  
flowers ;

But dearer the blast round our mountains  
which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which  
breathes over slaves !

“Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may  
kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and  
heel ;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner  
would be  
In fetters with them, than in freedom with  
thee ! ”

#### THE HUNTERS OF MEN

These lines were written when the orators of the American Colonization Society were demanding that the free blacks should be sent to Africa, and opposing Emancipation unless expatriation followed. See the report of the proceedings of the society at its annual meeting in 1834.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest, — the hunting of men ?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn ;  
Hark ! the cheer and the hallo ! the crack of the whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip !  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,  
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch.  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest, — the hunting of men !

Gay luck to our hunters ! how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride !  
The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic statesman behind ;  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer,

The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
And woman, kind woman, wife, widow, and maid,  
For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid :  
Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on the rein,  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men !

Oh, goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
In this “land of the brave and this home of the free.”  
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,  
All mounting the saddle, all grasping the rein ;  
Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin !  
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay !  
Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and prey ?  
Will their hearts fail within them ? their nerves tremble, when  
All roughly they ride to the hunting of men ?

Ho ! alms for our hunters ! all weary and faint,  
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
The horn is wound faintly, the echoes are still,  
Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
Haste, alms for our hunters ! the hunted once more  
Have turned from their flight with their backs to the shore :  
What right have they here in the home of the white,  
Shadowed o'er by our banner of Freedom and Right ?  
Ho ! alms for the hunters ! or never again  
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men !

Alms, alms for our hunters ! why will ye delay,  
When their pride and their glory are melting away ?  
The parson has turned ; for, on charge of his own,

Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone ?  
The politic statesman looks back with a sigh,  
There is doubt in his heart, there is fear in his eye.  
Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,  
And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.  
Oh, haste, ere he leave us ! for who will ride then,  
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men ?

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

The "Times" referred to were those evil times of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, August 21, 1833, in which a demand was made for the suppression of free speech, lest it should endanger the foundation of commercial society.

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toiled to win ?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved ?  
Are these the graves they slumber in ?  
Are we the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn ?  
  
And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fettered lip ?  
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
And tremble at the driver's whip ?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,  
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth, our Country, and the slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
Round which the priests of Mexico  
Before their loathsome idol prayed ;  
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?  
And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongue be mute, when deeds are wrought  
Which well might shame extremest hell ?

Shall freemen lock the indignant thought ?  
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell ?  
Shall Honor bleed ? — shall Truth succumb ?  
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb ?  
  
No ; by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall ;  
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound ;  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall ;  
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade ;  
By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
The bands and fetters round them set ;  
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,  
By all above, around, below,  
Be ours the indignant answer, — No !

No ; guided by our country's laws,  
For truth, and right, and suffering man,  
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians may, as freemen can !  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What ! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While woman shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will  
The image of a common God ?  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him  
The danger and the growing shame ?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have filled the world with flame ?  
And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is 't not enough that this is borne ?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more ?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?  
Must he be told, beside his plough,  
What he must speak, and when, and how ?

Must he be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong ;  
On breaking hearts and fettered hands.  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong ?

That all his fathers taught is vain,—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain ?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn !  
False, foul, profane ! Go, teach as well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born !  
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell !  
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice !  
Of Demons planting Paradise !

Rail on, then, brethren of the South,  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less ;  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee's press !  
From our Green Mountains to the sea,  
One voice shall thunder, We are free !

#### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS

In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the ninth month, 1835, published in the *Courier* of that city, it is stated: "The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene !"

JUST God ! and these are they  
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right !  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach, and kidnap men ?  
Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor ?  
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast, fettering down  
The tasked and plundered slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine !  
Just God and holy ! is that church, which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book

Of those high words of truth which search  
and burn  
In warning and rebuke ;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !  
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long  
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,  
And in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father down !  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood ;  
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,  
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish ; and their very names shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love  
And Truth and Right throughout the earth  
be known  
As in their home above.

#### A SUMMONS

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill for excluding Papers written or printed, touching the subject of Slavery, from the U. S. Post-office," in the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Pinckney's resolutions were in brief that Congress had no authority to interfere in any way with slavery in the States ; that it ought not to interfere with it in the District of Columbia, and that all resolutions to that end should be laid on the table without printing. Mr. Calhoun's bill made it a penal offence for postmasters in any State, District, or Territory "knowingly to deliver, to any person whatever, any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other printed paper or pictorial representation, touching the subject of slavery, where, by the laws of the said State, District, or Territory, their circulation was prohibited." [Originally entitled *Lines* ]

MEN of the North-land ! where 's the manly spirit

Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone ?

Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit Their names alone ?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us, Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,

That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us To silence now ?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,

In God's name, let us speak while there is time !

Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging, Silence is crime !

What ! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors

Rights all our own ? In madness shall we barter,

For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature gave us, God and our charter ?

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,

Here the false jurist human rights deny, And in the church, their proud and skilled abettors

Make truth a lie ?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible, To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood ?

And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel Both man and God ?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer, But stoop in chains upon her downward way,

Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger Day after day ?

Oh no ; methinks from all her wild, green mountains ;

From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie ;

From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,

And clear, cold sky ;

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean

Gnaws with his surges ; from the fisher's skiff,

With white sail swaying to the billow's motion

Round rock and cliff ;

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer ;

From her free laborer at his loom and wheel ;

From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,

Rings the red steel ;

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken Our land, and left us to an evil choice, Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken A People's voice.

Startling and stern ! the Northern winds shall bear it

Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave ; And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth ! The bondman sighing

By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane, Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying, Revive again.

Let it go forth ! The millions who are gazing

Sadly upon us from afar shall smile,

And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh for your ancient freedom, pure and  
holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed,  
and lowly,  
Let it go forth !

Sons of the best of fathers ! will ye fal-  
ter  
With all they left ye perilled and at  
stake ?  
Ho ! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake !

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come to-  
gether,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly  
Father,  
Maintain the right !

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY

Thomas Shipley of Philadelphia was a life-long Christian philanthropist, and advocate of emancipation. At his funeral thousands of colored people came to take their last look at their friend and protector. He died September 17, 1836.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest !  
The flowers of Eden round thee blow-  
ing,  
And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing !  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
To all the earth its healing leaves  
In the white robe of angels clad,  
And wandering by that sacred river,  
Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God forever !

Gentlest of spirits ! not for thee  
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given ;  
Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of heaven ?  
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith  
In Christian firmness unto death ;  
And beautiful as sky and earth,

When autumn's sun is downward going,  
The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glowing !

But woe for us ! who linger still  
With feebler strength and hearts less  
lowly,  
And minds less steadfast to the will  
Of Him whose every work is holy.  
For not like thine, is crucified  
The spirit of our human pride :  
And at the bondman's tale of woe,  
And for the outcast and forsaken,  
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way  
The storm of human hate is sweeping ;  
Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping  
Oh, for that hidden strength which can  
Nerve unto death the inner man !  
Oh, for thy spirit, tried and true,  
And constant in the hour of trial,  
Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh, for that spirit, meek and mild,  
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining ;  
By man deserted and reviled,  
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
Still prompt and resolute to save  
From scourge and chain the hunted slave ;  
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
Even where the fires of Hate were burn-  
ing,  
The unquailing eye of innocence  
Alone upon the oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,  
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore  
thee.  
The poor man and the rescued slave  
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er  
thee ;  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
Quickened its dying grass again !  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy !

Oh, for the death the righteous die !  
An end, like autumn's day declining,

On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shining ;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening heaven !  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off the Eternal altar flowing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going !

## THE MORAL WARFARE

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood ;  
And, through the storm which round her  
swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;  
Their strife is past, their triumph won ;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honored place ;  
A moral warfare with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

## RITNER

Written on reading the Message of Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, 1836. The fact redounds to the credit and serves to perpetuate the memory of the independent farmer and high-souled statesman, that he alone of all the Governors of the Union in 1836 met the insulting demands and menaces of the South in a manner becoming a freeman and hater of Slavery, in his message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

THANK God for the token ! one lip is still  
free,  
One spirit untrammelled, unbending one  
knee !  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted  
and firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to the  
storm ;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor,  
and God,  
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood ;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her  
trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle  
has broken !  
Thank God, that one man as a freeman has  
spoken !  
  
O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been  
blown !  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur  
has gone !  
To the land of the South, of the charter and  
chain,  
Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain ;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the  
lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of  
whips !  
Where "chivalric" honor means really no  
more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing the  
poor !  
Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on  
high,  
And the words which he utters, are—Wor-  
ship, or die !  
  
Right onward, oh, speed it ! Wherever the  
blood  
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying  
to God ;  
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining ;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining ;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of  
heart ;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given  
mind ;  
There, God speed it onward ! its truth will  
be felt,  
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron shall  
melt !

And oh, will the land where the free soul  
of Penn  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and  
glen ;  
Will the land where a Benezet's spirit  
went forth  
To the peeled and the meted, and outcast  
of Earth ;  
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty  
first  
From the soul of the sage and the patriot  
burst ;  
Where first for the wronged and the weak  
of their kind,  
The Christian and statesman their efforts  
combined ;  
Will that land of the free and the good  
wear a chain ?  
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be  
vain ?

No, Ritner ! her "Friends" at thy warn-  
ing shall stand  
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral  
band ;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past  
time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a  
crime ;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to  
unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the  
Right ;  
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide  
of Wrong,  
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges  
along ;  
Unappalled by the danger, the shaine, and  
the pain,  
And counting each trial for Truth as their  
gain !

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest  
and true,  
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due ;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert  
with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the  
Rhine, —  
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared  
to brave  
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the  
slave ;  
Will the sons of such men yield the lords  
of the South

One brow for the brand, for the padlock  
one mouth ?  
They cater to tyrants ? They rivet the  
chain,  
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro  
again ?

No, never ! one voice, like the sound in the  
cloud,  
When the roar of the storm waxes loud  
and more loud,  
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath  
pressed  
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake  
of the West,  
On the South-going breezes shall deepen  
and grow  
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble  
below !  
The voice of a people, uprisen, awake,  
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom  
at stake,  
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down  
from each height,  
"Our Country and Liberty ! God for the  
Right !"

### THE PASTORAL LETTER

The General Association of Congregational  
ministers in Massachusetts met at Brookfield,  
June 27, 1837, and issued a Pastoral Letter to  
the churches under its care. The immediate  
occasion of it was the profound sensation pro-  
duced by the recent public lecture in Massa-  
chusetts by Angelina and Sarah Grimké, two  
noble women from South Carolina, who bore  
their testimony against slavery. The Letter  
demanded that "the perplexed and agitating  
subjects which are now common amongst us  
... should not be forced upon any church  
as matters for debate, at the hazard of aliena-  
tion and division," and called attention to the  
dangers now seeming "to threaten the female  
character with widespread and permanent in-  
jury."

So, this is all, — the utmost reach  
Of priestly power the mind to fetter !  
When laymen think, when women preach,  
A war of words, a "Pastoral Letter !"  
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes !  
Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes  
Their loving-kindness to transgressors ?

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull ;  
 Alas ! in hoof and horns and features,  
 How different is your Brookfield bull  
 From him who bellows from St. Peter's !  
 Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
 Think ye, can words alone preserve them ?  
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
 And sword of temporal power to serve  
 them.

Oh, glorious days, when Church and State  
 Were wedded by your spiritual fathers !  
 And on submissive shoulders sat  
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.  
 No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
 But at his peril of the scar  
 Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church  
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker !  
 The stocks were at each church's door,  
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore, —  
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman !

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers ;  
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
 And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
 Old Hampton, had her fields a tongue,  
 And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
 Of fainting woman dragged along,  
 Gashed by the whip accursed and gory !

And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
 Of memories sacred from the scorner ?  
 And why with reckless hand I plant  
 A nettle on the graves ye honor ?  
 Not to reproach New England's dead  
 This record from the past I summon.  
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No, for yourselves alone, I turn  
 The pages of intolerance over,  
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
 Ye haply may your own discover !  
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
 And from your precincts shut the light  
 Of Freedom's day around ye dawning ;

If when an earthquake voice of power  
 And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
 That forth, in its appointed hour,  
 The Spirit of the Lord is going !  
 And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
 On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
 In glory and in strength are waking !

When for the sighing of the poor,  
 And for the needy, God hath risen,  
 And chains are breaking, and a door  
 Is opening for the souls in prison !  
 If then ye would, with puny hands,  
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
 And bind anew the evil bands  
 Which God's right arm of power hath  
 riven ;

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
 Are closely with your own combined,  
 Yet "less in anger than in sadness" ?  
 What marvel, if the people learn  
 To claim the right of free opinion ?  
 What marvel, if at times they spurn  
 The ancient yoke of your dominion ?

A glorious remnant linger yet,  
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
 The coming of whose welcome feet  
 Is beautiful upon our mountains !  
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
 Of Liberty and Love forever,  
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
 Whose peace is as a gentle river !

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,  
 Which echoes here the mournful wail  
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
 Close while ye may the public ear,  
 With malice vex, with slander wound  
 them,  
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
 And tried and manly hearts surround  
 them.

Oh, ever may the power which led  
 Their way to such a fiery trial,  
 And strengthened womanhood to tread  
 The wine-press of such self-denial,

Be round them in an evil land,  
With wisdom and with strength from  
Heaven,  
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
And Deborah's song, for triumph given !

And what are ye who strive with God  
Against the ark of His salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation ?  
What, but the stubble and the hay  
To perish, even as flax consuming,  
With all that bars His glorious way,  
Before the brightness of His coming ?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
Hast waited for the glorious token,  
That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
To liberty and light has broken,—  
Angel of Freedom ! soon to thee  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over Earth's full jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven !

## HYMN

Written for the celebration of the third anniversary of British emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, first of August, 1837. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

O HOLY FATHER ! just and true  
Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
And unto Thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise !  
As children of Thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
The sighing of the island slave ;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free ;  
Thanksgiving ! for the work is Thine !  
Praise ! for the blessing is of Thee !

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare !  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear ;  
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's  
prayer.

Praise ! for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are naught,  
The fountains of repentance flow ;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought ?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts !  
And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

## THE FAREWELL

## OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE

GONE, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air ;  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them ;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again,  
There no brother's voice shall greet them ;  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
(On their childhood's place of play ;  
From the cool spring where they drank ;  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank ;  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there ;  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone ;  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more !  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth ;  
By the bruised reed He sparseth ;  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

#### PENNSYLVANIA HALL

Read at the dedication of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia, May 15, 1838. The building was erected by an association of gentlemen, irrespective of sect or party, "that the citizens of Philadelphia should possess a room wherein the principles of Liberty, and Equality of Civil Rights, could be freely discussed, and the evils of slavery fearlessly portrayed." On the evening of the 17th it was burned by a mob, de-

stroying the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which I was editor, and with it my books and papers.

NOT with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and barbaric gold ;  
No weapons wrested from the fields of  
blood,  
Where dark and stern the unyielding Ro-  
man stood,  
And the proud eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law ;  
Nor blazoned car, nor banners floating gay,  
Like those which swept along the Appian  
Way,

When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet peal, and shoutings wild and  
high,

Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky ;  
But calm and grateful, prayerful and sin-  
cere,

As Christian freemen only, gath'ring here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine, as Liberty's abode,  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God !  
Far statelier Halls, 'neath brighter skies  
than these,

Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine, and life-like statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts be-  
tween ;

Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will ;  
And the chaste temple, and the classic  
grove,

The hall of sages, and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores,  
and gave

Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave ;  
And statelier rose on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's dome, the Coliseum's pride,  
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Romani-  
tongue,

Whence stern decrees, like words of fate,  
went forth

To the awed nations of a conquered earth,  
Where the proud Caesars in their glory  
came,

And Brutus lightened from his lips of  
flame !

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadow of her stately walls,

Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
 Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow ;  
 And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome  
 Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
 Oh, not for him, the chained and stricken slave,  
 By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,  
 In the thronged forum, or the sages' seat,  
 The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat ;  
 No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
 No tear of pity rusted on his chain !

But this fair Hall to 'Truth and Freedom given,  
 Pledged to the Right before all Earth and Heaven,  
 A free arena for the strife of mind,  
 To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
 Shall thrill with echoes such as ne'er of old  
 From Roman hall or Grecian temple rolled ;  
 Thoughts shall find utterance such as never yet  
 The Propylea or the Forum met.  
 Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
 Shall win applauses with the waste of life ;  
 No lordly lictor urge the barbarous game,  
 No wanton Lais glory in her shame.  
 But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
 As the ear listens to the tale of woe ;  
 Here in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong  
 Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue,  
 No partial justice hold th' unequal scale,  
 No pride of caste a brother's rights assail,  
 No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,  
 Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All !  
 But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
 Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind ;  
 Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone,  
 And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown ;  
 Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,  
 Yield to the presence of the True and Right.  
 And fitting is it that this Hall should stand  
 Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
 From thy blue waters, Delaware ! — to press

The virgin verdure of the wilderness.  
 Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
 The soul's high freedom trammelled by no law ;  
 Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
 Gathered, in peace, around the home of Penn,  
 Awed by the weapons Love alone had given  
 Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven ;  
 Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong  
 First found an earnest and indignant tongue ;  
 Where Lay's bold message to the proud was borne ;  
 And Keith's rebuke, and Franklin's manly scorn !  
 Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
 From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,  
 Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,  
 And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,  
 One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's ban,  
 One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man !

Oh ! if the spirits of the parted come,  
 Visiting angels, to their olden home ;  
 If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
 From their fair dwellings, to the things of earth,  
 Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,  
 They gaze now on us from the bowers above ?  
 Lay's ardent soul, and Benezet the mild,  
 Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child,  
 Meek-hearted Woolman, and that brother-band,  
 The sorrowing exiles from their " Father-land,"  
 Leaving their homes in Kriesheim's bowers of vine,  
 And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
 To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood  
 Freedom from man, and holy peace with God ;  
 Who first of all their testimonial gave  
 Against the oppressor, for the outcast slave,  
 Is it a dream that such as these look down,  
 And with their blessing our rejoicings crown ?  
 Let us rejoice, that while the pulpit's door  
 Is barred against the pleaders for the poor

While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death ;  
While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,  
One door is open, and one Temple free,  
As a resting-place for hunted Liberty !  
Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,  
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God.  
And when that truth its perfect work hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone ;  
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine :  
When unto angel lips at last is given The silver trumpl of Jubilee in Heaven .  
And from Virginia's plains, Kentucky's shades,  
And through the dim Floridian everglades, Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
The voice of millions from their chains unbound ;  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
Yet round the ruins of its strength shall stand  
The best and noblest of a ransomed land —  
Pilgrims, like these who throng around the shrine  
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine !  
A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.  
Here shall the child of after years be taught  
The works of Freedom which his fathers wrought ;  
Told of the trials of the present hour,  
Our weary strife with prejudice and power ;  
How the high errand quickened woman's soul,  
And touched her lip as with a living coal ;  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith  
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death ;  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,  
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto Freedom's God !

## THE NEW YEAR

Addressed to the Patrons of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*.

The wave is breaking on the shore,  
The echo fading from the chime ;  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time !

O seer-seen Angel ! waiting now  
With weary feet on sea and shore,  
Impatient for the last dread vow  
That time shall be no more !

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
The semblance of a smile has passed .  
The year departing leaves more nigh  
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been  
The sum of all since time began ,  
The birth and death, the joy and pain,  
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,  
And streams released from Winter's chain,  
And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly growing grain ;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,  
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm ;  
God speaking from His cloud !

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,  
And soft, warm days of golden light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night ;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above  
And of her earth below :

And man, in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds abode,  
The highest of the links which bind  
Brute nature to her God ;

His infant eye hath seen the light,  
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,  
And active sports to manlier might  
The nerves of boyhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,  
Have soothed or burned in manhood's  
breast,  
And lofty aims and low desires  
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born  
Has mingled with the funeral knell ;  
And o'er the dying's ear has gone  
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,  
While Want, in many a humble shed,  
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,  
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all, the human slave,  
The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn !  
Plucked off the crown his Maker gave,  
His regal manhood gone !

Oh, still, my country ! o'er thy plains,  
Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,  
That human chattel drags his chains,  
An uncreated man !

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,  
My country, is thy flag unrolled,  
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees  
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down !  
It gathers scorn from every eye,  
And despots smile and good men frown  
Whene'er it passes by.

Shame ! shame ! its starry splendors glow  
Above the slaver's loathsome jail ;  
Its folds are ruffling even now  
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall  
The trade in human flesh is driven,  
And at each careless hammer-fall  
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men  
Vested with power to shield the right,  
And throw each vile and robber den  
Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them ! there they sit,  
Men of the North, subdued and still ;  
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit  
To work a master's will.

Sold, bargained off for Southern votes,  
A passive herd of Northern mules,  
Just braying through their purchased  
throats  
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he, the basest of the base,  
The vilest of the vile, whose name,  
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,  
Is deathless in its shame !

A tool, to bolt the people's door  
Against the people clamoring there,  
An ass, to trample on their floor  
A people's right of prayer !

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,  
Self-pilloried to the public view,  
A mark for every passing blast  
Of scorn to whistle through ;

There let him hang, and hear the boast  
Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool, —  
A new Styliques on his post,  
“Sacred to ridicule !”

Look we at home ! our noble hall,  
To Freedom's holy purpose given,  
Now rears its black and ruined wall,  
Beneath the wintry heaven,

Telling the story of its doom,  
The fiendish mob, the prostrate law,  
The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,  
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State ! the poor man's right  
Torn from him : and the sons of those  
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight  
Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,  
And those whom God created men  
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm  
A bow of promise bends on high,  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,  
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard  
Of freemen rising for the right :  
Each valley hath its rallying word,  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray  
The strengthening light of freedom  
shines,  
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,  
And Vermont's snow-hung pines !

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
And through the blackness of that Hell  
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake  
Before that light poured full and strong,  
So shall the Southern heart awake  
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land  
The song of grateful millions rise,  
Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath  
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,  
From Slavery's night of moral death  
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone  
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,  
And unto both alike shall dawn  
A New and Happy Year.

#### THE RELIC

Written on receiving a cane wrought from a  
fragment of the wood-work of Pennsylvania  
Hall which the fire had spared.

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth ;  
With honest pride the gift I take,  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere ;  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear ;  
Earth's noblest aim, man's holiest thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet like flowers unfold,  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
In beauty blossoming :  
And buds of feeling, pure and good,  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine ! a brand  
Plucked from its burning ! let it be  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me !  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft !

Oh, if the young enthusiast bears,  
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
Or round the Parthenon ;  
Or olive-bough from some wild tree  
Hung over old Thermopylae :

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary ;  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story ;  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the gray rock by Druids blessed ;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn ;  
Or Rannymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows !

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories  
To this memorial cling ?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned ;  
Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
Thanksgiving unto God ;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding !

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet  
And curses on the night-air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
From woman's earnest tongue ;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance !

That temple now in ruin lies !  
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a nation's sight,  
A gravestone over buried Right !

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are  
crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying !  
A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still !

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
O holy Freedom ! hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign  
To testify of thee ;  
And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way,  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION  
OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION,  
HELD IN LONDON IN 1840

Joseph Sturge, the founder of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, proposed the calling of a world's anti-slavery convention, and the proposal was promptly seconded by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The call was addressed to "friends of the slave of every nation and of every clime."

YES, let them gather ! Summon forth  
The pledged philanthropy of Earth.  
From every land, whose hills have heard  
The bugle blast of Freedom waking ;  
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird  
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking :  
Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
Or truth one altar built to her ;  
Where'er a human eye is weeping  
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children  
know ;  
Where'er a single heart is keeping  
Its prayerful watch with human woe :

Thence let them come, and greet each  
other,  
And know in each a friend and brother !

Yes, let them come ! from each green vale  
Where England's old baronial halls  
Still bear upon their storied walls  
The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !  
And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
Within the soil of Palestine,  
By Jordan and Gennesaret ;  
Or, borne with England's battle line,  
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,  
With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,  
A holier summons now is given  
Than that gray hermit's voice of old,  
Which unto all the winds of heaven  
The banners of the Cross unrolled !  
Not for the long-deserted shrine ;  
Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
Which tells not by one lingering sign  
That there the hope of Israel trod ;  
But for that truth, for which alone  
In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
Whereon His holy sandals pressed, —  
The fountain which His lip hath blessed, —  
Whate'er hath touched His garment's hem  
At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
Or Jordan's river-side.  
For Freedom in the name of Him  
Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,  
To break the chain from every limb,  
The bolt from every prison door !  
For these, o'er all the earth hath passed  
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
As if an angel's breath had lent  
Its vigor to the instrument.  
And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,  
Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
As if she heard her bards again ;  
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall" —  
Give out its ancient strain,  
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal, —  
The melody which Erin loves,  
When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of glad  
ness  
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,  
The hand of her O'Connell moves !  
Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,

Shall catch and echo back the note,  
As if she heard upon the air  
Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
And song of Freedom float.  
And cheering echoes shall reply  
From each remote dependency,  
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
In tropic sea or frozen zone ;  
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;  
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;  
And from the lakes and ancient woods  
And dim Canadian solitudes,  
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down ;  
And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles.  
And the dark laborer still retains  
The scar of slavery's broken chains !

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
The gateways of the land of Tell,  
Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
And from the olive bowers of France

And vine groves garlanding the Rhone, —  
"Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried  
As those who stood by Oge's side,  
And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,  
Shall gather at that summons strong ;  
Broglie, Passy, and he whose song  
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
And murmured midst the hills which hem  
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone  
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come ; from Quito's walls,  
And from the Orinoco's tide,  
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,  
From Santa Fé and Yucatan, —  
Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
Proclaimed the deathless rights of man,  
Broke every bond and fetter off,  
And hailed in every sable serf  
A free and brother Mexican !  
Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,  
And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
Hare o'er the broken ranks of Spain  
The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon !

And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
Defiance from her blazing strand,  
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,  
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
Land of the dark and mystic Nile !  
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
All tyrants of a Christian name,  
When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,  
Or, where, from Abyssinian hills  
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,  
Or where from Mountains of the Moon  
El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim  
Within their ancient hallowed waters ;  
Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,  
Or song of Nubia's sable daughters ;  
The curse of slavery and the crime,  
Thy bequest from remotest time,  
At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
Forevermore shall pass from thee ;  
And chains forsake each captive's limb  
Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
Have echoed back the cymbal sound  
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
The echoes of a world have borne,  
My country ! glorious at thy birth,  
A day-star flashing brightly forth,  
The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !  
Oh, who could dream that saw thee then,  
And watched thy rising from afar,  
That vapors from oppression's fen  
Would cloud the upward tending star ?  
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,  
Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy  
dawning,  
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,  
To mock thee with their welcoming,  
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
To greet the down-east Star of Morning !  
"Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ?  
Art thou become as one of us ?"

Land of my fathers ! there will stand,  
Amidst that world-assembled band,  
Those owning thy maternal claim  
Unweakened by thy crime and shame ;  
The sad reprovers of thy wrong ;  
The children thou hast spurned so long.

Still with affection's fondest yearning  
To their unnatural mother turning.  
No traitors they ! but tried and leal,  
Whose own is but thy general weal,  
Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
The Christian's love for human kind,  
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering ! peaceful all :  
No threat of war, no savage call  
For vengeance on an erring brother !  
But in their stead the godlike plan  
To teach the brotherhood of man  
To love and reverence one another.  
As sharers of a common blood,  
The children of a common God !  
Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred :  
Spain, watching from her Moro's keep  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain-side,  
Her snowy battlements and towers,  
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,  
With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;  
And where my country's flag is flowing,  
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing,  
Above the Nation's council halls,  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,  
While close beneath the outward walls  
The driver plies his reeking thong ;  
The hammer of the man-thief falls,  
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
The crimson flush of shame shall glow :  
And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and hand,  
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
Who for her tarnished honor feel,  
Through cottage door and council-hall  
Shall thunder an awakening call.  
The pen along its page shall burn  
With all intolerable scorn ;  
An eloquent rebuke shall go  
On all the winds that Southward blow ;  
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,  
Warning and dread appeal shall come,  
Like those which Israel heard from him,  
The Prophet of the Cherubim ;  
Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
Against a sin-accursed world !  
Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling  
Unceasing from its iron wing,  
With characters inscribed thereon,  
As fearful in the despot's hall

As to the pomp of Babylon  
The fire-sign on the palace wall !

And, from her dark iniquities,  
Methinks I see my country rise :  
Not challenging the nations round  
To note her tardy justice done ;  
Her captives from their chains unbound,  
Her prisons opening to the sun :  
But tearfully her arms extending  
Over the poor and unoffending ;  
Her regal emblem now no longer  
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
Above the dying captive shrieking,  
But, spreading out her ample wing,  
A broad, impartial covering,  
The weaker sheltered by the stronger !  
Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes  
The promised token shall be given ;  
And on a nation's sacrifice,  
Atoning for the sin of years,  
And wet with penitential tears,  
The fire shall fall from Heaven !

## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, who was seized in Boston without warrant at the request of James B. Grey, of Norfolk, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement North and South, and led to the presentation of a petition to Congress, signed by more than fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts, calling for such laws and proposed amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the Commonwealth from all further participation in the crime of oppression. George Latimer himself was finally given free papers for the sum of four hundred dollars.

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills,  
Upon its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay :  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle  
bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor  
clang of horsemen's steel.  
No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along  
our highways go ;  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies  
the snow ;

And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon  
their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but  
none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy  
words and high  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which  
melt along our sky ;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its  
honest labor here,  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends  
his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs  
along St. George's bank ;  
Cold on the shores of Labrador the fog  
lies white and dank ;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding  
mist, stout are the hearts which man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-  
boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare  
on their icy forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or  
wrestling with the storms ;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough  
as the waves they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat  
against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath  
she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept  
the Briton's steel array ?  
How side by side, with sons of hers, the  
Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and  
stout Cornwallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer  
to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out  
from Faneuil Hall ?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry,  
came pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds of  
"Liberty or Death ! "

What asks the Old Dominion ? If now  
her sons have proved  
False to their fathers' memory, false to the  
faith they loved ;

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great  
charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and  
duty turn ?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Sla-  
very's hateful hell ;  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the  
bloodhound's yell ;  
We gather, at your summons, above our  
fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear  
your wretched slaves !

Thank God ! not yet so vilely can Massa-  
chusetts bow ;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even  
now ;  
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves  
slow and calm and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sis-  
ter's slave and tool !

All that a sister State should do, all that a  
free State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our  
early day ;  
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must  
stagger with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye your-  
selves have sown !

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves,  
and burden God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and  
manhood's wild despair ;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that  
writes upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a  
land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cava-  
liers of old,  
By watching round the shambles where hu-  
man flesh is sold ;  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count  
his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall  
pierce the slaver's den !

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the  
Virginia name ;  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with  
rankest weeds of shame ;

Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe ;  
We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men :  
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still  
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke ;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;  
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,  
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang !

The voice of free, broad Middlesex, of thousands as of one,  
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington ;  
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound  
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round ;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose  
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,  
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,  
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer !"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray ;  
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay !

Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,  
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts ! Of her free sons and daughters, Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound of many waters ! Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand ? No fetters in the Bay State ! No slave upon her land !

Look to it well, Virginians ! In calmness we have borne, In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn ; You've spurned our kindest counsels ; you've hunted for our lives ; And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves !

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we fling no torch within The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin ; We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can, With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man !

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven ; No slave-hunt in our borders, — no pirate on our strand ! No fetters in the Bay State, — no slave upon our land !

### THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE

In a publication of L. F. Tasistro — *Random Shots and Southern Breezes* — is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!" It was not uncommon to see advertisements of slaves for sale, in which they were described as pious or as members of the church. In one advertisement a slave was noted as "A Baptist preacher."

A CHRISTIAN ! going, gone !  
Who bids for God's own image ? for his  
grace,  
Which that poor victim of the market-place,  
Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?  
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one  
Is even done to Thee ?

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand ;  
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !  
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask  
her frame,  
Make her life loathsome with your wrong  
and shame,  
Her patience shall not fail !

A heathen hand might deal  
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of  
years :  
But her low, broken prayer and nightly  
tears,  
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
Thou prudent teacher, tell the toiling slave  
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command, Obey !

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh ; and while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters  
smile,  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work was  
blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom first and  
best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame ! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,

While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis ! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath  
borne  
Their inmates into day :

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching  
eyes ;  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right ! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong ?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's  
cell ;  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loath-  
some hell,  
And coffin's weary chain ;

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
How long, O God, how long ?

#### THE SENTENCE OF JOHN L. BROWN

John L. Brown, a young white man of South Carolina, was in 1844 sentenced to death for aiding a young slave woman, whom he loved and had married, to escape from slavery. In pronouncing the sentence Judge O'Neale addressed to the prisoner words of appalling blasphemy [of which the following passages give some notion] :—

You are to die ! . . . Of your past life I know nothing, except what your trial furnished. That told me that the crime for which you are to suffer was the consequence of a want of attention on your part to the duties of life. The strange woman snared you. She flattered you with her words, and you became her victim. The consequence was, that, led on by a desire to serve her, you committed the offence of aiding a slave to run away and depart from her master's service ; and now, for it you are to die ! . . .

You are young ; quite too young to be where you are. If you had remembered your Creator in your past days, you would not now be in a felon's place, to receive a felon's judgment. Still, it is not too late to remember your Creator. He calls early, and He calls

late. He stretches out the arms of a Father's love to you — to the vilest sinner — and says: "Come unto me and be saved."

No event in the history of the anti-slavery struggle so stirred the two hemispheres as did this dreadful sentence. A cry of horror was heard from Europe. In the British House of Lords Brougham and Denman spoke of it with mingled pathos and indignation. Thirteen hundred clergymen and church officers in Great Britain addressed a memorial to the churches of South Carolina against the atrocity. Indeed, so strong was the pressure of the sentiment of abhorrence and disgust that South Carolina yielded to it, and the sentence was commuted to scourging and banishment.

Ho ! thou who seekest late and long  
A License from the Holy Book  
For brutal lust and fiendish wrong,  
Man of the Pulpit, look !  
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,  
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see ;  
And tell us how to heaven will rise  
The incense of this sacrifice —  
This blossom of the gallows tree !

Search out for slavery's hour of need  
Some fitting text of sacred writ ;  
Give heaven the credit of a deed  
Which shames the nether pit.  
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him  
Whose truth is on thy lips a lie ;  
Ask that His bright winged cherubim  
May bend around that scaffold grim  
To guard and bless and sanctify.

O champion of the people's cause !  
Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke  
Of foreign wrong and Old World's laws,  
Man of the Senate, look !  
Was this the promise of the free,  
The great hope of our early time,  
That slavery's poison vine should be  
Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree  
O'erclustered with such fruits of crime ?

Send out the summons East and West,  
And South and North, let all be there  
Where he who pitied the oppressed  
Swings out in sun and air.  
Let not a Democratic hand  
The grisly hangman's task refuse ;  
There let each loyal patriot stand,  
Awaiting slavery's command,  
To twist the rope and draw the noose !

But vain is irony — unmeet  
Its cold rebuke for deeds which start  
In fiery and indignant beat  
The pulses of the heart.  
Leave studied wit and guarded phrase  
For those who think but do not feel ;  
Let men speak out in words which raise  
Where'er they fall, an answering blaze  
Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply  
Their garbled text and gloss of sin,  
And make the lettered scroll deny  
Its living soul within :  
Still let the place-fed, titled knave  
Plead robbery's right with purchased lips,  
And tell us that our fathers gave  
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,  
The frieze and moulding, chains and  
whips !

But ye who own that Higher Law  
Whose tablets in the heart are set,  
Speak out in words of power and awe  
That God is living yet !  
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime  
Which thrilled the burdened prophet's  
lyre,  
And in a dark and evil time  
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime  
And gift of blood, a rain of fire !

Oh, not for us the graceful lay  
To whose soft measures lightly move  
The footsteps of the faun and fay,  
O'er-locked by mirth and love !  
But such a stern and startling strain  
As Britain's hunted bards flung down  
From Snowden to the conquered plain,  
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain  
On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,  
By man's lost hope and failing trust,  
By words and deeds which bow with shame  
Our foreheads to the dust,  
By the exulting strangers' sneer,  
Borne to us from the Old World's  
thrones,  
And by their victims' grief who hear,  
In sunless mines and dungeons drear,  
How Freedom's land her faith disowns !

Speak out in acts. The time for words  
Has passed, and deeds suffice alone ;

In vain against the clang of swords  
 The wailing pipe is blown !  
 Act, act in God's name, while ye may !  
 Smite from the church her leprous limb !  
 Throw open to the light of day  
 The bondman's cell, and break away  
 The chains the state has bound on him !

Ho ! every true and living soul,  
 To Freedom's perilled altar bear  
 The Freeman's and the Christian's whole  
 Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer !  
 One last, great battle for the right —  
 One short, sharp struggle to be free !  
 To do is to succeed — our fight  
 Is waged in Heaven's approving sight ;  
 The smile of God is Victory.

## TEXAS

## VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND

The five poems immediately following indicate the intense feeling of the friends of freedom in view of the annexation of Texas, with its vast territory sufficient, as was boasted, for six new slave States. [The first poem seems to have been written at the earnest entreaty of Lowell, who called on Whittier "to cry aloud and spare not against the accursed Texas plot."]

Up the hillside, down the glen,  
 Rouse the sleeping citizen ;  
 Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low,  
 Like a night-storm rising slow,  
 Like the tread of unseen foe ;

It is coming, it is nigh !  
 Stand your homes and altars by ;  
 On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;  
 On the gray hills of your sires  
 Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachusett, lone and bleak,  
 Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
 Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,  
 Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
 'Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
 Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
 Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place  
 For a free and fearless race,  
 None for traitors false and base.

Perish party, perish clan ;  
 Strike together while ye can,  
 Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
 Heard above a world of crime,  
 Crying of the end of time ;

With one heart and with one mouth,  
 Let the North unto the South  
 Speak the word befitting both :

"What though Issachar be strong !  
 Ye may load his back with wrong  
 Overmuch and over long :

"Patience with her cup o'errun,  
 With her weary thread outspun,  
 Murmurs that her work is done.

"Make our Union-bond a chain,  
 Weak as tow in Freedom's strain  
 Link by link shall snap in twain.

"Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope  
 Bind the starry cluster up,  
 Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

"Give us bright though broken rays,  
 Rather than eternal haze,  
 Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

"Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
 Only leave to Freedom room  
 For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

"Take your slavery-blackened vales ;  
 Leave us but our own free gales,  
 Blowing on our thousand sails.

"Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
 Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;  
 Break the Union's mighty heart ;

"Work the ruin, if ye will ;  
 Pluck upon your heads an ill  
 Which shall grow and deepen still.

" With your bondman's right arm bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

" Onward with your fell design ;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line :  
Fire beneath your feet the mine !

" Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

" By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

" And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

" Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow ; —

" And when vengeance clouds your skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise !

" We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest hand ;

" Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers' God ! "

### TO FANEUIL HALL

Written in 1844, on reading a call by "a Massachusetts Freeman" for a meeting in Faneuil Hall of the citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the annexation of Texas and the aggressions of South Carolina, and in favor of decisive action against slavery.

MEN ! if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still ;  
Let the sounds of traffic die :  
Shut the mill-gate, leave the stall,  
Fling the axe and hammer by ;  
Throng to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way ;  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land,  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold ;  
Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall ;  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall !

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun :  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.  
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall :  
Freedom asks your common aid, — .  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern plains,  
Sharply as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains !  
Speak as well becomes the free :  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall !

Have they wronged us ? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor prayers ;  
Have they chained our free-born men ?  
Let us unchain theirs !  
Up, your banner leads the van,  
Blazoned, " Liberty for all ! "  
Finish what your sires began !  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

### TO MASSACHUSETTS

WHAT though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign ?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine !  
What though unthrilled, unmoving,  
The statesman stand apart,

And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart ?

Still let the land be shaken  
By a sunnous of thine own !  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Stand fast with that alone !  
Shrink not from strife unequal !  
With the best is always hope ;  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up !

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud ;  
When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word ;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
With its allies just in view ?  
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
My fatherland, be true !  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom !  
Speed them onward far and fast !  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the sibyl's on the blast !

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand ;  
With the rugged North is waking  
The level sunset land !  
On they come, the free battalions !  
East and West and North they come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“ To the tyrant's plot no favor !  
No heed to place-fed knaves !  
Bar and bolt the door forever  
Against the land of slaves ! ”  
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
The heavens above us spread !  
The land is roused, — its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead !

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

GOD bless New Hampshire ! from her  
granite peaks  
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon  
speaks.

The long-bound vassal of the exulting  
South  
For very shame her self-forged chain  
has broken ;  
Torn the black seal of slavery from her  
mouth,  
And in the clear tones of her old time  
spoken !  
Oh, all undreamed - of, all unhoped - for  
changes !  
The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe ;  
To all his biddings, from her mountain  
ranges,  
New Hampshire thunders an indignant  
No !  
Who is it now despairs ? Oh, faint of  
heart,  
Look upward to those Northern moun-  
tains cold,  
Flouted by Freedom's victor - flag un-  
rolled,  
And gather strength to bear a manlier  
part !  
All is not lost. The angel of God's bless-  
ing  
Encamps with Freedom on the field of  
fight ;  
Still to her banner, day by day, are press-  
ing  
Unlooked - for allies, striking for the  
right !  
Courage, then, Northern hearts ! Be firm,  
be true :  
What one brave State hath done, can ye not  
also do ?

#### THE PINE-TREE

Written on hearing that the Anti-Slavery Re-  
solves of Stephen C. Phillips had been rejected  
by the Whig Convention in Faneuil Hall, in  
1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay  
State's rusted shield,  
Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on  
our banner's tattered field.  
Sons of men who sat in council with their  
Bibles round the board,  
Answering England's royal missive with a  
firm, “ Thus saith the Lord ! ”  
Rise again for home and freedom ! set the  
battle in array !  
What the fathers did of old time we their  
sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your  
paltry pedler cries ;  
Shall the good State sink her honor that  
your gambling stocks may rise ?  
Would ye barter man for cotton ? That  
your gains may sum up higher,  
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our  
children through the fire ?  
Is the dollar only real ? God and truth  
and right a dream ?  
Weighed against your lying ledgers must  
our manhood kick the beam ?

O my God ! for that free spirit, which of  
old in Boston town  
Smote the Province House with terror,  
struck the crest of Andros down !  
For another strong-voiced Adams in the  
city's streets to cry,  
"Up for God and Massachusetts ! Set  
your feet on Mammon's lie !  
Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your  
cotton's latest pound,  
But in Heaven's name keep your honor,  
keep the heart o' the Bay State  
sound !"

Where 's the man for Massachusetts ?  
Where 's the voice to speak her free ?  
Where 's the hand to light up bonfires from  
her mountains to the sea ?  
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer ? Sits  
she dumb in her despair ?  
Has she none to break the silence ? Has  
she none to do and dare ?  
O my God ! for one right worthy to lift up  
her rusted shield,  
And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her  
banner's tattered field !

#### TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN

John C. Calhoun, who had strongly urged the extension of slave territory by the annexation of Texas, even if it should involve a war with England, was unwilling to promote the acquisition of Oregon, which would enlarge the Northern domain of freedom, and pleaded as an excuse the peril of foreign complications which he had defied when the interests of slavery were involved.

Is this thy voice whose treble notes of fear  
Wail in the wind ? And dost thou shake  
to hear,

Actæon-like, the bay of thine own hounds,  
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er their  
bounds ?  
Sore - baffled statesman ! when thy eager  
hand,  
With game afoot, unslipped the hungry  
pack,  
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen land,  
Hadst thou no fear, that, ere long, doubling  
back,  
These dogs of thine might snuff on Sla-  
very's track ?  
Where 's now the boast, which even thy  
guarded tongue,  
Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o' the  
Senate flung,  
O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,  
Like Satan's triumph at the fall of man ?  
How stoodst thou then, thy feet on Free-  
dom planting,  
And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,  
Whence all could see, through the south  
windows slanting,  
Crimson as blood, the beams of that Lone  
Star !  
The Fates are just ; they give us but our  
own ;  
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.  
There is an Eastern story, not unknown,  
Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic  
skill  
Called demons up his water-jars to fill ;  
Deftly and silently, they did his will,  
But, when the task was done, kept pouring  
still.  
In vain with spell and charm the wizard  
wrought,  
Faster and faster were the buckets brought,  
Higher and higher rose the flood around,  
Till the fiends clapped their hands above  
their master drowned !  
So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,  
For God still overrules man's schemes, and  
takes  
Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes  
The wrath of man to praise Him. It may  
be,  
That the roused spirits of Democracy  
May leave to freer States the same wide  
door  
Through which thy slave-cursed Texas en-  
tered in,  
From out the blood and fire, the wrong and  
sin,  
Of the stormed city and the ghastly plain.

Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody rain,  
The myriad-handed pioneer may pour,  
And the wild West with the roused North  
combine  
And heave the engineer of evil with his  
mine.

## AT WASHINGTON

Suggested by a visit to the city of Washington, in the 12th month of 1845. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light  
On its roofs and steeples shed,  
Shadows weaving with the sunlight  
From the gray sky overhead,  
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the  
half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,  
Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
Wave on wave a living river ;  
Wealth and fashion side by side ;  
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same  
quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping  
Springs above them, vast and tall,  
Grave men in the dust are groping  
For the largess, base and small,  
Which the hand of Power is scattering,  
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart ! They vilely barter  
Honor's wealth for party's place ;  
Step by step on Freedom's charter  
Leaving footprints of disgrace ;  
For to-day's poor pittance turning from the  
great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
Glory round the dancer's hair,  
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing  
Backward on the sunset air ;  
And the low quick pulse of music beats its  
measure sweet and rare :

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
Star-like, welcome give to them ;  
Fawning fools with shy advances  
Seek to touch their garments' hem,  
With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds  
which God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
Takes a broader, sadder range,  
Full before me have arisen  
Other pictures dark and strange ;  
From the parlor to the prison must the  
scene and witness change.

Hark ! the heavy gate is swinging  
On its hinges, harsh and slow ;  
One pale prison lamp is flinging  
On a fearful group below  
Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er  
it does not show.

Pitying God ! Is that a woman  
On whose wrist the shackles clash ?  
Is that shriek she utters human,  
Underneath the stinging lash ?  
Are they men whose eyes of madness from  
that sad procession flash ?

Still the dance goes gayly onward !  
What is it to Wealth and Pride  
That without the stars are looking  
On a scene which earth should hide ?  
That the slave-ship lies in waiting, rocking  
on Potomac's tide !

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition,  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the  
slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving to ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go ;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful  
the hollow show !

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :  
In this crowded human mart,  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;  
Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall  
bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :  
 Faint the heart and weak the knee ;  
 And as yet no lip is thrilling  
 With the mighty words, "Be Free !"  
 Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but  
 his advent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
 To the prison-cell my sight,  
 For intenser hate of evil,  
 For a keener sense of right,  
 Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of  
 the Slaves, to-night !

"To thy duty now and ever !  
 Dream no more of rest or stay :  
 Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
 All thou art and hast to-day ;"  
 Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a  
 Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
 To discern and love the right,  
 Whose worn faces have been lifted  
 To the slowly-growing light,  
 Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted  
 slowly back the murk of night !

Ye who through long years of trial  
 Still have held your purpose fast,  
 While a lengthening shade the dial  
 From the westering sunshine cast,  
 And of hope each hour's denial seemed an  
 echo of the last !

O my brothers ! O my sisters !  
 Would to God that ye were near,  
 Gazing with me down the vistas  
 Of a sorrow strange and drear ;  
 Would to God that ye were listeners to the  
 Voice I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,  
 With the false earth mined below,  
 Who shall marvel if thus striving  
 We have counted friend as foe ;  
 Unto one another giving in the darkness  
 blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures  
 Have grown sterner and more hard,  
 And the freshness of their features  
 Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
 And their harmonies of feeling overtaxed  
 and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
 From a purpose true and brave ;  
 Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
 Than the pastime of the slave ;  
 Better is the storm above it than the quiet  
 of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
 All our idle feuds in dust,  
 And to future conflicts carry  
 Mutual faith and common trust ;  
 Always he who most forgiveth in his brother  
 is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding  
 All our sun and starlight here,  
 Voices of our lost ones sounding  
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
 Through the silence, down the spaces, falling  
 on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
 Downward with a sad surprise,  
 All our strife of words rebuking  
 With their mild and loving eyes ?  
 Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall we  
 cloud their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
 Which have fallen in our way ;  
 Let us do the work before us,  
 Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
 Ere the long night-silence cometh, and  
 with us it is not day !

### THE BRANDED HAND

Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to carry them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the great hazard of the enterprise he attempted to comply with the request, but was seized at sea by an American vessel, consigned to the authorities at Key West, and thence sent back to Pensacola, where, after a long and rigorous confinement in prison, he was tried and sentenced to be branded on his right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave-stealer) and amerced in a heavy fine.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman !  
 with thy thoughtful brow and gray,  
 And the old heroic spirit of our earlier  
 better day ;

With that front of calm endurance, on  
whose steady nerve in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the  
fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did the  
brutal cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His  
holiest work thy shame ?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the tor-  
ture the iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled  
fools to scorn !

They change to wrong the duty which God  
hath written out  
On the great heart of humanity, too legible  
for doubt !  
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotted  
from footsole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto  
honor and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honor ! than  
its traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a  
prouder blazon set ;  
And thy unborn generations, as they tread  
our rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their  
father's branded hand !

As the Templar home was welcome, bear-  
ing back from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim  
scimitars,  
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's  
crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest  
friend of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the dear  
Redeemer's grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the bound  
and bleeding slave ;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of an-  
gels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present  
home of God !

For, while the jurist, sitting with the  
slave-whip o'er him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the  
lie of slavery wrung,

And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each  
God-deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured  
the bondman's blood for wine ;

While the multitude in blindness to a far-  
off Saviour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where  
a present Saviour dwelt ;  
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the  
prison shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was  
mercy unto Him !

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky  
above and wave below,  
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the  
babbling schoolmen know ;  
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His  
angels only can,  
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the  
cope of heaven is Man !

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls  
of law and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may  
find mercy in his need ;  
But woe to him who crushes the soul with  
chain and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful  
form of God !

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold  
ploughman of the wave !  
Its branded palm shall prophesy, " Salvation  
to the Slave ! "  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that  
whoso reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him, his  
sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against  
our Northern air ;  
Ho ! men of Massachusetts, for the love of  
God, look there !  
Take it henceforth for your standard, like  
the Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that  
hand be seen before !

And the masters of the slave-land shall  
tremble at that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward along  
the Puritan line :

Can the craft of State avail them ! Can a  
Christless church withstand,  
In the van of Freedom's onset, the coming  
of that hand ?

### THE FREED ISLANDS

Written for the anniversary celebration of  
the first of August, at Milton, 1846. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

A FEW brief years have passed away  
Since Britain drove her million slaves  
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray :  
God willed their freedom ; and to-day  
Life blooms above those island graves !

He spoke ! across the Carib Sea,  
We heard the clash of breaking chains,  
And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
The first strong pulse of liberty  
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,  
The Briton's triumph shall be ours :  
Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
Than that which twelve short years ago  
Scowled darkly from her island bow-  
ers ?

Mighty alike for good or ill  
With Mother-land, we fully share  
The Saxon strength, the nerve of steel,  
The tireless energy of will,  
The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do ?  
Our hour and men are both at hand ;  
The blast which Freedom's angel blew  
O'er her green islands, echoes through  
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe ! we have sworn  
The death of slavery. When it falls,  
Look to your vassals in their turn,  
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,  
Your prisons and your palace walls !

O kingly mockers ! scoffing show  
What deeds in Freedom's name we do ;  
Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
Across the waters, goads our slow  
Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,  
Appalled by democratic crime,  
Grind as their fathers ground before ;  
The hour which sees our prison door  
Swing wide shall be their triumph time.

On then, my brothers ! every blow  
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through ;  
Whatever here uplifts the low  
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart ! The promised hour draws  
near ;  
I hear the downward beat of wings,  
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear :  
"Joy to the people ! woe and fear  
To new-world tyrants, old-world kings !"

### A LETTER

Supposed to be written by the chairman of the "Central Clique" at Concord, N. H., to the Hon. M. N., Jr., at Washington, giving the result of the election.

The following verses were published in the *Boston Chronotype* in 1846. They refer to the contest in New Hampshire, which resulted in the defeat of the pro-slavery Democracy, and in the election of John P. Hale to the United States Senate. Although their authorship was not acknowledged, it was strongly suspected. They furnish a specimen of the way, on the whole rather good-natured, in which the liberty-lovers of half a century ago answered the social and political outlawry and mob violence to which they were subjected.

'T is over, Moses ! All is lost !  
I hear the bells a-ringing ;  
Of Pharaoh and his Red Sea host  
I hear the Free-Wills singing.  
We're routed, Moses, horse and foot,  
If there be truth in figures,  
With Federal Whigs in hot pursuit,  
And Hale, and all the "niggers."

Alack ! alas ! this month or more  
We've felt a sad foreboding ;  
Our very dreams the burden bore  
Of central cliques exploding ;  
Before our eyes a furnace shone,  
Where heads of dough were roasting,  
And one we took to be your own  
The traitor Hale was toasting !

Our Belknap brother heard with awe  
 The Congo minstrels playing ;  
 At Pittsfield Reuben Leavitt saw  
 The ghost of Storrs a-praying ;  
 And Carroll's woods were sad to see,  
 With black-winged crows a-darting ;  
 And Black Snout looked on Ossipee,  
 New-glossed with Day and Martin.

We thought the "Old Man of the Notch"  
 His face seemed changing wholly —  
 His lips seemed thick ; his nose seemed flat ;  
 His misty hair looked woolly ;  
 And Coos teamsters, shrieking, fled  
 From the metamorphosed figure.  
 "Look there !" they said, "the Old Stone  
 Head  
 Himself is turning nigger !"

The schoolhouse, out of Canaan hauled,  
 Seemed turning on its track again,  
 And like a great swamp-turtle crawled  
 To Canaan village back again,  
 Shook off the mud and settled flat  
 Upon its underpinning ;  
 A nigger on its ridge-pole sat,  
 From ear to ear a-grinning.

Gray H——d heard o' nights the sound  
 Of rail-cars onward faring ;  
 Right over Democratic ground  
 The iron horse came tearing.  
 A flag waved o'er that spectral train,  
 As high as Pittsfield steeple ;  
 Its emblem was a broken chain,  
 Its motto : "To the people !"

I dreamed that Charley took his bed,  
 With Hale for his physician ;  
 His daily dose an old "unread  
 And unferred" petition.  
 There Hayes and Tuck as nurses sat,  
 As near as near could be, man ;  
 They leeched him with the "Democrat" ;  
 They blistered with the "Freeman."

Ah ! grisly portents ! What avail  
 Your terrors of forewarning ?  
 We wake to find the nightmare Hale  
 Astride our breasts at morning !  
 From Portsmouth lights to Indian stream  
 Our foes their throats are trying ;  
 The very factory-spindles seem  
 To mock us while they're flying.

The hills have bonfires ; in our streets  
 Flags flout us in our faces ;  
 The newsboys, peddling off their sheets,  
 Are hoarse with our disgraces.  
 In vain we turn, for gibing wit  
 And shoutings follow after,  
 As if old Kearsarge had split  
 His granite sides with laughter !

What boots it that we pelted out  
 The anti-slavery women,  
 And bravely strewed their hall about  
 With tattered lace and trimming ?  
 Was it for such a sad reverse  
 Our mobs became peacemakers,  
 And kept their tar and wooden horse  
 For Englishmen and Quakers ?

For this did shifty Atherton  
 Make gag rules for the Great House ?  
 Wiped we for this our feet upon  
 Petitions in our State House ?  
 Plied we for this our axe of doom,  
 No stubborn traitor sparing,  
 Who scoffed at our opinion loom,  
 And took to homespun wearing ?

Ah, Moses ! hard it is to scan  
 These crooked providences,  
 Deducing from the wisest plan  
 The saddest consequences !  
 Strange that, in trampling as was meet  
 The nigger-men's petition,  
 We sprung a mine beneath our feet  
 Which opened up perdition.

How goodly, Moses, was the game  
 In which we've long been actors,  
 Supplying freedom with the name  
 And slavery with the practice !  
 Our smooth words fed the people's  
 mouth,  
 Their ears our party rattle ;  
 We kept them headed to the South,  
 As drovers do their cattle.

But now our game of politics  
 The world at large is learning ;  
 And men grown gray in all our tricks  
 State's evidence are turning.  
 Votes and preambles subtly spun  
 They cram with meanings louder,  
 And load the Democratic gun  
 With abolition powder.

The ides of June ! Woe worth the day  
 When, turning all things over,  
 The traitor Hale shall make his hay  
 From Democratic clover !  
 Who then shall take him in the law,  
 Who punish crime so flagrant ?  
 Whose hand shall serve, whose pen shall  
 draw,  
 A writ against that " vagrant " ?

Alas ! no hope is left us here,  
 And one can only pine for  
 The envied place of overseer  
 Of slaves in Carolina !  
 Pray, Moses, give Calhoun the wink,  
 And see what pay he 's giving !  
 We 've practised long enough, we think,  
 To know the art of driving.

And for the faithful rank and file,  
 Who know their proper stations,  
 Perhaps it may be worth their while  
 To try the rice plantations.  
 Let Hale exult, let Wilson scoff,  
 To see us southward scamper ;  
 The slaves, we know, are " better off  
 Than laborers in New Hampshire ! "

## LINES

## FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire,  
 A faith which doubt can never dim,  
 A heart of love, a lip of fire,  
 O Freedom's God ! be Thou to him !

Speak through him words of power and  
 fear,  
 As through Thy prophet bards of old,  
 And let a scornful people hear  
 Once more Thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek,  
 And hands of blood are raised to Thee,  
 And on Thy children, crushed and weak,  
 The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, O God ! Thy servant dare  
 Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
 Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear  
 The Bible from the grasp of hell !

From hollow rite and narrow span  
 Of law and sect by Thee released,  
 Oh, teach him that the Christian man  
 Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
 Of the dead ages from his way,  
 And let his hopeful eyes behold  
 The dawn of Thy millennial day ;

That day when fettered limb and mind  
 Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
 And he alone who loves his kind  
 Shall, childlike, claim the love of Thee !

## DANIEL NEALL

Dr. Neall, a worthy disciple of that vener-  
 ated philanthropist, Warner Mifflin, whom the  
 Girondist statesman, Jean Pierre Brissot, pro-  
 nounced " an angel of mercy, the best man he  
 ever knew," was one of the noble band of  
 Pennsylvania abolitionists, whose bravery was  
 equalled only by their gentleness and tender-  
 ness.

## I

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of  
 all ;  
 Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when  
 The need of battling Freedom called for  
 men

To plant the banner on the outer wall ;  
 Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
 Melted to more than woman's tenderness,  
 Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post  
 Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
 Like some gray rock from which the waves  
 are tossed !

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned  
 not

The faith of one whose walk and word  
 were right ;

Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field  
 wrought,

And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
 A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :  
 Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own  
 Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence  
 alone.

## II

Such was our friend. Formed on the good  
 old plan,  
 A true and brave and downright honest  
 man !

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church with hypocritic face  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian  
grace ;  
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful  
will  
What others talked of while their hands  
were still ;  
And, while "Lord, Lord ! " the pious tyrants  
cried,  
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
His daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply doing  
good.  
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked with  
us on earth.

### SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT

[Suggested by a passage in Richardson's  
*Journal in Africa.*]

WHERE are we going ? where are we going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?  
Lord of peoples, lord of lands,  
Look across these shining sands,  
Through the furnace of the noon,  
Through the white light of the moon.  
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,  
Strange and large the world is growing !  
Speak and tell us where we are going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Bornou land was rich and good,  
Wells of water, fields of food,  
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,  
And the palm-tree cool and green :  
Bornou land we see no longer,  
Here we thirst and here we hunger,  
Here the Moor-man smites in anger :  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

When we went from Bornou land,  
We were like the leaves and sand,  
We were many, we are few ;  
Life has one, and death has two :  
Whitened bones our path are showing,  
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing !  
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Moons of marches from our eyes  
Bornou land behind us lies ;  
Stranger round us day by day  
Bends the desert circle gray ;  
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,  
Hot the winds above them blowing,—  
Lord of all things ! where are we going ?  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;  
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;  
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;  
We are fools, but Thou art wise !  
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing  
Through the strange world round us grow-  
ing,  
Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

### TO DELAWARE

Written during the discussion in the Legis-  
lature of that State, in the winter of 1846-47,  
of a bill for the abolition of slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,  
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds  
released,  
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's  
foam ;  
And to the young nymphs of the golden  
West,  
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with  
prairie bloom,  
Trail in the sunset, — O redeemed and  
blest,  
To the warm welcome of thy sisters  
come !  
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white  
bay  
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her  
plains,  
And the great lakes, where echo, free alway,  
Moaned never shoreward with the clank  
of chains,  
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing  
spray,  
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.  
And, smiling on thee through her mountain  
rains,  
Vermont shall bless thee ; and the gran-  
ite peaks,

And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall  
wear  
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold,  
keen air ;  
And Massachusetts, with her rugged  
cheeks  
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to  
thee,  
When, at thy bidding, the electric wire  
Shall tremble northward with its words  
of fire ;  
Glory and praise to God ! another State is  
free !

## YORKTOWN

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill :  
Who curbs his steed at head of one ?  
Hark ! the low murmur : Washington !  
Who bends his keen, approving glance,  
Where down the gorgeous line of France  
Shine knightly star and plume of snow ?  
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau !

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and  
wheel,  
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel ;  
October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,  
And down night's double blackness fell,  
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines  
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines ;

While through them, sullen, grim, and  
slow,

The conquered hosts of England go :  
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :  
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,  
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice  
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her time,  
Shouting from cave and mountain wood  
Make glad her desert solitude,  
While they who hunt her quail with fear ;  
The New World's chain lies broken here !

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
Within the shattered fortress gate ?  
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,  
Classed with the battle's common spoil,  
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,  
With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn, —  
Are they not men, Virginian born ?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave !  
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave !  
Sons of the Northland, ye who set  
Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
And pressed with steady footfall near  
The moated battery's blazing tier,  
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
Let shame do homage to the right !

Lo ! fourscore years have passed ; and  
where  
The Gallic bugles stirred the air,  
And, through breached batteries, side by  
side,  
To victory stormed the hosts allied,  
And brave foes grounded, pale with pain,  
The arms they might not lift again,  
As abject as in that old day  
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,  
Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of  
men,  
Ye spared the wrong ; and over all  
Behold the avenging shadow fall !

Your world-wide honor stained with  
shame,—  
Your freedom's self a hollow name !

Where 's now the flag of that old war ?  
Where flows its stripe ? Where burns its  
star ?

Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,  
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak ;  
Symbol of terror and despair,  
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there !

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks !  
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks !  
Brave sport to see the fledgling born  
Of Freedom by its parent torn !  
Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,  
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell :  
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,  
What of the New World fears the Old ?

## RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

[Though not published until 1847, several lines indicate that the poem was written not long after Randolph's death in 1833. In a letter published in July, 1833, Whittier says: "In the last hour of his [Randolph's] existence, when his soul was struggling from its broken tenement, his latest effort was the confirmation of this generous act of a former period [the manumission of his slaves]. Light rest the turf upon him, beneath his patrimonial oaks ! The prayers of many hearts made happy by his benevolence shall linger over his grave and bless it."]

O MOTHER EARTH ! upon thy lap  
Thy weary ones receiving,  
And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
Fold softly in thy long embrace  
That heart so worn and broken,  
And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
And serpent hiss of scorning ;  
Nor let the storms of yesterday  
Disturb his quiet morning.  
Breathe over him forgetfulness  
Of all save deeds of kindness,  
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,  
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
He heard Potomac's flowing,  
And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
He sleeps, still looking to the west,  
Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
As if he still would see the sun  
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune ! in himself  
All moods of mind contrasting,—  
The tenderest wail of human woe,  
The scorn like lightning blasting ;  
The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower  
From lips of life-long sadness ;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness ;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,  
And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn  
Bheld its schemes disjointed,  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparing,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.  
While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune  
strange,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,  
His loving faith in Mother-land  
Knew never shade of turning ;  
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's tide,  
Whatever sky was o'er him,  
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
 No false and vain pretences,  
 Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
 For Scriptural defences.  
 His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
 Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while  
 His reverence for the Human ;  
 In the dark vassals of his will  
 He saw but Man and Woman !  
 No hunter of God's outraged poor  
 His Roanoke valley entered ;  
 No trader in the souls of men  
 Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
 Lay down for his last sleeping,  
 And at his side, a slave no more,  
 His brother-man stood weeping,  
 His latest thought, his latest breath,  
 To Freedom's duty giving,  
 With failing tongue and trembling hand  
 The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State  
 A truer son or braver !  
 None trampling with a calmer scorn  
 On foreign hate or favor.  
 He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
 His proud and manly feeling  
 To poor excuses of the wrong  
 Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
 The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
 None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
 Along her future treading.  
 For her as for himself he spake,  
 When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
 He traced with dying hand "Remorse !"  
 And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
 From Vernon's weeping willow,  
 And from the grassy pall which hides  
 The Sage of Monticello,  
 So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
 Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
 Virginia ! o'er thy land of slaves  
 A warning voice is swelling !

And hark ! from thy deserted fields  
 Are sadder warnings spoken,  
 From quenched hearths, where thy exiled  
 sons  
 Their household gods have broken.  
 The curse is on thee, — wolves for men,  
 And briars for corn-sheaves giving !  
 Oh, more than all thy dead renown  
 Were now one hero living !

### THE LOST STATESMAN

Written on hearing of the death of Silas  
 Wright of New York. [Originally entitled  
 Lines.]

As they who, tossing midst the storm at  
 night,  
 While turning shoreward, where a bea-  
 con shone,  
 Meet the walled blackness of the heaven  
 alone,  
 So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,  
 In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy  
 light  
 Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour  
 of noon,  
 While life was pleasant to thy undimmed  
 sight,  
 And, day by day, within thy spirit grew  
 A holier hope than young Ambition knew,  
 As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,  
 Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry  
 of pain,  
 Man of the millions, thou art lost too  
 soon !  
 Portents at which the bravest stand  
 aghast, —  
 The birth-throes of a Future, strange and  
 vast,  
 Alarm the land ; yet thou, so wise and  
 strong,  
 Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,  
 Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever  
 long,  
 Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.  
 Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering  
 host ?  
 Who wear the mantle of the leader lost ?  
 Who stay the march of slavery ? He  
 whose voice

Hath called thee from thy task-field  
shall not lack  
Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely  
back  
The wrong which, through his poor ones,  
reaches Him :  
Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torch-  
lights trim,  
And wave them high across the abysmal  
black,  
Till bound, dumb millions there shall see  
them and rejoice.

## THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE

Suggested by a daguerreotype taken from  
a small French engraving of two negro figures,  
sent to the writer by Oliver Johnson.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through  
the tree-tops flash and glisten,  
As she stands before her lover, with raised  
face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the  
ancient Jewish song :  
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her  
graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the  
vassal's garb and hue,  
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his  
higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of  
a freeman in his heart,  
As the gregree holds his Fetich from the  
white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the  
driver's morning horn  
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the  
fields of cane and corn :

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on  
his back or limb ;  
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns  
the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his  
eye is hard and stern ;  
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has  
never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance  
before their master's door,  
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stand  
he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which  
rebels against a lot  
Where the brute survives the human, and  
man's upright form is not !

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral  
fold on fold  
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it  
withers in his hold ;

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer  
girds the fell embrace,  
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine  
is in its place ;

So a base and bestial nature round the vas-  
sal's manhood twines,  
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the  
ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and our  
world of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when a Love  
is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding,  
wheresoe'er ye roam,  
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, mak-  
ing all the world like home ;

In the veins of whose affections kindred  
blood is but a part,  
Of one kindly current throbbing from the  
universal heart ;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love  
in Slavery nursed,  
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that  
Soil accursed ?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman ! —  
dear to all, but doubly dear  
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere meas-  
ure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a  
brazen sky,  
Only one green spot remaining where the  
dew is never dry .

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,  
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

"T is the fervid tropic noontime ; faint and low the sea-waves beat ;  
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat, —

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,  
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and she lifts her head to listen : —

" We shall live as slaves no longer ! Freedom's hour is close at hand !  
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand !

" I have seen the Haytien Captain ; I have seen his swarthy crew,  
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.

" They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,  
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon ! "

Oh, the blessed hope of freedom ! how with joy and glad surprise,  
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes !

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,  
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the lemon-leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest : " It were wrong for thee to stay ;  
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and His finger points the way.

" Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and mine,  
Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant for souls like thine.

" Go ; and at the hour of midnight, when our last farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee from the shore.

" But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed all the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight gray.

" Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to me.

" For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon be wild ;  
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her child ! "

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning-time,  
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover and the maid ;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his spade ?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he : 't is the Haytien's sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the breeze !

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call :  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

#### THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-BREAKERS

The rights and liberties affirmed by Magna Charta were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster.

IN Westminster's royal halls,  
Robed in their pontificals,  
England's ancient prelates stood  
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud :

King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight ;

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse,  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

" Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause ;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small,  
Sacred as the monarch's hall, —

" Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties ;  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede ;

" Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let him live and die accursed.

" Thou, who to Thy Church hast given  
Keys alike of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure ! "

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen !

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries gray and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred band  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power ;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,  
Lost their keys of heaven and hell ;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the state ;  
Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards ;

Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

Oh, to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought, —  
Pitiful sight is not !

Tell me not that this must be :  
God's true priest is always free ;  
Free the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the weak

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate ;  
Not to peddle creeds like wares ;  
Not to mutter hireling prayers ;

Nor to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this ;  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave !

Not for words and works like these,  
Priest of God, thy mission is ;  
But to make earth's desert glad,  
In its Eden greenness clad ;

And to level manhood bring  
Lord and peasant, serf and king ;  
And the Christ of God to find  
In the humblest of thy kind !

Thine to work as well as pray,  
Clearing thorny wrongs away ;  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.

Watching on the hills of Faith ;  
Listening what the spirit saith,  
Of the dim-seen light afar,  
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou  
To the waiting ones below ;  
" Twixt them and its light midway  
Heralding the better day ;

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
Hearing notes of angel choirs,

Where, as yet unseen of them,  
Comes the New Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
On the glory downward blazing ;  
Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
Rests the City of our God !

### PÆAN

This poem indicates the exultation of the anti-slavery party, in view of the revolt of the friends of Martin Van Buren in New York from the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1848.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore !  
The dreary night has wellnigh passed,  
The slumbers of the North are o'er,  
The Giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark time  
When, faint with watching, few and worn,  
We saw no welcome day-star climb  
The cold gray pathway of the morn !

O weary hours ! O night of years !  
What storms our darkling pathway swept,  
Where, beating back our thronging fears,  
By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,  
How mocked before the tyrant train,  
As, one by one, the true and kind  
Fell fainting in our path of pain !

They died, their brave hearts breaking slow,  
But, self-forgetful to the last,  
In words of cheer and bugle blow  
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,  
Stood waiting for the dawn of day  
To crush like reeds our feeble band ;  
The morn has come, and where are they ?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ;  
With peace-white banners waving free,  
And from our own the glad shout breaks,  
Of Freedom and Fraternity !

Like mist before the growing light,  
The hostile cohorts melt away ;  
Our frowning foemen of the night  
Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As unto these repentant ones  
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,  
Along our line a murmur runs  
Of song, and praise, and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset ! Blast on blast !  
Till Slavery's minions cower and quail ;  
One charge of fire shall drive them fast  
Like chaff before our Northern gale !

O prisoners in your house of pain,  
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold,  
Look ! stretched o'er Southern vale and  
plain,  
The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the tyrant's pride of power,  
His iron gates and guarded wall,  
The bolts which shattered Shinar's tower  
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake ! awake ! my Fatherland !  
It is thy Northern light that shines ;  
This stirring march of Freedom's band  
The storm-song of thy mountain pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !  
And hear, in winds that sweep your  
lakes  
And fan your prairies' roaring fires,  
The signal-call that Freedom makes !

### THE CRISIS

Written on learning the terms of the treaty with Mexico.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,  
The circles of our empire touch the western ocean's strand ;  
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and free,  
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea ;  
And from the mountains of the east, to Santa Rosa's shore,  
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple children weep ;  
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep ;

Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,  
And Santa Barbara toll her bells amidst her corn and vines ;  
For lo ! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,  
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the winds bring down  
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown !  
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,  
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back ;  
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,  
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land of lake and plain,  
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain ;  
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold, serene,  
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped in softest green ;  
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny vale,  
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores  
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars ;  
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none have tamed,  
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never named ;  
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's chemic powers  
Work out the Great Designer's will ; all these ye say are ours !

Forever ours ! for good or ill, on us the burden lies :  
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale ?

Or shall the Evil triumph, and robbery  
Wrong prevail ?  
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,  
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,  
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold ;  
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men ;  
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,  
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine ! a day for us to sow  
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe ?  
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast-off crime,  
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time ?  
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,  
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ? End in this the prayers and tears,  
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years ?  
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,  
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne ?  
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air ?  
Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face with us it stands,  
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands !  
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin ;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin .

Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's  
cloudy crown,  
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts  
of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore their  
agony and shame ;  
By all the warning words of truth with  
which the prophets came ;  
By the Future which awaits us ; by all the  
hopes which cast  
Their faint and trembling beams across  
the blackness of the Past ;  
And by the blessed thought of Him who  
for Earth's freedom died,  
O my people ! O my brothers ! let us  
choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on  
his way ;  
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Fran-  
cisco's bay,  
To make the rugged places smooth, and  
sow the vales with grain ;  
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible  
in his train :  
The mighty West shall bless the East, and  
sea shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call, Praise  
God, for we are free !

#### LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED PUBLISHER

The lines following were addressed to a  
magazine publisher, who, alarmed for his  
Southern circulation, not only dropped the  
name of Grace Greenwood from his list of  
contributors, but made an offensive parade of his  
action, with the view of strengthening his posi-  
tion among slaveholders and conservatives.  
By some coincidence his portrait was issued  
about the same time.

A MOONY breadth of virgin face,  
By thought unviolated ;  
A patient mouth, to take from scorn  
The hook with bank-notes baited !  
Its self-complacent sleekness shows  
How thrift goes with the fawner ;  
An unctuous unconcern of all  
Which nice folks call dishonor !

A pleasant print to peddle out  
In lands of rice and cotton ;  
The model of that face in dough  
Would make the artist's fortune.  
For Fame to thee has come unsought,  
While others vainly woo her,  
In proof how mean a thing can make  
A great man of its doer.

To whom shall men thyself compare,  
Since common models fail 'em,  
Save classic goose of ancient Rome,  
Or sacred ass of Balaam ?  
The gabble of that wakeful goose  
Saved Rome from sack of Brennus ;  
The braying of the prophet's ass  
Betrayed the angel's menace !

So when Guy Fawkes, in petticoats,  
And azure-tinted hose on,  
Was twisting from thy love-lorn sheets  
The slow-match of explosion —  
An earthquake blast that would have tossed  
The Union as a feather,  
Thy instinct saved a perilled land  
And perilled purse together.

Just think of Carolina's sage  
Sent whirling like a Dervis,  
Of Quattlebum in middle air  
Performing strange drill-service !  
Doomed like Assyria's lord of old,  
Who fell before the Jewess,  
Or sad Abimelech, to sigh,  
"Alas ! a woman slew us !"

Thou saw'st beneath a fair disguise  
The danger darkly lurking,  
And maiden bodice dreaded more  
Than warrior's steel-wrought jerkin.  
How keen to scent the hidden plot !  
How prompt wert thou to balk it,  
With patriot zeal and pedler thrift,  
For country and for pocket !

Thy likeness here is doubtless well,  
But higher honor 's due it ;  
On auction-block and negro-jail  
Admiring eyes should view it.  
Or, hung aloft, it well might grace  
The nation's senate-chamber —  
A gree-ly Northern bottle-fly  
Preserved in Slavery's amber !

## DERNE

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and 'toller heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

**NIGHT** on the city of the Moor !  
On mosque and tomb, and white-walled shore,

On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless knock  
The narrow harbor-gates unlock,  
On corsair's galley, carack tall,  
And plundered Christian caraval !  
The sounds of Moslem life are still ;  
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;  
Stretched in the broad court of the khan,  
The dusty Bornou caravan  
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and man ;  
The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,  
His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;  
The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,  
The merchant with his wares withdrawn ;  
Rough pillow'd on some pirate breast,  
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;  
And, save where measured footsteps fall  
Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,  
Or where, like some bad dream, the Jew  
Creeps stealthily his quarter through,  
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,  
The City of the Corsair sleeps !

But where yon prison long and low  
Stands black against the pale star-glow,  
Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,  
There watch and pine the Christian slaves ;  
Rough-bearded men, whose far-off wives  
Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;  
And youth, still flashing from his eyes  
The clear blue of New England skies,  
A treasured lock of whose soft hair  
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's  
prayer ;  
Or, worn upon some maiden breast,  
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,  
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,  
And, like the scroll the angel bore  
The shuddering Hebrew soer before,

O'erwrit alike, without, within,  
With all the woes which follow sin ;  
But, bitterest of the ills beneath  
Whose load man totters down to death,  
Is that which plucks the regal crown  
Of Freedom from his forehead down,  
And snatches from his powerless hand  
The sceptred sign of self-command,  
Effacing with the chain and rod  
The image and the seal of God ;  
Till from his nature, day by day,  
The manly virtues fall away,  
And leave him naked, blind and mute,  
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die  
Beneath affection's tender eye,  
Unto their household and their kin  
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in ?  
O weeper, from that tranquil sod,  
That holy harvest-home of God,  
Turn to the quick and suffering, shed  
Thy tears upon the living dead !  
Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,  
They sleep with Him, they are not slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides !  
Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?  
A long, loose, straggling caravan,  
Camel and horse and arm'd man.  
The moon's low crescent, glimmering o'er  
Its grave of waters to the shore,  
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,  
And gleams from gun and spear and blade  
Near and more near ! now o'er them falls  
The shadow of the city walls.  
Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned  
In the fierce trumpet's charging sound !  
The rush of men, the musket's peal,  
The short, sharp clang of meeting steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood poured  
So freely on thy foeman's sword !  
Not to the swift nor to the strong  
The battles of the right belong ;  
For he who strikes for Freedom wears  
The armor of the captive's prayers,  
And Nature proffers to his cause  
The strength of her eternal laws ;  
While he whose arm essays to bind  
And herd with common brutes his kind  
Strives evermore at fearful odds  
With Nature and the jealous gods,  
And dares the dread recoil which late  
Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'T is done, the hornéd crescent falls !  
 The star-flag flouts the broken walls !  
 Joy to the captive husband ! joy  
 To thy sick heart, O brown-locked boy !  
 In sullen wrath the conquered Moor  
 Wide open flings your dungeon-door,  
 And leaves ye free from cell and chain,  
 The owners of yourselves again.  
 Dark as his allies desert-born,  
 Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn  
 With the long marches of his band  
 Through hottest wastes of rock and sand,  
 Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath  
 Of the red desert's wind of death,  
 With welcome words and grasping hands,  
 The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;  
 The dust of half a century lies  
 Upon it ; yet its hero's name  
 Still lingers on the lips of Fame.  
 Men speak the praise of him who gave  
 Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,  
 Yet dare to brand with shame and crime  
 The heroes of our land and time, —  
 The self-forgetful ones, who stake  
 Home, name, and life for Freedom's sake.  
 God mend his heart who cannot feel  
 The impulse of a holy zeal,  
 And sees not, with his sordid eyes,  
 The beauty of self-sacrifice !  
 Though in the sacred place he stands,  
 Uplifting consecrated hands,  
 Unworthy are his lips to tell  
 Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,  
 Or name aright that dread embrace  
 Of suffering for a fallen race !

#### A SABBATH SCENE

This poem finds its justification in the readiness with which, even in the North, clergymen urged the prompt execution of the Fugitive Slave Law as a Christian duty, and defended the system of slavery as a Bible institution.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell  
 Ceased quivering in the steeple,  
 Scarce had the parson to his desk  
 Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street  
 A wasted female figure,  
 With dusky brow and naked feet,  
 Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,  
 She heard the sweet hymn swelling :  
 O pitying Christ ! a refuge give  
 That poor one in Thy dwelling !

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,  
 Right up the aisle she glided,  
 While close behind her, whip in hand,  
 A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,  
 To Heaven and Earth appealing ;  
 Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?  
 Had woman's heart no feeling ?

A score of stout hands rose between  
 The hunter and the flying :  
 Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes  
 Flashed tearful, yet defying.

“ Who dares profane this house and day ? ”  
 Cried out the angry pastor.  
 “ Why, bless your soul, the wench 's a  
 slave,  
 And I 'm her lord and master ! ”

“ I 've law and gospel on my side,  
 And who shall dare refuse me ? ”  
 Down came the parson, bowing low,  
 “ My good sir, pray excuse me ! ”

“ Of course I know your right divine  
 To own and work and whip her ;  
 Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott  
 Before the wench, and trip her ! ”

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er  
 Its sacred pages stumbling,  
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,  
 The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,  
 The while his flock addressing,  
 The Scriptural claims of slavery  
 With text on text impressing.

“ Although,” said he, “ on Sabbath day  
 All secular occupations  
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil  
 Our moral obligations :

“ And this commends itself as one  
 To every conscience tender ;  
 As Paul sent back Onesimus,  
 My Christian friends, we send her ! ”

Shriek rose on shriek, — the Sabbath air  
 Her wild cries tore asunder ;  
 I listened, with hushed breath, to hear  
 God answering with his thunder !

All still ! the very altar's cloth  
 Had smothered down her shrieking,  
 And, dumb, she turned from face to face,  
 For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,  
 Her shackles harshly clanking ;  
 I heard the parson, over all,  
 The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : "Is this," I cried,  
 "The end of prayer and preaching ?  
 Then down with pulpit, down with priest,  
 And give us Nature's teaching !

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
 Who turn the good to evil,  
 And steal the Bible from the Lord,  
 To give it to the Devil !

"Than garbled text or parchment law  
 I own a statute higher ;  
 And God is true, though every book  
 And every man's a liar !"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand  
 In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;  
 I heard the priest cry, "Infidel !"  
 The lawyer mutter, "Treason !"

I started up, — where now were church,  
 Slave, master, priest, and people ?  
 I only heard the supper-bell,  
 Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,  
 O'er which the white blooms drifted,  
 The pages of a good old Book  
 The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings  
 Around the Holy Mother,  
 Waved softly there, as if God's truth  
 And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough  
 Above the casement swinging,  
 With golden bosom to the sun,  
 The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old  
 The lesson of the Teacher,  
 So now I heard the written Word  
 Interpreted by Nature !

For to my ear methought the breeze  
 Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;  
 Thus saith the Lord : Break every yoke,  
 Undo the heavy burden !

## IN THE EVIL DAYS

This and the four following poems have  
 special reference to that darkest hour in the  
 aggression of slavery which preceded the dawn  
 of a better day, when the conscience of the  
 people was roused to action. [Originally en-  
 titled *Stanzas for the Times*, 1850.]

THE evil days have come, the poor  
 Are made a prey ;  
 Bar up the hospitable door,  
 Put out the fire-lights, point no more  
 The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime ; the chain  
 Which binds our States  
 Is melted at her hearth in twain,  
 Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :  
 Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred  
 By voice below,  
 Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,  
 A beggar's crust, a kindly word  
 May overthrow !

Poor, whispering tremblers ! yet we boast  
 Our blood and name ;  
 Bursting its century-bolted frost,  
 Each gray cairn on the Northman's coast  
 Cries out for shame !

Oh for the open firmament,  
 The prairie free,  
 The desert hillside, cavern-rent,  
 The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,  
 The Bushman's tree !

Than web of Persian loom most rare,  
 Or soft divan,  
 Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,  
 Or hollow tree, which man may share  
 With suffering man.

I hear a voice : "Thus saith the Law,  
Let Love be dumb ;  
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,  
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw  
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice : "The poor  
Are thine to feed ;  
Turn not the outcast from thy door,  
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more  
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord ! between that law and Thee  
No choice remains ;  
Yet not untrue to man's decree,  
Though spurning its rewards, is he  
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast  
And threatening word ;  
I read the lesson of the Past,  
That firm endurance wins at last  
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience thou  
So calm and strong !  
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how  
The sleepless eyes of God look through  
This night of wrong !

#### MOLOCH IN STATE STREET

In a foot-note of the Report of the Senate of Massachusetts on the case of the arrest and return to bondage of the fugitive slave Thomas Sims it is stated that —

"It would have been impossible for the U. S. marshal thus successfully to have resisted the law of the State, without the assistance of the municipal authorities of Boston, and the countenance and support of a numerous, wealthy, and powerful body of citizens. It was in evidence that 1500 of the most wealthy and respectable citizens — merchants, bankers, and others — volunteered their services to aid the marshal on this occasion. . . . No watch was kept upon the doings of the marshal, and while the State officers slept, after the moon had gone down, in the darkest hour before day-break, the accused was taken out of our jurisdiction by the armed police of the city of Boston."

THE moon has set : while yet the dawn  
Breaks cold and gray,  
Between the midnight and the morn  
Bear off your prey !

On, swift and still ! the conscious street  
Is panged and stirred ;  
Tread light ! that fall of serried feet  
The dead have heard !

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins  
Gushed where ye tread ;  
Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-stains  
Blush darkly red !

Beneath the slowly-waning stars  
And whitening day,  
What stern and awful presence bars  
That sacred way ?

What faces frown upon ye, dark  
With shame and pain ?  
Come these from Plymooth's Pilgrim bark ?  
Is that young Vane ?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on  
With mocking cheer ?  
Lo ! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,  
And Gage are here !

For ready mart or favoring blast  
Through Moloch's fire,  
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed  
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice  
Of Man to Gain,  
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom dies,  
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day ; your harvest, scorn  
And hate, is near ;  
How think ye freemen, mountain-born,  
The tale will hear ?

Thank God ! our mother State can yet  
Her fame retrieve ;  
To you and to your children let  
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,  
Make gods of gold ;  
Let honor, truth, and manliness  
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are  
strong,  
But God is just ;  
The gilded chambers built by wrong  
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gains of Crime  
Are dust and dross ;  
Its ventures on the waves of time  
Foredoomed to loss !

And still the Pilgrim State remains  
What she hath been ;  
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,  
Still nurture men !

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart ;  
Her olden blood  
Through many a free and generous heart  
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing yet,  
Shall know no check,  
Till a free people's foot is set  
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,  
And hills afame,  
Tell of the first great triumph won  
In Freedom's name.

The long night dies : the welcome gray  
Of dawn we see ;  
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,  
God of the free !

#### OFFICIAL PIETY

Suggested by reading a state paper, wherein  
the higher law is invoked to sustain the lower  
one. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

A PIUS magistrate ! sound his praise  
throughout  
The wondering churches. Who shall hence-  
forth doubt  
That the long-wished millennium draw-  
eth nigh ?  
Sin in high places has become devout,  
Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and  
prays its lie  
Straight up to Heaven, and calls it piety !

The pirate, watching from his bloody deck  
The weltering galleon, heavy with the  
gold  
Of Acapulco, holding death in check  
While prayers are said, brows crossed,  
and beads are told ;  
The robber, kneeling where the wayside  
cross

On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss  
From his own carbine, glancing still abroad  
For some new victim, offering thanks to  
God !

Rome, listening at her altars to the cry  
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of  
hell  
Seour France, from baptized cannon and  
holy bell  
And thousand-throated priesthood, loud  
and high,  
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,  
"Thanks to the Lord, who giveth vic-  
tory !"

What prove these, but that crime was ne'er  
so black

As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to lack ?  
Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he  
lays

His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural phrase  
And saintly posture, gives to God the praise  
And honor of the monstrous progeny.

What marvel, then, in our own time to  
see

His old devices, smoothly acted o'er, —  
Official piety, locking fast the door  
Of Hope against three million souls of  
men, —

Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-  
deemed, — and then,  
With uprolled eyeballs and on bended knee,  
Whining a prayer for help to hide the key !

#### THE RENDITION

On the 2d of June, 1854, Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave from Virginia, after being under arrest for ten days in the Boston Court House, was remanded to slavery under the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken down State Street to a steamer chartered by the United States Government, under guard of United States troops and artillery, Massachusetts militia and Boston police. Public excitement ran high, a futile attempt to rescue Burns having been made during his confinement, and the streets were crowded with tens of thousands of people, of whom many came from other towns and cities of the State to witness the humiliating spectacle.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,  
I saw an earnest look beseech,  
And rather by that look than speech  
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty  
Marched handcuffed down that sworded  
street,  
The solid earth beneath my feet  
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss, —  
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,  
And loathing fear, as if my path  
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,  
All generous confidence and trust,  
Sank smothering in that deep disgust  
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,  
And home's green quiet, hiding all,  
Fell sudden darkness like the fall  
Of midnight upon noon !

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,  
Blood - drunken, through the blackness  
trod,  
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God  
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,  
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,  
Lend this dead air a breeze of health,  
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,  
Rise awful in thy strength," I said ;  
Ah me ! I spake but to the dead ;  
I stood upon her grave !

#### ARISEN AT LAST

On the passage of the bill to protect the rights and liberties of the people of the State against the Fugitive Slave Act. [Originally entitled simply *Lines*.]

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,  
My Mother State, when last the moon  
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,  
I wore, undreaming of relief,  
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines  
On leaf and flower and folded wing,  
And thou hast risen with the spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms  
Are round about thy children flung, —  
A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closéd lips,  
But in thine eye a power to smite  
The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robber's track  
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,  
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,  
His first low howl shall downward draw  
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,  
But, acting on the wiser plan,  
Thou 'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,  
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes  
Of him who sang of Paradise, —

The vision of a Christian man,  
In virtue, as in stature great  
Embodyed in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood  
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,  
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last ;

When North and South shall strive no  
more,  
And all their feuds and "ears be lost  
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

#### THE HASCHISH

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt  
Of marvels with our own competing,  
The strangest is the Haschish plant,  
And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,  
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances !  
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,  
Set all aglow with Houri glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,  
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian ;  
The wizard lights and demon play  
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog  
Change place in mad metempsychosis ;  
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,  
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses !

The Arab by his desert well  
Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,  
And hears his single camel's bell  
Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint  
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;  
The robber offers alms, the saint  
Drinks Tokay and blasphemers the Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes ;  
But we have one ordained to beat it,  
The Haschish of the West, which makes  
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears  
His Bible in a new translation ;  
Its angels negro overseers,  
And Heaven itself a snug plantation !

The man of peace, about whose dreams  
The sweet millennia' angels cluster,  
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,  
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,  
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;  
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees  
Due southward point the polar needle

The Judge partakes, and sits erelong  
Upon his bench a railing blackguard ;  
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,  
And reads the ten commandments backward.

O potent plant ! so rare a taste  
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;  
The hempen Haschish of the East  
Is powerless to our Western Cotton !

#### THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

This poem and the three following were called out by the popular movement of Free State men to occupy the territory of Kansas, and by the use of the great democratic weapon — an overpowering majority — to settle the

conflict on that ground between Freedom and Slavery. The opponents of the movement used another kind of weapon. [This song was sent to the first company of emigrants by the poet. "It is one of those prophecies," says E. E. Hale, "for which poets are born, uttered before the event and not after. In absolute hard fact, the song was sung by parties of emigrants, sung when they started, sung as they rode, and sung in the new home."]

WE cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow :  
The blessing of our Mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie as of old  
Our fathers sailed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free !

#### FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE

Inscribed to friends under arrest for treason against the slave power. [Originally entitled *Lines.*]

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,  
Not walk ; with blood too pale and tame  
To pay the debt they owe to shame ;  
Buy cheap, sell dear ; eat, drink, and sleep.

Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want ;  
Pay tithes for soul-insurance ; keep  
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,  
That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod,  
Has set your feet upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy !

The hot words from your lips, my own,  
To caution trained, might not repeat ;  
But if some tares among the wheat  
Of generous thought and deed were sown,  
No common wrong provoked your zeal ;  
The silken gauntlet that is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw  
For Freedom calls for men again  
Like those who battled not in vain  
For England's Charter, Alfred's law ;  
And right of speech and trial just  
Wage in your name their ancient war  
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day ;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime ;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time !

### LETTER

FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, IN KANSAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN

DOUGLAS MISSION, August, 1854.

LAST week — the Lord be praised for all His mercies  
To His unworthy servant ! — I arrived Safe at the Mission, via Westport where I tarried over night, to aid in forming A Vigilance Committee, to send back, In shirts of tar, and feather-doublets quilted With forty stripes save one, all Yankee comers.

Uncircumcised and Gentile, aliens from The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise The prize of the high calling of the saints, Who plant amidst this heathen wilderness Pure gospel institutions, sanctified By patriarchal use. The meeting opened With prayer, as was most fitting. Half an hour,  
Or thereaway, I groaned, and strove, and wrestled, As Jacob did at Penuel, till the power Fell on the people, and they cried "Amen !"  
"Glory to God ! " and stamped and clapped their hands ; And the rough river boatmen wiped their eyes ; "Go it, old hoss ! " they cried, and cursed the niggers — Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy, "Cursed be Canaan." After prayer, the meeting Chose a committee — good and pious men — A Presbyterian Elder, Baptist deacon, A local preacher, three or four class-leaders, Anxious inquirers, and renewed back-sliders, A score in all — to watch the river ferry, (As they of old did watch the fords of Jordan,) And cut off all whose Yankee tongues refuse The Shibboleth of the Nebraska bill. And then, in answer to repeated calls, I gave a brief account of what I saw In Washington ; and truly many hearts rejoiced to know the President, and you And all the Cabinet regularly hear The gospel message of a Sunday morning, Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere Milk of the Word. Glory ! Amen, and Selah !

Here, at the Mission, all things have gone well : The brother who, throughout my absence, acted As overseer, assures me that the crops Never were better. I have lost one negro, A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen. He ran away some time last spring, and hid In the river timber. There my Indian converts

Found him, and treed and shot him. For the rest,

The heathens round about begin to feel The influence of our pious ministrations And works of love ; and some of them already

Have purchased negroes, and are settling down

As sober Christians ! Bless the Lord for this !

I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear, Are on the eve of visiting Chicago, To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus, Long John, and Dutch Free-S~~old~~lers. May your arm

Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be found

The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires Your brother and co-laborer. Amen !

P. S. All 's lost. Even while I write these lines,

The Yankee abolitionists are coming Upon us like a flood — grim, stalwart men, Each face set like a flint of Plymouth Rock Against our institutions — staking out Their farm lots on the wooded Wakarusa, Or squatting by the mellow - bottomed Kansas ;

The pioneers of mightier multitudes, The small rain - patter, ere the thunder shower

Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man is not.

Oh, for a quiet berth at Washington, Snug naval chaplaincy, or clerkship, where These rumors of free labor and free soil Might never meet me more. Better to be Door-keeper in the White House, than to dwell

Amidst these Yankee tents, that, whitening, show

On the green prairie like a fleet becalmed. Methinks I hear a voice come up the river From those far bayous where the alligators Mount guard around the camping filibusters :

“ Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to Cuba —

(That golden orange just about to fall, O'er-ripe, into the Democratic lap ;) Keep pace with Providence, or, as we say, Manifest destiny. Go forth and follow The message of our gospel, thither borne Upon the point of Quitman's bowie knife,

And the persuasive lips of Colt's revolvers. There may'st thou, underneath thy vine and fig-tree,

Watch thy increase of sugar cane and negroes,

Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent !”

Amen : So mote it be. So prays your friend.

### BURIAL OF BARBER

Thomas Barber was shot December 6, 1855, near Lawrence, Kansas.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave ;

Never over one more brave

Shall the prairie grasses weep,

In the ages yet to come,

When the millions in our room,

What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill, With the Kansas, frozen still

As his noble heart, below,

And the land he came to till

With a freeman's thews and will,

And his poor hut roofed with snow !

One more look of that dead face, Of his murderer's ghastly trace !

One more kiss, O widowed one !

Lay your left hands on his brow,

Lift your right hands up, and vow

That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends ! The eye of God Every path by Murder trod

Watches, lidless, day and night ;

And the dead man in his shroud,

And his widow weeping loud,

And our hearts, are in His sight.

Every deadly threat that swells With the roar of gambling hells,

Every brutal jest and jeer,

Every wicked thought and plan

Of the cruel heart of man,

Though but whispered, He can hear !

We in suffering, they in crime,

Wait the just award of time,

Wait the vengeance that is due ;

Not in vain a heart shall break,

Not a tear for Freedom's sake

Fall unheeded : God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked  
Threatens where it should protect,  
And the Law shakes hands with Crime,  
What is left us but to wait,  
Match our patience to our fate,  
And abide the better time ?

Patience, friends ! The human heart  
Everywhere shall take our part,  
Everywhere for us shall pray ;  
On our side are nature's laws,  
And God's life is in the cause  
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine ;  
Pass the watchword down the line,  
Pass the countersign : "Endure."  
Not to him who rashly dares,  
But to him who nobly bears,  
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,  
Lay our slain one down to rest ;  
Lay him down in hope and faith,  
And above the broken sod,  
Once again, to Freedom's God,  
Pledge ourselves for life or death,

That the State whose walls we lay,  
In our blood and tears, to-day,  
Shall be free from bonds of shame,  
And our goodly land untrod  
By the feet of Slavery, shod  
With cursing as with flame !

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,  
For the hunter of the slave  
In its shadow cannot rest ;  
And let martyr mound and tree  
Be our pledge and guaranty  
Of the freedom of the West !

#### TO PENNSYLVANIA

O STATE prayer-founded ! never hung  
Such choice upon a people's tongue,  
Such power to bless or ban,  
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,  
For which on thee the centuries wait,  
And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,  
With groanings from a land in pain,  
The west-wind finds its way :

Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood  
The crying of thy children's blood  
Is in thy ears to-day !

And unto thee in Freedom's hour  
Of sorest need God gives the power  
To ruin or to save ;  
To wound or heal, to blight or bless  
With fertile field or wilderness,  
A free home or a grave !

Then let thy virtue match the crime,  
Rise to a level with the time ;  
And, if a son of thine  
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like  
For Fatherland and Freedom strike  
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,  
The great occasion's forelock seize ;  
And let the north-wind strong,  
And golden leaves of autumn, be  
Thy coronal of Victory  
And thy triumphal song.

#### LE MARAIS DU CYGNE

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending  
men, in Southern Kansas, in May, 1858, took  
place near the Marais du Cygne of the French  
voyageurs.

A BLUSH as of roses  
Where rose never grew !  
Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
But not of the dew !  
A taint in the sweet air  
For wild bees to shun !  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !  
Sweet song-bird, fly back !  
Wheel hither, bald vulture !  
Gray wolf, call thy pack !  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fled ;  
The wolves of the Border  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins.  
The fields of their corn,  
Unwarned and unweaponed,  
The victims were torn, —

By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy  
No stout knee was crooked ;  
In the mouths of the rifles  
Right manly they looked.  
How paled the May sunshine,  
O Marais du Cygne !  
On death for the strong life,  
On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,  
Yet warm with their lives,  
Ye wait the dead only,  
Poor children and wives !  
Put out the red forge-fire,  
The smith shall not come ;  
Uyoke the brown oxen,  
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
O dreary death-train,  
With pressed lips as bloodless  
As lips of the slain !  
Kiss down the young eyelids,  
Smooth down the gray hairs ;  
Let tears quench the curses  
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
Mourn bitter and wild !  
Wail, desolate woman !  
Weep, fatherless child !  
But the grain of God springs up  
From ashes beneath,  
And the crown of his harvest  
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
The shade moves along,  
To point the great contrasts  
Of right and of wrong :  
Free homes and free altars,  
Free prairie and flood, —  
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
Whose bloom is of blood !

On the lintels of Kansas  
That blood shall not dry ;  
Henceforth the Bad Angel  
Shall harmless go by ;

Henceforth to the sunset,  
Unchecked on her way,  
Shall Liberty follow  
The march of the day.

### THE PASS OF THE SIERRA

ALL night above their rocky bed  
They saw the stars march slow ;  
The wild Sierra overhead,  
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,  
The gray bear from his den,  
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,  
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,  
Their leader's sleepless eye,  
Where splinters of the mountain chain  
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow : at last, a glow,  
A gleam of sudden fire,  
Shot up behind the walls of snow,  
And tipped each icy spire.

“ Up, men ! ” he cried, “ yon rocky cone,  
To-day, please God, we 'll pass,  
And look from Winter's frozen throne  
On Summer's flowers and grass ! ”

They set their faces to the blast,  
They trod the eternal snow,  
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last  
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed  
By many an icy horn ;  
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,  
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs  
To flap his baffled wing,  
And downward, with the cataracts,  
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,  
Another task remains,  
To break from Slavery's desert land  
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,  
Yet, flashing through the night,

Lo ! icy ridge and rocky spear  
Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, Frémont, and go before ;  
The Hour must have its Man ;  
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,  
And lead in Freedom's van !

#### A SONG FOR THE TIME

Written in the summer of 1856, during the political campaign of the Free Soil party under the candidacy of John C. Frémont.

Up, laggards of Freedom ! — our free flag  
is cast  
To the blaze of the sun and the wings of  
the blast ;  
Will ye turn from a struggle so bravely  
begun,  
From a foe that is breaking, a field that's  
half won ?

Whoso loves not his kind, and who fears  
not the Lord,  
Let him join that foe's service, accursed and  
abhorred !  
Let him do his base will, as the slave only  
can, —  
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put off  
the Man !

Let him go where the cold blood that creeps  
in his veins  
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on his  
chains ;  
Where the black slave shall laugh in his  
bonds, to behold  
The White Slave beside him, self-fettered  
and sold !

But ye, who still boast of hearts beating  
and warm,  
Rise, from lake shore and ocean's, like  
waves in a storm,  
Come, strong round our banner in Liberty's  
name,  
Like winds from your mountains, like prai-  
ries afame !

Our foe, hidden long in his ambush of night,  
Now, forced from his covert, stands black  
in the light.

Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to  
God,  
Smite him down to the earth, that is cursed  
where he trod !

For deeper than thunder of summer's loud  
shower,  
On the dome of the sky God is striking the  
hour !  
Shall we falter before what we've prayed  
for so long,  
When the Wrong is so weak, and the Right  
is so strong ?

Come forth all together ! come old and come  
young,  
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her song  
on each tongue ;  
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood in  
mail ;  
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right can-  
not fail !

Like leaves of the summer once numbered  
the foe,  
But the hoar-frost is falling, the northern  
winds blow ;  
Like leaves of November ere long shall they  
fall,  
For earth wearies of them, and God's over  
all !

#### WHAT OF THE DAY ?

Written during the stirring weeks when the great political battle for Freedom under Frémont's leadership was permitting strong hope of success, — a hope overshadowed and solemnized by a sense of the magnitude of the barbaric evil, and a forecast of the unscrupulous and desperate use of all its powers in the last and decisive struggle.

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,  
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky  
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings  
glare ;  
The hills blaze red with warnings ; foes  
draw nigh,  
Treading the dark with challenge and  
reply.  
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision ;  
The gathering hosts, — the Valley of Deci-  
sion.

Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling  
o'er.  
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not  
light !  
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's  
roar !  
Even so, Father ! Let Thy will be done ;  
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast be-  
gun  
In judgment or in mercy : as for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free  
Who find Thy service perfect liberty !  
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal  
life  
Has reached the hour (albeit through care  
and pain )  
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,  
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's  
plain ;  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling back the Spirits of the  
Night.  
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright  
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight,  
See Truth's white banner floating on be-  
fore ;  
And the Good Cause, despite of venal  
friends,  
And base expedients, move to noble ends ;  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time  
amends,  
And, through its cloud of dust, the thresh-  
ing-floor,  
Flailed by the thunder, heaped with  
chaffless grain !

## A SONG

## INSCRIBED TO THE FRÉMONT CLUBS

Written after the election in 1856, which  
showed the immense gains of the Free Soil  
party, and insured its success in 1860.

BENEATH thy skies, November !  
Thy skies of cloud and rain,  
Around our blazing camp-fires  
We close our ranks again.  
Then sound again the bugles,  
Call the muster-roll anew ;  
If months have well-nigh won the field,  
What may not four years do ?

For God be praised ! New England  
Takes once more her ancient place ;  
Again the Pilgrim's banner  
Leads the vanguard of the race.  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.

Along the lordly Hudson,  
A shout of triumph breaks ;  
The Empire State is speaking,  
From the ocean to the lakes.  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.

The Northern hills are blazing,  
The Northern skies are bright ;  
And the fair young West is turning  
Her forehead to the light !  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.

Push every outpost nearer,  
Press hard the hostile towers !  
Another Balaklava,  
And the Malakoff is ours !  
Then sound again the bugles,  
Call the muster-roll anew ;  
If months have well-nigh won the field,  
What may not four years do ?

## THE PANORAMA

[Written with a view to political effect in  
the Presidential campaign of 1856. It was  
read by T. Starr King at the opening of a  
course of lectures on slavery delivered in Bos-  
ton at that time.]

“ A ! fredome is a nobill thing !  
Fredome mayse man to half liking.  
Fredome all solace to man giftis ;  
He levys at ese that frely levys !  
A nobil hart may half nane ese  
Na ellys nocht that may him please  
Gyff Fredome fallythe.”

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered  
windows shed  
A dubious light on every upturned head ;  
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,  
On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,  
On blank indifference and on curious stare ;  
On the pale Showman reading from his  
stage

The hieroglyphics of that facial page ;  
Half sad, half scornful, listening to the  
bruit  
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,

And the shrill call, across the general din,  
"Roll up your curtain ! Let the show begin !"

At length a murmur like the winds that break  
Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,  
Deepened and swelled to music clear and loud,  
And, as the west-wind lifts a summer cloud,  
The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far  
A green land stretching to the evening star,  
Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees  
And flowers hummed over by the desert bees,  
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness show  
Fantastic outcrops of the rock below ;  
The slow result of patient Nature's pains,  
And plastic fingering of her sun and rains ;  
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely windowed hall,  
And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,  
Huger than those which, from steep hills of vine,  
Stare through their loopholes on the travelled Rhine ;  
Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind  
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,  
Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed ;  
The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass  
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,  
Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores  
Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours ;  
And, onward still, like islands in that main  
Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain,  
Whence east and west a thousand waters run  
From winter lingering under summer's sun.  
And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand  
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,  
From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked bay,  
Opening with thunderous pomp the world's highway  
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,

"Is the new Canaan of our Israel ;  
The land of promise to the swarming North  
Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,

To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,  
Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil ;  
To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,  
And the lank nomads of the wandering West,

Who, asking neither, in their love of change  
And the free bison's amplitude of range,  
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter meant,  
Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker, "Sir," said he,

"I like your picture, but I fain would see  
A sketch of what your promised land will be

When, with electric nerve and fiery-brained,  
With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,  
The future grasping, by the past obeyed,  
The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly : "He who grieves

Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves  
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know  
What needs must ripen from the seeds we sow ;

That present time is but the mould wherein  
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.

A painful watcher of the passing hour,  
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and power ;

Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence,  
truth,  
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted youth ;

Nor yet unmindful of each better sign,  
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,

Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim

Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,  
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain  
The hope of sunshine on the hills again :  
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass

Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass ;  
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,  
Doth the dread angel of the future hold

Evil and good before us, with no voice  
Or warning look to guide us in our choice ;  
With spectral hands outreaching through  
the gloom

The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom.  
Transferred from these, it now remains to  
give  
The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

Then, with a burst of music, touching  
all  
The keys of thrifty life, — the mill-stream's  
fall,  
The engine's pant along its quivering rails,  
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,  
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled  
tune,  
Answering the summons of the bells of noon,  
The woodman's hail along the river shores,  
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars :  
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land  
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand  
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the  
sun,

And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.  
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows liv-  
ing green,  
With steepled towns through shaded vistas  
seen,  
The school-house murmuring with its hive-  
like swarm,  
The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's  
storm,  
The painted farm-house shining through the  
leaves  
Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,  
Where live again, around the Western  
hearth,  
The homely old-time virtues of the North ;  
Where the blithe housewife rises with the  
day,  
And well-paid labor counts his task a play.  
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,  
And the free Gospel of Humanity,  
Of diverse sects and differing names the  
shrines,

One in their faith, whate'er their outward  
signs,  
Like varying strophes of the same sweet  
hymn  
From many a prairie's swell and river's  
brim,  
A thousand church-spires sanctify the air  
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of  
prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and  
green  
The curtain dropped : and, momentarily, be-  
tween

The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,  
Half sob, half laughter, music swept along ;  
A strange refrain, whose idle words and low,  
Like drunken mourners, kept the time of  
woe ;

As if the revellers at a masquerade  
Heard in the distance funeral marches  
played.

Such music, dashing all his smiles with tears,  
The thoughtful voyager on Pontchartrain  
hears,  
Where, through the noonday dusk of  
wooded shores

The negro boatman, singing to his oars,  
With a wild pathos borrowed of his wrong  
Redeems the jargon of his senseless song.  
"Look," said the Showman, sternly, as he  
rolled  
His curtain upward. "Fate's reverse be-  
hold !"

A village straggling in loose disarray  
Of vulgar newness, premature decay ;  
A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,  
With '*Slaves at Auction !*' garnishing its  
walls ;

Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,  
The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and  
loud,

A squire or colonel in his pride of place,  
Known at free fights, the caucus, and the  
race,

Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,  
And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,  
Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant  
With pious phrase and democratic cant,  
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,  
To sell the infant from its mother's breast,  
Break through all ties of wedlock, home,  
and kin,  
Yield shrinking girlhood up to graybeard  
sin ;

Sell all the virtues with his human stock,  
The Christian graces on his auction-block,  
And coolly count on shrewdest bargains  
driven

In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven !

Look once again ! The moving canvas  
shows  
A slave plantation's slovenly repose

Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,  
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds ;  
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,  
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.  
 There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,  
 The nursing mother leaves her child new-born ;  
 There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,  
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint ;  
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,  
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away !  
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,  
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands ;  
 The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds unclean,  
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.  
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,  
 Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift ;  
 Within, profusion to discomfort joined,  
 The listless body and the vacant mind ;  
 The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born  
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn !  
 There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,  
 Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,  
 From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,  
 Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,  
 Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,  
 With the fell poison of a breast impure ;  
 Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of flame,  
 From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of shame.  
 So swells, from low to high, from weak to strong,  
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong ;  
 Guilty or guiltless, all within its range  
 Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.  
 Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.  
 Up the long western steppes the blighting steals ;  
 Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate  
 Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate :  
 From sea to see the drear eclipse is thrown,

From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have grown,  
 A belt of curses on the New World's zone !  
 The curtain fell. All drew a freer breath,  
 As men are wont to do when mournful death  
 Is covered from their sight. The Showman stood  
 With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude  
 One moment, then with sudden gesture shook  
 His loose hair back, and with the air and look  
 Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage  
 And listening group, the presence of the age,  
 And heard the footsteps of the things to be,  
 Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.  
 "O friends ! " he said, "in this poor trick  
 of paint  
 You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,  
 Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,  
 Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way.  
 To-day your servant, subject to your will ;  
 To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.  
 If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,  
 If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,  
 If the world granary of the West is made  
 The last foul market of the slaver's trade,  
 Why rail at fate ? The mischief is your own.  
 Why hate your neighbor ? Blame yourselves alone !  
 "Men of the North ! The South you charge with wrong  
 Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.  
 If questions, — idle and absurd as those  
 The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose, —  
 Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks,  
 And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,  
 Your thews united could, at once, roll back  
 The jostled nation to its primal track.  
 Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,  
 True to the faith your fathers left in trust,  
 If stainless honor outweighed in your scale  
 A codfish quintal or a factory bale,  
 Full many a noble heart, (and such remain

In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's plain,  
Who watch and wait, and from the wrong's  
control  
Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,) Now sick to loathing of your weak com-  
plaints,  
Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as  
saints,  
Would half-way meet the frankness of your  
tone,  
And feel their pulses beating with your  
own.

“The North ! the South ! no geographic  
line  
Can fix the boundary or the point define,  
Since each with each so closely interblends,  
Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom  
ends.  
Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching,  
hide  
Of the fell Upas on the Southern side ;  
The tree whose branches in your north winds  
wave  
Dropped its young blossoms on Mount  
Vernon's grave ;  
The nursing growth of Monticello's crest,  
Is now the glory of the free Northwest ;  
To the wise maxims of her olden school  
Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul ;  
Seward's words of power, and Sumner's  
fresh renown,  
Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down !  
And when, at length, her years of madness  
o'er,  
Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates'  
shore,  
From her long lapse to savagery, her mouth  
Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the  
South,  
Resumes her old attire, and seeks to smooth  
Her unkempt tresses at the glass of truth,  
Her early faith shall find a tongue again,  
New Wythes and Pineckneys swell that old  
refrain,  
Her sons with yours renew the ancient  
pact,  
The myth of Union prove at last a fact !  
Then, if one murmur mars the wide con-  
tent,  
Some Northern lip will drawl the last dis-  
sent,  
Some Union-saving patriot of your own  
Lament to find his occupation gone.

“Grant that the North's insulted,  
scorned, betrayed,  
O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor  
made,  
When selfish thrift and party held the scales  
For peddling dicker, not for honest sales,—  
Whom shall we strike ? Who most de-  
serves our blame ?  
The braggart Southron, open in his aim,  
And bold as wicked, crashing straight  
through all  
That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball ?  
Or the mean traitor, breathing northern  
air,  
With nasal speech and puritanic hair,  
Whose cant the loss of principle survives,  
As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives ;  
Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul  
offence,  
Puts on a look of injured innocence,  
And consecrates his baseness to the cause  
Of constitution, union, and the laws ?

“Praise to the place-man who can hold  
aloof  
His still unpurchased manhood, office-  
proof  
Who on his round of duty walks erect,  
And leaves it only rich in self-respect ;  
As More maintained his virtue's lofty port  
In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody  
court.  
But, if exceptions here and there are found,  
Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,  
The normal type, the fitting symbol still  
Of those who fatten at the public mill,  
Is the chained dog beside his master's door,  
Or Circe's victim, feeding on all four !

“Give me the heroes who, at tuck of  
drum,  
Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum !  
Or they who, doubly armed with vote and  
gun,  
Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,  
Their drunken franchise shift from scene  
to scene,  
As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine !  
Rather than him who, born beneath our  
skies,  
To Slavery's hand its supplest tool sup-  
plies ;  
The party felon whose unblushing face  
Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,

And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,  
Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,  
Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing  
horn ;  
And passes to his credit side the sum  
Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom !

“ Bane of the North, its canker and its  
moth !  
These modern Esaus, bartering rights for  
broth !  
Taxing our justice, with their double claim,  
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame ;  
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within  
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of  
sin,  
Part at the outset with their moral sense,  
The watchful angel set for Truth's defence ;  
Confound all contrasts, good and ill; re-  
verse  
The poles of life, its blessing and its curse ;  
And lose thenceforth from their perverted  
sight  
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong  
and right ;  
To them the Law is but the iron span  
That girds the ankles of imbruted man ;  
To them the Gospel has no higher aim  
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,  
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loath-  
some trail,  
Like Chalier's Bible at his ass's tail !

“ Such are the men who, with instinctive  
dread,  
Whene'er Freedom lifts her drooping head,  
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,  
And scare the nurseries and the village  
schools  
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,  
A broken Union and a foundered State !  
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the  
stake  
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:  
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of  
Fate,  
And by their loss of manhood save the  
State.  
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius  
throw,  
And test the virtues of cohesive dough ;  
As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,  
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's  
valles !

“ Such are the men who in your churches  
rave  
To swearing-point, at mention of the slave !  
When some poor parson, haply unawares,  
Stammers of freedom in his timid prayer ;  
Who, if some foot-sore negro through the  
town  
Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him  
down.  
Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,  
Courts the mild balsam of the Southern  
breeze,  
With hue and cry pursue him on his track,  
And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man's  
back.  
Such are the men who leave the pedler's  
cart,  
While faring South, to learn the driver's  
art,  
Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious  
aim  
The graceful sorrows of some languid  
dame,  
Who, from the wreck of her bereavement,  
saves  
The double charm of widowhood and  
slaves !  
Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show  
To what base depths apostasy can go ;  
Outdo the natives in their readiness  
To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;  
Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lyncher's  
rail,  
Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail !

“ So some poor wretch, whose lips no  
longer bear  
The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,  
By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,  
Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of  
Christ,  
And, overacting in superfluous zeal,  
Crawls prostrate where the faithful only  
kneel,  
Out-howls the Dervish, hugs his rags to  
court  
The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt ;  
And, when beneath the city gateway's span  
Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,  
And through its midst, pursued by Islam's  
prayers,  
The prophet's Word some favored camel  
bears,  
The marked apostate has his place assigned  
The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,

With brush and pitcher following, grave  
and mute,  
In meek attendance on the holy brute !

“ Men of the North ! beneath your very  
eyes,  
By hearth and home, your real danger lies.  
Still day by day some hold of freedom falls  
Through home-bred traitors fed within its  
walls.

Men whom yourselves with vote and purse  
sustain,  
At posts of honor, influence, and gain ;  
The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,  
And ‘ South-side ’ Gospels in your pulpits  
preach,

Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear  
On the sharp point of her subverted spear,  
And imitate upon her cushion plump  
The mad Missourian lynching from his  
stump ;

Or, in your name, upon the Senate’s floor  
Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more ;  
And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,  
Sell your old homestead underneath your  
feet !

While such as these your loftiest outlooks  
hold,

While truth and conscience with your wares  
are sold,

While grave-browed merchants band them-  
selves to aid

An annual man-hunt for their Southern  
trade,

What moral power within your grasp re-  
mains

To stay the mischief on Nebraska’s plains ?  
High as the tides of generous impulse flow,  
As far rolls back the selfish undertow ;  
And all your brave resolves, though aimed  
as true

As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,  
To Slavery’s bastions lend as slight a shock  
As the poor trooper’s shot to Stirling rock !

“ Yet, while the need of Freedom’s cause  
demands

The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,  
Urged by all motives that can prompt the  
heart

To prayer and toil and manhood’s manliest  
part ;

Though to the soul’s deep tocsin Nature  
joins

The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,

The north-wind’s anger, and the south-  
wind’s sigh,  
The midnight sword-dance of the northern  
sky,

And, to the ear that bends above the sod  
Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of  
God,

In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,  
The land’s dead fathers speak their hope or  
fear,

Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason’s  
hand

The guiding rein and symbol of command.  
Blame not the caution proffering to your  
zeal

A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel ;  
Nor chide the man whose honest doubt ex-  
tends

To the means only, not the righteous ends ;  
Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears  
Of milder natures and serene years.

In the long strife with evil which began  
With the first lapse of new-created man,  
Wisely and well has Providence assigned  
To each his part, — some forward, some be-  
hind ;

And they, too, serve who temper and re-  
strain

The o’erwarm heart that sets on fire the  
brain.

True to yourselves, feed Freedom’s altar-  
flame

With what you have ; let others do the same.  
Spare timid doubters ; set like flint your  
face

Against the self-sold knaves of gain and  
place :

Pity the weak ; but with unsparing hand  
Cast out the traitors who infest the land ;  
From bar, press, pulpit, cast them every-  
where,

By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.  
And in their place bring men of antique  
mould,

Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold ;  
Statesmen like those who sought the primal  
fount

Of righteous law, the Sermon on the  
Mount ;

Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day  
Still spared, Heaven bless him !) honor  
more than pay,

And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay ;  
Preachers like Woolman, or like them who  
bore

The faith of Wesley to our Western shore,  
And held no convert genuine till he broke  
Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke ;  
And priests like him who Newport's mar-  
ket trod,  
And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of  
God !  
So shall your power, with a wise prudence  
used,  
Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,  
In kindly keeping with the good of all,  
The nobler maxims of the past recall,  
Her natural home-born right to Freedom  
give,  
And leave her foe his robber-right, — to live.  
Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen !  
Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn  
den !  
Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of  
flame,  
The focal point of million-fingered shame !  
Live, till the Southron, who, with all his  
faults,  
Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,  
Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's  
cheers,  
The hideous nightmare of his dream of  
years,  
And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right  
hand,  
The vile encumbrance from his glorious  
land !

“ So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth  
Its widening circles to the South or North,  
Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the  
stars  
Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,  
There shall Free Labor's hardy children  
stand  
The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.  
And when at last the hunted bison tires,  
And dies o'er taken by the squatter's fires ;  
And westward, wave on wave, the living  
flood  
Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood ;  
And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread  
Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesperi-  
led ;  
And, gazing downward through his hoar-  
locks, sees  
The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,  
The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to  
hear  
Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,

And one long rolling fire of triumph run  
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun ! ”

My task is done. The Showman and his  
show,  
Themselves but shadows, into shadows go ;  
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,  
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung ;  
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,  
And the rough picture overwrought appears,  
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,  
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,  
Such as might Milton's jarring trump re-  
quire,  
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.  
Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong  
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,  
The mild, sweet words which soften and  
adorn,  
For sharp rebuke and bitter laugh of scorn.  
More dear to me some song of private worth,  
Some homely idyl of my native North,  
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales,  
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside  
tales  
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,  
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to  
helm  
With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's  
elm.  
Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen ;  
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men ;  
And, South or North, wherever hearts of  
prayer  
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,  
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found  
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.  
But the time passes. It were vain to crave  
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.  
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,  
And shame his poor word with your nobler  
deed.

#### ON A PRAYER-BOOK

WITH ITS FRONTISPICE, ARY SCHEFFER'S  
“ CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR,” AMERICAN-  
IZED BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK  
MAN

It is hardly to be credited, yet is true, that  
in the anxiety of the Northern merchant to  
conciliate his Southern customer, a publisher  
was found ready thus to mutilate Scheffer's

picture. He intended his edition for use in the Southern States undoubtedly, but copies fell into the hands of those who believed literally in a gospel which was to preach liberty to the captive.

O ARY SCHEFFER ! when beneath thine eye,  
Touched with the light that cometh from  
above,  
Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's  
love,  
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands  
would tear  
Therefrom the token of His equal care,  
And make thy symbol of His truth a lie !  
The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall  
away  
In His compassionate gaze, grubbed  
smoothly out,  
To mar no more the exercise devout  
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to pray  
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath  
day !  
Let whoso can before such praying-books  
Kneel on his velvet cushion ; I, for one,  
Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,  
Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan brooks,  
Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.  
No falser idol man has bowed before,  
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,  
Than that which through the quaint-  
carved Gothic door  
Looks forth, — a Church without humanity !  
Patron of pride, and prejudice, and  
wrong, —  
The rich man's charm and fetich of the  
strong,  
The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped, and  
shorn,  
The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,  
The dear Christ hidden from His kindred  
flesh,  
And, in His poor ones, crucified afresh !  
Better the simple Lama scattering wide,  
Where sweeps the storm Alechan's  
steppes along,  
His paper horses for the lost to ride,  
And wearying Buddha with his prayers to  
make  
The figures living for the traveller's sake,  
Than he who hopes with cheap praise to  
beguile  
The ear of God, dishonoring man the while ;  
Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty  
grown,

Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue  
alone ;  
That in the scale Eternal Justice bears  
The generous deed weighs less than selfish  
prayers,  
And words intoned with graceful unction  
move  
The Eternal Goodness more than lives of  
truth and love.  
Alas, the Church ! The reverend head of  
Jay,  
Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,  
Adorns no more the places of her prayer ;  
And brave young Tyng, too early called  
away,  
Troubles the Haman of her courts no  
more  
Like the just Hebrew at the Assyrian's door ;  
And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead  
As the dry husk from which the grain is  
shed,  
And holy hymns from which the life de-  
vout  
Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh gone  
out,  
Like candles dying in exhausted air,  
For Sabbath use in measured grists are  
ground ;  
And, ever while the spiritual mill goes  
round,  
Between the upper and the nether stones,  
Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman  
groans,  
And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered,  
anthem-drowned !  
O heart of mine, keep patience ! Looking  
forth,  
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,  
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ  
on earth ;  
The martyr's dream, the golden age fore-  
told !  
And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,  
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from  
lip to lip  
In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;  
And over all the songs of angels hear ;  
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear ;  
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity !  
Lo ! in the midst, with the same look He  
wore,  
Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's  
shore.

Folding together, with the all-tender  
might  
Of His great love, the dark hands and the  
white,  
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,  
Making all burdens light, and breaking  
every chain.

## THE SUMMONS

[After publishing this poem Whittier wrote to Lucy Larcom: "I do not quite like the tone of *The Summons* now that it is published. It was, however, an expression of a state of mind which thee would regard as pardonable if thee knew all the circumstances. It is *too complaining*, and I hope I shall not be left to do such a thing again."]

My ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid eye ;  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,  
The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,  
A deeper sound that drowns them all ;  
A voice of pleading choked with tears,  
The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul !

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows ;  
I know the word and countersign ;  
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,  
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,  
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,  
And lips that woo the reed's accord,  
When laggard Time the hour has tolled  
For true with false and new with old  
To fight the battles of the Lord !

O brothers ! blest by partial Fate  
With power to match the will and deed,  
To him your summons comes too late  
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,  
And has no answer but God-speed !

## TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD

On the 12th of January, 1861, Mr. Seward delivered in the Senate chamber a speech on *The State of the Union*, in which he urged the paramount duty of preserving the Union, and went as far as it was possible to go, without surrender of principles, in concessions to the Southern party.

STATESMAN, I thank thee ! and, if yet dis-  
sent  
Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,  
I cannot censure what was nobly meant.  
But, while constrained to hold even Union  
less  
Than Liberty and Truth and Righteousness,  
I thank thee in the sweet and holy name  
Of peace, for wise calm words that put to  
shame  
Passion and party. Courage may be shown  
Not in defiance of the wrong alone ;  
He may be bravest who, unweaponed, bears  
The olive branch, and, strong in justice,  
spares  
The rash wrong-doer, giving widest scope  
To Christian charity and generous hope.  
If, without damage to the sacred cause  
Of Freedom and the safeguard of its  
laws —  
If, without yielding that for which alone  
We prize the Union, thou canst save it  
now  
From a baptism of blood, upon thy brow  
A wreath whose flowers no earthly soil  
have known,  
Woven of the beatitudes, shall rest,  
And the peacemaker be forever blest !

## IN WAR TIME

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL AND  
HARRIET W. SEWALL  
OF MELROSE

These lines to my old friends stood as dedication in the volume which contained a collection of pieces under the general title of *In War Time*. The group belonging distinctly under that title I have retained here; the other pieces in the volume are distributed among the appropriate divisions.

OLOR ISCANUS queries : "Why should we  
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie ?"  
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red dawn  
Of England's civil strife, did careless  
Vaughan  
Bemock his times. O friends of many  
years !  
Though faith and trust are stronger than  
our fears,  
And the signs promise peace with liberty,  
Not thus we trifle with our country's tears  
And sweat of agony. The future's gain  
Is certain as God's truth ; but, meanwhile,  
pain  
Is bitter and tears are salt : our voices take  
A sober tone ; our very household songs  
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and  
wrongs ;  
And innocent mirth is chastened for the  
sake  
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall  
beat,  
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning  
feet !

## THY WILL BE DONE

WE see not, know not ; all our way  
Is night, — with Thee alone is day :  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayers we lift,  
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
The weakness of our love of ease ?  
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press ;  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars

Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done !

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies !  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done !

## A WORD FOR THE HOUR

THE firmament breaks up. In black eclipse  
Light after light goes out. One evil star,  
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,  
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,  
Drag others down. Let us not weakly  
weep

Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to keep  
Our faith and patience ; wherefore should  
we leap

On one hand into fratricidal fight,  
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,  
Frame lies of law, and good and ill confound ?

What fear we ? Safe on freedom's vantage-ground

Our feet are planted : let us there remain  
In unrevengeful calm, no means untried  
Which truth can sanction, no just claim  
denied,

The sad spectators of a suicide !

They break the links of Union : shall we  
light

The fires of hell to weld anew the chain  
On that red anvil where each blow is pain ?  
Draw we not even now a freer breath,  
As from our shoulders falls a load of death  
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim bore  
When keen with life to a dead horror bound ?  
Why take we up the accursed thing again ?  
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more  
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's  
rag

With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us press  
The golden cluster on our brave old flag  
In closer union, and, if numbering less,  
Brighter shall shine the stars which still  
remain.

**“EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT”**

LUTHER'S HYMN

We wait beneath the furnace-blast  
The pangs of transformation ;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire ;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared  
Its bloody rain is dropping ;  
The poison plant the fathers spared  
All else is overtopping.  
East, West, South, North,  
It curses the earth ;  
All justice dies,  
And fraud and lies  
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel ?  
What points the rebel cannon ?  
What sets the roaring rabble's heel  
On the old star-spangled pennon ?  
What breaks the oath  
Of the men o' the South ?  
What whets the knife  
For the Union's life ? —  
Hark to the answer : Slavery !

Then waste no blows on lesser foes  
In strife unworthy freemen.  
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows  
The features of the demon !  
O North and South,  
Its victims both,  
Can ye not cry,  
“ Let slavery die ! ”  
And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear  
The nation in his going ?  
We who have shared the guilt must share  
The pang of his o'erthrowing !  
Whate'er the loss,  
Whate'er the cross,  
Shall they complain  
Of present pain  
Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right arm  
Was ever yet forsaken ?  
What righteous cause can suffer harm  
If He its part has taken ?  
Though wild and loud,  
And dark the cloud,  
Behind its folds  
His hand upholds  
The calm sky of to-morrow !

Above the maddening cry for blood,  
Above the wild war-drumming,  
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good  
The evil overcoming.  
Give prayer and purse  
To stay the Curse  
Whose wrong we share,  
Whose shame we bear,  
Whose end shall gladden Heaven !

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
Of triumphs and revenges,  
While still is spared the evil thing  
That severs and estranges.  
But blest the ear  
That yet shall hear  
The jubilant bell  
That rings the knell  
Of Slavery forever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
And hushed the breath of sighing ;  
Before the joy of peace must come  
The pains of purifying.  
God give us grace  
Each in his place  
To bear his lot,  
And, murmuring not,  
Endure and wait and labor !

TO JOHN C. FRÉMONT

On the 31st of August, 1861, General Frémont, then in charge of the Western Department, issued a proclamation which contained a clause, famous as the first announcement of emancipation: “The property,” it declared, “real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.” Mr. Lincoln

regarded the proclamation as premature and countermanded it, after vainly endeavoring to persuade Frémont of his own motion to revoke it.

THY error, Frémont, simply was to act  
A brave man's part, without the statesman's  
tact,

And, taking counsel but of common sense,  
To strike at cause as well as consequence.  
Oh, never yet since Roland wound his horn  
At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown  
Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine  
own,  
Heard from the van of freedom's hope for-  
lorn !

It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,  
To flatter treason, and avoid offence  
To that Dark Power whose underlying  
crime

Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.  
But if thine be the fate of all who break  
The ground for truth's seed, or forerun  
their years  
Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts  
make

A lane for freedom through the level spears,  
Still take thou courage ! God has spoken  
through thee,

Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free !  
The land shakes with them, and the slave's  
dull ear  
Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to  
hear.

Who would recall them now must first ar-  
rest

The winds that blow down from the free  
Northwest,

Ruffling the Gulf ; or like a scroll roll back  
The Mississippi to its upper springs.  
Such words fulfil their prophecy, and lack  
But the full time to harden into things.

### THE WATCHERS

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;  
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,  
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,  
But all the air was quick with pain  
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head  
And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland  
And lips of blessing, not command,  
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,  
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,  
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

“ How long ! ” — I knew the voice of  
Peace, —

“ Is there no respite ? no release ?  
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease ?

“ O Lord, how long ! One human soul  
Is more than any parchment scroll,  
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

“ What price was Ellsworth's, young and  
brave ?

How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,  
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave ?

“ O brother ! if thine eye can see,  
Tell how and when the end shall be,  
What hope remains for thee and me.”

Then Freedom sternly said : “ I shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
When human rights are staked and won.

“ I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block.

“ The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

“ But now, through weary day and night,  
I watch a vague and aimless fight  
For leave to strike one blow aright.

“ On either side my foe they own :  
One guards through love his ghastly throne,  
And one through fear to reverence grown.

“ Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,  
By open foes, or those afraid  
To speed thy coming through my aid ?

" Why watch to see who win or fall ?  
I shake the dust against them all,  
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

" Nay," Peace implored : " yet longer wait ;  
The doom is near, the stake is great :  
God knoweth if it be too late.

" Still wait and watch ; the way prepare  
Where I with folded wings of prayer  
May follow, weaponless and bare."

" Too late ! " the stern, sad voice replied,  
" Too late ! " its mournful echo sighed.  
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,  
An upward gleam of lessening white,  
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell  
Rung down the listening sky to tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

" Still hope and trust," it sang ; " the rod  
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,  
But all is possible with God ! "

#### TO ENGLISHMEN

Written when, in the stress of our terrible war, the English ruling class, with few exceptions, were either coldly indifferent or hostile to the party of freedom. Their attitude was illustrated by caricatures of America, among which was one of a slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, " Have n't I a right to wallop my nigger ? "

You flung your taunt across the wave ;  
We bore it as became us,  
Well knowing that the fettered slave  
Left friendly lips no option save  
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. " Mere lack of will,  
Not lack of power," you told us :  
We showed our free-state records ; still  
You mocked, confounding good and ill,  
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge  
Of power and means we checked it ;

Lo ! — presto, change ! its claims you  
urge,  
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,  
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
In slave-abhorrung rigor,  
Our Northern palms for conscience' sake :  
To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
With " walloping the nigger ! "

O Englishmen ! — in hope and creed,  
In blood and tongue our brothers !  
We too are heirs of Runnymede ;  
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's  
deed  
Are not alone our mother's.

" Thicker than water," in one rill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave  
Nor length of years can part us :  
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,  
The common freehold of the brave,  
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach  
Our kindred frail and human :  
We carp at faults with bitter speech,  
The while, for one unshared by each,  
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,  
To England's Queen, God bless her !  
We praised you when your slaves went  
free :

We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
Join hands with the oppressor ?

And is it Christian England cheers  
The bruiser, not the bruised ?  
And must she run, despite the tears  
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,  
Amuck in Slavery's crusade ?

Oh, black disgrace ! Oh, shame and loss  
Too deep for tongue to phrase on !  
Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
And in your van of battle toss  
The pirate's skull-bone blazon !

## MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenaeus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villainy of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

KNOW'ST thou, O slave-cursed land !  
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt  
Was full to overflow, there came  
God's justice in the sword of flame  
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,  
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand ?

The heavens are still and far ;  
But, not unheard of awful Jove,  
The sighing of the island slave  
Was answered, when the Aegean wave  
The keels of Mithridates clove,  
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios ! hark,"  
The victor cried, "to Heaven's decree !  
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,  
Drain your last cup of Chian wine ;  
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be,  
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament  
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves :  
The priestess rent her hair and cried,  
"Woe ! woe ! The gods are sleepless-eyed !"  
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,  
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"  
So Hellas sang her taunting song,  
"The fisher in his net is caught,  
The Chian hath his master bought ;"  
And isle from isle, with laughter long,  
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years  
Bring their avenging cycle round,  
And, more than Hellas taught of old,  
Our wiser lesson shall be told.

Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,  
To break, not yield, the scourge wet with  
their blood and tears.

## AT PORT ROYAL

In November, 1861, a Union force under Commodore Dupont and General Sherman captured Port Royal, and from this point as a basis of operations the neighboring islands between Charleston and Savannah were taken possession of. The early occupation of this district, where the negro population was greatly in excess of the white, gave an opportunity which was at once seized upon, of practically emancipating the slaves and of beginning that work of civilization which was accepted as the grave responsibility of those who had labored for freedom.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea ;  
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing ;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song :  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please ;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the west with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre,  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles :  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds :  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

## SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN

Oh, praiso an' tanks ! De Lord he come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'trong as den ;  
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's free men.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
He leaf de land behind :  
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
We own de hands dat hold ;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile be sold.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;  
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
De wild-duck to de sea ;  
We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
We dream it in de dream ;  
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
An' nebber lie de word ;

So, like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord :  
An' now he open ebery door,  
An' trow away de key ;  
He tink we lub him so before,  
We lub him better free.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
He 'll gib de rice an' corn ;  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
And with a secret pain,  
And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,  
Nor yet his hope deny ;  
We only know that God is just,  
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,  
Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
We start to think that hapless race  
Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed ;  
And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall be  
Our sign of blight or bloom,  
The Vala-song of Liberty,  
Or death-rune of our doom !

## ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862

[The reference in the fourth stanza is to Dr. Reuben Crandall of Washington, who, in 1834, was arrested and confined in the old city prison until his health was destroyed. His crime was in lending to a brother physician Whittier's pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*.]

WHEN first I saw our banner wave  
Above the nation's council-hall,  
I heard beneath its marble wall  
The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood,  
And saw the Christian mother sold,  
And childhood with its locks of gold,  
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
And, smothering down the wrath and  
shame  
That set my Northern blood afame,  
Stood silent, — where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
Where wasted one in slow decline  
For uttering simple words of mine,  
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
Flapped menace in the morning air ;  
I stood a perilled stranger where  
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue : Gown and Sword  
And Law their threefold sanction gave,  
And to the quarry of the slave  
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ;  
And yet I knew that every wrong,  
However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie, —  
Somehow, some time, the end would be ;  
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home  
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
The message of deliverance comes,  
But heralded by roll of drums  
On waves of battle-troubled air !

Midst sounds that madden and appall,  
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds  
knew !  
The harp of David melting through  
The demon-agonies of Saul !

Not as we hoped ; but what are we ?  
Above our broken dreams and plans

God lays, with wiser hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him : the voice  
That freedom's blessed gospel tells  
Is sweet to me as silver bells,  
Rejoicing ! yea, I will rejoice !

Dear friends still toiling in the sun ;  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore  
The slow work by your hands begun,

Rejoice with me ! The chastening rod  
Blossoms with love ; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God !

Rejoice ! Our Marah's bitter springs  
Are sweetened ; on our ground of grief  
Rise day by day in strong relief  
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope ! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light !

## THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charging trumpets blow ;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
Her ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness  
sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest-happy farms,  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,  
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
And yellow locks of corn ?

Ah ! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot ;

But even-paced come round the years,  
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans of pain ;  
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm ;  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
The fires that blast and burn ;  
For all the tears of blood we sow  
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
The good of suffering born,—  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes ;  
And make her fields and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies !

Oh, give to us her finer ear !  
Above this stormy din,  
We too would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in.

#### HYMN

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS  
OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.

[Written at the request of the teacher, Miss Charlotte Forten, now Mrs. Grimké.]

Oh, none in all the world before  
Were ever glad as we !  
We're free on Carolina's shore,  
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,  
Who suffered for our sake,  
To open every prison door,  
And every yoke to break !

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,  
And help us sing and pray ;  
The hand that blessed the little child,  
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,  
No more the whip we fear,  
This holy day that saw Thee born  
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,  
The waters brighter smile ;  
Oh, never shone a day so glad  
On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,  
To Thee in prayer we call,  
Make swift the feet and straight the w<sup>l</sup>l  
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord !  
Come walking on the sea !  
And let the mainlands hear the word  
That sets the island free !

#### THE PROCLAMATION

President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was issued January 1, 1863.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds  
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words :  
" Arise, and flee  
Out from the land of bondage, and be free ! "

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven  
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,  
And, wondering, sees  
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,  
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,  
And outward trod  
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away ;  
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,  
Though back and limb  
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, " God pardon him ! "

So went he forth ; but in God's time he came  
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame ;  
And, dying, gave  
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb  
Waiting for God, your hour at last has  
come,  
And freedom's song  
Breaks the long silence of your night of  
wrong !

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile restraint  
Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's saint,  
The oppressor spare,  
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him return again,  
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain  
Ye toiled at first,  
And heal with freedom what your slavery  
cursed.

## ANNIVERSARY POEM

Read before the Alumni of the Friends'  
Yerly Meeting School, at the Annual Meeting  
at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th mo., 1863.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet beneath  
A clouded sky :  
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,  
And on the sweet spring airs the breath  
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,  
Nor pain from chance ;  
The Eternal order circles round,  
And wave and storm find mete and bound  
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways  
Of peace have trod,  
Content with creed and garb and phrase :  
A harder path in earlier days  
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,  
Are made our own ;  
Too long the world has smiled to hear  
Our boast of full corn in the ear  
By others sown ;

To see us stir the martyr fires  
Of long ago,  
And wrap our satisfied desires  
In the singed mantles that our sires  
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore  
On us is laid ;  
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,  
And in the scale of truth once more  
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last  
Is calling down  
An answer in the whirlwind-blast,  
The thunder and the shadow cast  
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who  
Stands guiltless forth ?  
Have we been faithful as we knew,  
To God and to our brother true,  
To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint, through din of merchandise  
And count of gain,  
Have seemed to us the captive's cries !  
How far away the tears and sighs  
Of souls in pain !

This day the fearful reckoning comes  
To each and all ;  
We hear amidst our peaceful homes  
The summons of the conscript drums,  
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain ; the war-net draws  
Round us in vain,  
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,  
We keep our fealty to the laws  
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,  
We may not take :  
But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
And suffer with our suffering land  
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?  
Shall we alone  
Be left to add our gain to gain,  
When over Armageddon's plain  
The trump is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;  
Safe in our Lord  
The rigid lines of law shall curve  
To spare us ; from our heads shall swerve  
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,  
And joy with grief ;  
Divinest compensations come,  
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom  
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,  
By word and deed,  
The widow in her keen distress,  
The childless and the fatherless,  
The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty, opening wide,  
Where all our powers  
Are tasked the eager steps to guide  
Of millions on a path untried :  
The slave is ours !

Ours by traditions dear and old,  
Which make the race  
Our wards to cherish and uphold,  
And cast their freedom in the mould  
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors  
Where strong men pine,  
And, down the groaning corridors,  
Pour freely from our liberal stores  
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days  
His lot is cast ?  
God's hand within the shadow lays  
The stones whereon His gates of praise  
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand !  
Nor stint, nor stay ;  
The years have never dropped their sand  
On mortal issue vast and grand  
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground  
Of man's despair  
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,  
With all its dusky hands unbound  
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice  
And pain and loss,  
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,  
For suffering give the victor's prize,  
The crown for cross !

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE

This poem was written in strict conformity to the account of the incident as I had it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of a good deal of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. It is admitted by all that Barbara Frietchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible ; that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her dooryard, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out ; and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain  
wall ;

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood  
    fast.

“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word ;

“ Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

### WHAT THE BIRDS SAID

THE birds against the April wind  
    Flew northward, singing as they flew ;  
They sang, “ The land we leave behind  
    Has swords for corn-blades, blood for  
    dew.”

“ O wild-birds, flying from the South,  
    What saw and heard ye, gazing down ? ”

“ We saw the mortar’s upturned mouth,  
    The sickened camp, the blazing town !

“ Beneath the bivouac’s starry lamps,  
    We saw your march-worn children die ;  
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,  
    We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

“ We heard the starving prisoner’s sighs  
    And saw, from line and trench, your  
    sons

Follow our flight with home-sick eyes  
    Beyond the battery’s smoking guns.”

“ And heard and saw ye only wrong  
    And pain,” I cried, “ O wing-worn  
    flocks ? ”

“ We heard,” they sang, “ the freedman’s  
    song,  
    The crash of Slavery’s broken locks !

“ We saw from new, uprising States  
    The treason-nursing mischief spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom’s ample gates,  
    The long-estranged and lost returned.

“ O’er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
    And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
    We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

“ And struggling up through sounds accursed,  
    A grateful murmur climb the air ;  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
    It filled the listening heavens with  
    prayer.

“ And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not cease,  
Till, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of peace ! ”

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their flight ;  
But lo ! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.

### THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA

A LEGEND OF “ THE RED, WHITE, AND  
BLUE,” A. D. 1154-1864

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
“ Wear this,” the Angel said ;  
“ Take thou, O Freedom’s priest, its sign,—  
The white, the blue, and red.”

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,  
And begged through all the land of France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax ;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven-score Christian souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung ;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung

“ God save us ! ” cried the captain,  
“ For naught can man avail ;  
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks  
Her rudder and her sail !

“ Behind us are the Moormen ;  
At sea we sink or strand :  
There’s death upon the water,  
There’s death upon the land ! ”

Then up spake John de Matha :  
“ God’s errands never fail !  
Take thou the mantle which I wear,  
And make of it a sail.”

They raised the cross-wrought mantle  
The blue, the white, the red ;  
And straight before the wind off-shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

“ God help us ! ” cried the seamen,  
“ For vain is mortal skill :  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will.”

Then up spake John de Matha :  
“ My mariners, never fear !  
The Lord whose breath has filled her  
sail  
May well our vessel steer ! ”

So on through storm and darkness  
They drove for weary hours ;  
And lo ! the third gray morning shone  
On Ostia’s friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers  
The ship of mercy knew,—  
They knew far off its holy cross,  
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples  
Rang out in glad accord,  
To welcome home to Christian soil  
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend  
By bard and painter told ;  
And lo ! the cycle rounds again,  
The new is as the old !

With rudder foully broken,  
And sails by traitors torn,  
Our country on a midnight sea  
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;  
Behind, the pirate foe ;  
The clouds are black above her,  
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong,  
She drifts in darkness and in storm,  
How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !  
Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the freedman's prayers  
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
Which God hath blest anew,  
The mantle that De Matha wore,  
The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven, —  
The red of sunset's dye,  
The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,  
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,  
For daylight and for land ;  
The breath of God is in your sail,  
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted  
With blessings and with hopes ;  
The saints of old with shadowy hands  
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown ;  
Before ye unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha ! —  
God's errands never fail !  
Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,  
The port ye yet shall win ;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The good ship bravely in !

## LAUS DEO !

On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. The resolution was adopted by Congress, January 31, 1865. The ratification by the requisite number of States was announced December 18, 1865. [The suggestion came to the poet as he sat in the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury, where he was present at the regular Fifth-day meeting. All sat in silence, but on his return to his home, he recited a portion of the poem, not yet committed to paper, to his housemates in the garden room. "It wrote itself, or rather sang itself, while the bells rang," he wrote to Lucy Larcom.]

IT is done !  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel !  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound !

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad ;  
In the earthquake He has spoken ;  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long  
Lift the old exulting song ;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea,  
He has cast the mighty down ;  
Horse and rider sink and drown ;  
"He hath triumphed gloriously !"

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done ?

When was ever His right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done !  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God !

## HYMN

## FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION AT NEWBURYPORT

Not unto us who did but seek  
The word that burned within to speak,  
Not unto us this day belong  
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth  
The burden of unwelcome truth,  
And left us, weak and frail and few,  
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,  
The air we breathed was hot with blame ;  
For not with gauged and softened tone  
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,  
The private hate, the public scorn ;

Yet held through all the paths we trod  
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped ; but still, with awe,  
The coming of the sword we saw ;  
We heard the nearing steps of doom,  
We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel  
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,  
With blended lines of fear and hope  
We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life  
We marked the lurid sign of strife,  
And, poisoning and imbibing all,  
We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became  
Our hate of all that wrought her shame,  
And if, thereby, with tongue and pen  
We erred, — we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace ; our eyes survey  
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day :  
We prayed for love to loose the chain ;  
'T is shorn by battle's axe in twain !

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours  
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers ;  
Not by our hands is turned the key  
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave  
Is piled and parted for the slave ;  
A darker cloud moves on in light ;  
A fiercer fire is guide by night !

The praise, O Lord ! is Thine alone,  
In Thy own way Thy work is done !  
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,  
To whom be glory, first and last !

## AFTER THE WAR

## THE PEACE AUTUMN

Written for the Essex County Agricultural Festival, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid ;  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade !

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red  
scourge,  
The negro's broken chains,  
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge  
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,  
And vales where cotton flowers ;  
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,  
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry  
Be knightly honors paid ;  
For nobler than the sword's shall be  
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours !  
And shape it of the greenest sward  
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,  
And there the orchard fruits ;  
Bring golden grain from sun and air,  
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,  
The stars uprise and fall ;  
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,  
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan  
And rough-shod feet applaud,  
Who died to make the slave a man,  
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time  
To such an anthem sung  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,  
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,  
Of peace and long annoy ;  
The passion of our mighty grief  
And our exceeding joy !

A song of praise to Him who filled  
The harvests sown in tears,  
And gave each field a double yield  
To feed our battle-years !

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one !

## TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

The thirty-ninth congress was that which met in 1865, after the close of the war, when it was charged with the great question of reconstruction ; the uppermost subject in men's minds was the standing of those who had recently been in arms against the Union and their relations to the freedmen.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN ! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do His will and speak His word ?

From the loud thunder-storm of war  
Not man alone hath called ye forth,  
But He, the God of all the earth !

The torch of vengeance in your hands  
He quenches ; unto Him belongs  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,  
And not by cell or gallows-stair  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers : Keep  
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail  
Of starving men ; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry ?  
What tears wash out the stain of death ?  
What oaths confirm your broken faith ?

From you alone the guaranty  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas ! no victor's pride is ours ;  
We bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action ; trust  
Your better instincts, and be just !

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's throat,  
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress  
To labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will ;  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,  
Your loss the wealth of full amends,  
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common slain be mourned, and let  
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome,  
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome  
home !

#### THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,  
So terrible alive,  
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, became  
The wandering wild bees' hive ;  
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore  
Those jaws of death apart,  
In after time drew forth their honeyed store  
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend : but it only slept  
To wake beneath our sky ;  
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason  
crept  
Back to its lair to die,  
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,  
A stained and shattered drum  
Is now the hive where, on their flowery  
rounds,  
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,  
They wander wide and far,  
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and  
shell,  
Through vales once choked with war.

The low reveille of their battle-drum  
Disturbs no morning prayer :  
With deeper peace in summer noons their  
hum  
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,  
Of sweetness from the strong,  
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked  
away  
From the rent jaws of wrong.  
From Treason's death we draw a purer  
life,  
As, from the beast he slew,  
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife  
The old-time athlete drew !

#### HOWARD AT ATLANTA

RIGHT in the track where Sherman  
Ploughed his red furrow,  
Out of the narrow cabin,  
Up from the cellar's burrow,  
Gathered the little black people,  
With freedom newly dowered,  
Where, beside their Northern teacher,  
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children  
Of the poor and long-enslaved  
Reading the words of Jesus,  
Singing the songs of David.  
Behold ! — the dumb lips speaking,  
The blind eyes seeing !  
Bones of the Prophet's vision  
Warmed into being !

Transformed he saw them passing  
Their new life's portal !  
Almost it seemed the mortal  
Put on the immortal.  
No more with the beasts of burden,  
No more with stone and clod,  
But crowned with glory and honor  
In the image of God !

There was the human chattel  
Its manhood taking ;  
There, in each dark, bronze statue,  
A soul was waking !  
The man of many battles,  
With tears his eyelids pressing,  
Stretched over those dusky foreheads  
His one-armed blessing.

And he said : " Who hears can never  
 Fear for or doubt you ;  
 What shall I tell the children  
 Up North about you ? "  
 Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,  
 Some answer devising ;  
 And a little boy stood up : " General,  
 Tell 'em we're rising ! "

O black boy of Atlanta !  
 But half was spoken :  
 The slave's chain and the master's  
 Alike are broken.  
 The one curse of the races  
 Held both in tether :  
 They are rising, — all are rising,  
 The black and white together !

O brave men and fair women !  
 Ill comes of hate and scorning :  
 Shall the dark faces only  
 Be turned to morning ? —  
 Make Time your sole avenger,  
 All-healing, all-redressing ;  
 Meet Fate half-way, and make it  
 A joy and blessing !

#### THE EMANCIPATION GROUP

Moses Kimball, a citizen of Boston, presented to the city a duplicate of the Freedman's Memorial statue erected in Lincoln Square, Washington. The group, which stands in Park Square, represents the figure of a slave, from whose limbs the broken fetters have fallen, kneeling in gratitude at the feet of Lincoln. The group was designed by Thomas Ball, and was unveiled December 9, 1879. These verses were written for the occasion.

AMIDST thy sacred effigies  
 Of old renown give place,  
 O city, Freedom-loved ! to his  
 Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not  
 Save in a martyr's grave ;  
 The care-lined face, that none forgot,  
 Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free ! The mighty word  
 He spake was not his own ;  
 An impulse from the Highest stirred  
 These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,  
 Along his pathway ran,  
 And Nature, through his voice, denied  
 The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes  
 Saw peril, strife, and pain ;  
 His was the nation's sacrifice,  
 And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth  
 As it is done above !  
 Bear witness to the cost and worth  
 Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify  
 To coming ages long,  
 That truth is stronger than a lie,  
 And righteousness than wrong.

#### THE JUBILEE SINGERS

A number of students of Fisk University, under the direction of one of the officers, gave a series of concerts in the Northern States, for the purpose of establishing the college on a firmer financial foundation. Their hymns and songs, mostly in a minor key, touched the hearts of the people, and were received as peculiarly expressive of a race delivered from bondage.

VOICE of a people suffering long,  
 The pathos of their mournful song,  
 The sorrow of their night of wrong !

Their cry like that which Israel gave,  
 A prayer for one to guide and save,  
 Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave !

The stern accord her timbrel lent  
 To Miriam's note of triumph sent  
 O'er Egypt's sunken armament !

The tramp that startled camp and town,  
 And shook the walls of slavery down,  
 The spectral march of old John Brown !

The storm that swept through battle-days,  
 The triumph after long delays,  
 The bondmen giving God the praise !

Voice of a ransomed race, sing on  
 Till Freedom's every right is won,  
 And slavery's every wrong undone !

## GARRISON

The earliest poem in this division was my youthful tribute to the great reformer when himself a young man he was first sounding his trumpet in Essex County. I close with the verses inscribed to him at the end of his earthly career, May 24, 1879. My poetical service in the cause of freedom is thus almost synchronous with his life of devotion to the same cause.

## THE storm and peril overpast,

The hounding hatred shamed and still,  
Go, soul of freedom ! take at last  
The place which thou alone canst fill.

## Confirm the lesson taught of old —

Life saved for self is lost, while they  
Who lose it in His service hold  
The lease of God's eternal day.

## Not for thyself, but for the slave

Thy words of thunder shook the world ;  
No selfish griefs or hatred gave  
The strength wherewith thy bolts were  
hurled.

## From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew

We heard a tender under song ;  
Thy very wrath from pity grew,  
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one ;

The life below is life above ;  
Thy mortal years have but begun  
Thy immortality of love.

With somewhat of thy lofty faith  
We lay thy outworn garment by,  
Give death but what belongs to death,  
And life the life that cannot die !

Not for a soul like thine the calm  
Of selfish ease and joys of sense ;  
But duty, more than crown or palm,  
Its own exceeding recompense.

Go up and on ! thy day well done,  
Its morning promise well fulfilled,  
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,  
To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars

The work below of man for man ;  
With the white legions of the stars  
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny

Or suffering spirits urge their plea,  
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,  
A hand to set the captive free !

## SONGS OF LABOR AND REFORM

### THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

THE Quaker of the olden time,  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through.  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.  
And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer !

### DEMOCRACY

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. — *Matthew vii. 12.*

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,

The foe of all which pains the sight,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred, though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are  
Wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time !  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with  
blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there  
I see the flame of Freedom burn, —  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the right of all divine ;  
The pitying heart, the helping arm,  
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a Man  
In prince or peasant, slave or lord,  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,

Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set,  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art ;  
He who of old on Syria's Mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high,  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
At party's call, my gift I bring ;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will, —  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of his generous youth.

### THE GALLOWS

Written on reading pamphlets published by  
clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.  
[Originally entitled *Lines*.]

### I

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made

The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for His head ;

And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,

And broke with publicans the bread of shame,

And drank with blessings, in His Father's name,

The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest ; and incense dim

Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,

From lips which press the temple's marble floor,

Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread cross  
He bore.

### II

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,  
And even the poor companions of His lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,

How ill are His high teachings understood !

Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
At His own altar binds the chain anew ;

Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
The starving many wait upon the few ;

Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been

The loudest war-cry of contending men ;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed

The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,

Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;

Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
And daily taught His lesson, to forgive !

Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel ;

And, with His words of mercy on their lips,

Hung gloating o'er the pincers' burning grips,

And the grim horror of the straining  
wheel ;  
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the vic-  
tim's limb,  
Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim  
The image of their Christ in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke, held  
mockingly to him !

## III

The blood which mingled with the desert  
sand,  
And beaded with its red and ghastly  
dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy Land ;  
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew ;  
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear,  
Goa's dark dungeons, Malta's sea-washed  
cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly fa-  
thers sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture  
wrung,  
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek  
of hell !  
The midnight of Bartholomew, the stake  
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed  
flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake ;  
New England's scaffold, and the priestly  
sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that hour of  
fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear might  
claim, —  
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merci-  
ful One !  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in  
Thy name been done !

## IV

Thank God ! that I have lived to see the  
time  
When the great truth begins at last to  
find  
An utterance from the deep heart of  
mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is Crime,  
That man is holier than a creed, that all  
Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.

The beautiful lesson which our Saviour  
taught  
Through long, dark centuries its way hath  
wrought  
Into the common mind and popular thought ;  
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,  
Have found an echo in the general heart,  
And of the public faith become a living part.

## V

Who shall arrest this tendency ? Bring  
back  
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack ?  
Harden the softening human heart again  
To cold indifference to a brother's pain ?  
Ye most unhappy men ! who, turned away  
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,  
Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight  
time,  
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest  
ye brood,  
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm  
blood,  
Permitted in another age and clime ?  
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew  
No evil in the Just One ? Wherefore turn  
To the dark, cruel past ? Can ye not learn  
From the pure Teacher's life how mildly  
free  
Is the great Gospel of Humanity ?  
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no  
more  
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
Through the green arches of the Druid',  
oak ;  
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
Will ye become the Druids of our time !  
Set up your scaffold-altars in our land,  
And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,  
Urge to its loathsome work the hang-  
man's hand ?  
Beware, lest human nature, roused at last,  
From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance  
cast,  
And, sick to loathing of your cry for  
blood,  
Rank ye with those who led their victims  
round  
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven, a pagan  
brotherhood !

## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly dropping sky,  
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow,

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain  
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard ?  
Who deems it not its own reward ?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field ;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done !

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes day by day the recompense ;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again ;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

## TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND

This poem was addressed to those who like Richard Cobden and John Bright were seeking the reform of political evils in Great Britain by peaceful and Christian means. It will be remembered that the Anti-Corn-Law League was in the midst of its labors at this time.

GOD bless ye, brothers ! in the fight  
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail.

For better is your sense of right  
Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,  
More mighty is your simplest word ;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go, let your blinded Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well ;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again ;  
Did Freedom die when Russell died ?  
Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glo ious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these ;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses !

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide ;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself has  
wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love ; your battle-  
ground

The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of  
power,  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour !

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through present cloud and gathering  
storm,

Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm ;

Press bravely onward ! not in vain  
Your generous trust in human-kind ;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on ! the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup ;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on ! and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right !

### THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

Some leading sectarian papers had lately published the letter of a clergyman, giving an account of his attendance upon a criminal (whc had committed murder during a fit of intoxication), at the time of his execution, in western New York. The writer describes the agony of the wretched being, his abortive attempts at prayer, his appeal for life, his fear of a violent death ; and, after declaring his belief that the poor victim died without hope of salvation, concludes with a warm eulogy upon the gallows, being more than ever convinced of its utility by the awful dread and horror which it inspired.

#### I

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
And green and meadow freshness, fell  
The footsteps of his dream.  
Again from careless feet the dew  
Of summer's misty morn he shook ;  
Again with merry heart he threw  
His light line in the rippling brook.  
Back crowded all his school-day joys ;  
He urged the ball and quoit again,  
And heard the shout of laughing boys  
Come ringing down the walnut glen.

Again he felt the western breeze,  
With scent of flowers and crisping hay ;  
And down again through wind-stirred trees

He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
He saw his sister smile once more ;  
Once more the truant's brown-locked head  
Upon his mother's knees was laid,  
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
With evening's holy hymn and prayer !

#### II

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
The present Terror rushed again ;  
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain !  
He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,  
And, shuddering, feel that clang ing din  
His life's last hour had ushered in ;  
To see within his prison-yard,  
Through the small window, iron barred,  
The gallows shadow rising dim  
Between the sunrise heaven and him ;  
A horror in God's blessed air ;

A blackness in his morning light ;  
Like some foul devil-altar there  
Built up by demon hands at night.  
And, maddened by that evil sight,  
Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
A chaos of wild, weltering change,  
All power of check and guidance gone,  
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.  
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
In vain he turned the Holy Book,  
He only heard the gallows-stair  
Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
While still that baleful spectre stood,  
With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for  
Blood !*"  
Between him and the pitying Heaven !

#### III

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
And smote his breast, and on his chain,  
Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
His hot tears fell like rain ;  
And near him, with the cold, calm look  
And tone of one whose formal part,  
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
Is measured out by rule and book,  
With placid lip and tranquil blood,  
The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
Blessing with solemn text and word  
The gallows-drop and strangling cord ;

Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV

He saw the victim's tortured brow,  
The sweat of anguish starting there,  
The record of a nameless woe  
In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
Seen hideous through the long, damp  
hair, —  
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
Working and writhing on the stone !  
And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
The choking sob and low hoarse prayer ;  
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came  
A vision of the eternal flame,  
Its smoking cloud of agonies,  
Its demon worm that never dies,  
The everlasting rise and fall  
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;  
While high above that dark red flood,  
Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;  
Two busy fiends attending there :  
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
The other with impatient grasp,  
Tightening the death-rope's strangling  
clasp.

## V

The unfelt rite at length was done,  
The prayer unheard at length was said,  
An hour had passed : the noonday sun  
Smote on the features of the dead !  
And he who stood the doomed beside,  
Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
Of mortal agony and fear,  
Heeding with curious eye and ear  
Whate'er revealed the keen excess  
Of man's extremest wretchedness :  
And who in that dark anguish saw  
An earnest of the victim's fate,  
The vengeful terrors of God's law,  
The kindlings of Eternal hate,  
The first drops of that fiery rain  
Which beats the dark red realm of pain,  
Did he uplift his earnest cries  
Against the crime of Law, which gave  
His brother to that fearful grave,  
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,  
And Faith's white blossoms never wave  
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;  
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
In madness and in blindness stark,

Into the silent, unknown dark ?  
No, from the wild and shrinking dread,  
With which he saw the victim led  
Beneath the dark veil which divides  
Ever the living from the dead,  
And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
The man of prayer can only draw  
New reasons for his bloody law ;  
New faith in staying Murder's hand  
By murder at that Law's command ;  
New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
As human nature's latest hope ;  
Last relic of the good old time,  
When Power found license for its crime,  
And held a writhing world in check  
By that fell cord about its neck ;  
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,  
And timely checked the words which  
sprung  
From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;  
While in its noose of terror bound,  
The Church its cherished union found,  
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
The motley-colored mind of man,  
Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
But by the Bible and the Cord !

## VI

O Thou ! at whose rebuke the grave  
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
The cold and changed countenance  
Broke the still horror of its trance,  
And, waking, saw with joy above,  
A brother's face of tenderest love ;  
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
And from Thy very garment's hem  
Drew life and healing unto them,  
The burden of Thy holy faith  
Was love and life, not hate and death ;  
Man's demon ministers of pain,  
The fiends of his revenge, were sent  
From thy pure Gospel's element  
To their dark home again.  
Thy name is Love ! What, then, is he,  
Who in that name the gallows rears,  
An awful altar built to Thee,  
With sacrifice of blood and tears ?  
Oh, once again Thy healing lay  
On the blind eyes which knew Thee  
not,  
And let the light of Thy pure day  
Melt in upon his darkened thought.

Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
The power which in forbearance lies,  
And let him feel that mercy now  
Is better than old sacrifice !

## VII

As on the White Sea's charm'd shore,  
The Parsee sees his holy hill  
With dunkest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,  
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
The low, pale fire is quivering still ;  
So, underneath its clouds of sin,  
The heart of man retaineth yet  
Gleams of its holy origin ;  
And half-quenched stars that never set,  
Dim colors of its faded bow,  
And early beauty, linger there,  
And o'er its wasted desert blow  
Faint breathings of its morning air.  
Oh, never yet upon the scroll  
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
Hath Heaven inscribed "Despair !"  
Cast not the clouded gem away,  
Quench not the dim but living ray,—  
My brother man. Beware !  
With that deep voice which from the skies  
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
God's angel cries, Forbear !

## SONGS OF LABOR

## DEDICATION

Prefix'd to the volume of which the group  
of six poems following this prelude constituted  
the first portion.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might graces from thy favor take,  
And, seen through Friendship's atmos-  
phere,  
On softened lines and coloring, wear  
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy  
sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :  
But what I have I give to thee,  
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's  
plain,  
And paler flowers, the latter rain  
Calls from the westering slope of life's  
autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,

Dry root and mosséd trunk between,  
A sober after-growth is seen,  
As springs the pine where falls the gay-  
leafed maple wood !

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree ;  
And through the bleak and wintry day  
It keeps its steady green alway,—  
So, even my after-thoughts may have a  
charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
And beauty is its own excuse ;  
But for the dull and flowerless weed  
Some healing virtue still must plead,  
And the rough ore must find its honors in  
its use.

So haply these, my simple lays  
Of homely toil, may serve to show  
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
The unsung beauty hid life's common  
things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
Above his forge or plough, may gain  
A manlier spirit of content,  
And feel that life is wisest spent  
Where the strong working hand makes  
strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair  
Without the walls of Eden came,  
Transforming sinless ease to care  
And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
The burden of old crime, or mark of pri-  
mal shame.

A blessing now, a curse no more ;  
Since He, whose name we breathe  
with awe,  
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,  
A poor man toiling with the poor,  
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same  
law.

## THE SHOEMAKERS

Ho ! workers of the old time styled  
The Gentle Craft of Leather !  
Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
Stand forth once more together !

Call out again your long array,  
In the olden merry manner !  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out your blazoned banner !

Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone  
How falls the polished hammer !  
Rap, rap ! the measured sound has grown  
A quick and merry clamor.  
Now shape the sole ! now deftly curl  
The glossy vamp around it,  
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
Whose gentle fingers bound it !

For you, along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are ploughing ;  
For you, the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing ;  
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
The woodman's fire is lighting ;  
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,  
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine  
The rosin-gum is stealing ;  
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skein is reeling ;  
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges ;  
For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together ;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
Ye heed no idle scorner ;  
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
And duty done your honor.  
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German ;  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman ;  
Still from his book, a mystic seer,

The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls  
On carpet, or on heather.  
Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron grace or vestal's,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials !

Rap, rap ! — your stout and bluff brogan,  
With footsteps slow and weary,  
May wander where the sky's blue span  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,  
By Saratoga's fountains,  
Or twinkle down the summer dance  
Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's,  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
Like fairy Cinderella's !  
As they who shunned the household maid  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
In water cool and brimming, —  
“ All honor to the good old Craft,  
Its merry men and women ! ”  
Call out again your long array,  
In the old time's pleasant manner :  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out his blazoned banner !

### THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain ;  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor !  
Run up the sail again !  
Leave to the lubber landsmen  
The rail-car and the steed ;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
And the lighthouse from the sand ;

And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land.  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore !  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead ;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow ;  
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown !  
Hurrah ! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown !  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Micknack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we 'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea 's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain ;  
We 'll reap the teeming waters  
As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home ;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,

And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels ;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand !  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot ;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the west-wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling ;  
Give way, my lads, give way !  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth, like a weed ;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed !

### THE LUMBERMEN

WILDLY round our woodland quarters  
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;  
Thickly down these swelling waters  
Float his fallen leaves.  
Through the tall and naked timber,  
Column-like and old,  
Gleam the sunsets of November,  
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
Screams the gray wild-goose ;  
On the night-frost sounds the treading  
Of the brindled moose.  
Noiseless creeping, while we 're sleeping,  
Frost his task-work plies ;  
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain,  
Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the saw-mill's wheel,  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
In these vales below,  
When the earliest beams of sunlight  
Streak the mountain's snow,  
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly  
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer :  
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides, —  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides !  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm ;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm !

Where are mossy carpets better  
Than the Persian weaves,  
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
Seem the fading leaves ;  
And a music wild and solemn,  
From the pine-tree's height,  
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter ;  
And, through sleet and snow,  
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
On our hearth shall glow.  
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
We shall lack alone  
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
For our toil to-day ;  
And the welcome of returning  
Shall our loss repay,  
When, like seamen from the waters,  
From the woods we come,  
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,  
Angels of our home !

Not for us the measured ringing  
From the village spire,  
Not for us the Sabbath singing  
Of the sweet-voiced choir ;  
Ours the old, majestic temple,  
Where God's brightness shines  
Down the dome so grand and ample,  
Propped by lofty pines !

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,  
Speaks He in the breeze,  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees !  
For His ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue ;  
He can see the spirit kneeling  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
From the false and dim,  
Lamp of toil or altar burning  
Are alike to Him.  
Strike then, comrades ! Trade is waiting  
On our rugged toil ;  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodland spoil !

Ships whose traffic links these highlands,  
Bleak and cold, of ours,  
With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers ;  
To our frosts the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heats ;  
In our lap of winter flinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,  
Let the sunbeams dance,  
Better than the flash of sabre  
Or the glean of lance !  
Strike ! With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-hid earth to heaven  
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
Of the age to come ;  
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,  
Bearing harvest home !  
Here her virgin lap with treasures  
Shall the green earth fill ;  
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
 Take the smooth-shorn plain ;  
 Give to us the cedarn valleys,  
 Rocks and hills of Maine !  
 In our North-land, wild and woody,  
 Let us still have part :  
 Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
 Hold us to thy heart !

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer  
 For thy breath of snow ;  
 And our tread is all the firmer  
 For thy rocks below.  
 Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
 Walketh strong and brave ;  
 On the forehead of his neighbor  
 No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's  
 Pine-trees show its fires,  
 While from these dim forest gardens  
 Rise their blackened spires.  
 Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
 Manhood's rugged play  
 Still renewing, bravely hewing  
 Through the world our way !

## THE SHIP-BUILDERS

THE sky is ruddy in the east,  
 The earth is gray below,  
 And, spectral in the river-mist,  
 The ship's white timbers show.  
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
 And grating saw begin ;  
 The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
 The mallet to the pin !

Hark ! roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
 The sooty smithy jars,  
 And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
 Are fading with the stars.  
 All day for us the smith shall stand  
 Beside that flashing forge ;  
 All day for us his heavy hand  
 The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
 For us is toiling near ;  
 For us the raftsmen down the stream  
 Their island barges steer.  
 Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
 In forests old and still ;

For us the century-circled oak  
 Falls crashing down his hill.  
 Up ! up ! in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part :  
 We make of Nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.  
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
 And drive the treenails free ;  
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
 Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
 The sea's rough field shall plough ;  
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
 With salt-spray caught below ;  
 That ship must heed her master's beck,  
 Her helm obey his hand,  
 And seamen tread her reeling deck  
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
 Of Northern ice may peel ;  
 The sunken rock and coral peak  
 May grate along her keel ;  
 And know we well the painted shell  
 We give to wind and wave,  
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
 Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho ! strike away the bars and blocks,  
 And set the good ship free !  
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
 The young bride of the sea ?  
 Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,  
 In graceful beauty now !  
 How lowly on the breast she loves  
 Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoc'er the breeze  
 Her snowy wing shall fan,  
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
 Or sultry Hindostan !  
 Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
 With peaceful flag unfurled,  
 She helps to wind the silken chain  
 Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship ! But let her bear  
 No merchandise of sin,  
 No groaning cargo of despair  
 Her roomy hold within ;  
 No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
 Nor poison-draught for ours ;

But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land !  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea !

### THE DROVERS

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,  
Still onward cheerly driving !  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see ! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us ;  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door,  
His beechen fire is glowing ;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains ;  
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,  
Gush out the river fountains ;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover ;  
From vales of corn the wandering crow  
No richer hovers over, —

Day after day our way has been  
O'er many a hill and hollow ;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow.  
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,  
As smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
As slow behind it sinking ;

Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,  
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses,  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled goodman ; forth  
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony, —  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and fair.  
No bones of leanness rattle ;  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.  
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining ;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing ;  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping ;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,

And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
We'll go to meet the dawning,  
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge  
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
Instead of birds, are flitting ;  
When children throng the glowing hearth,  
And quiet wives are knitting ;  
While in the fire-light strong and clear  
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
To tales of all we see and hear  
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
From many a mountain pasture,  
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
And speed the long night faster.  
Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold, be driving ;  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.

### THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long  
autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all  
green with grass again ;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all  
the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the  
meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the  
sun rose broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened  
as he sped ;  
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened  
and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards and  
softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping  
to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with  
yellow light ;  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he  
glorified the hill ;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay  
brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts  
caught glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and  
laughed, they knew not why ;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers,  
beside the meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-  
shine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the  
patient weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood mo-  
tionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the  
squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,  
low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the  
stubble-fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and  
shade, the pale green waves of  
rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys  
fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the  
heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,  
through husks that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone  
out the yellow ear ;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many  
a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the  
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and  
many a creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load  
of husk and grain ;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun  
sank down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day  
in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on  
meadow, stream, and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all  
afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder  
glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were min-  
gled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay ;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below ;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

## THE CORN-SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn !  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our ploughs their furrows made,

While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,  
And winter winds are cold,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board ;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod ;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God !

## THE REFORMER

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,  
    Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
    With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
    Before the sunlight bursting in :  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
    To drown the din.

“Spare,” Art implored, “yon holy pile ;  
    That grand, old, time-worn turret spare ;”  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
    Cried out, “Forbear”

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
    Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
    His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
    O'erhung with paly locks of gold, —  
“Why smite,” he asked in sad surprise,  
    “The fair, the old ?”

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
    Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
    As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled,  
    The Waster seem'd the Builder too ;  
Upspringing from the ruined Old  
    I saw the New.

‘T was but the ruin of the bad, —  
    The wasting of the wrong and ill ;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
    Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;  
    The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
    Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
    O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the  
cow ;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
    The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
    And cottage windows, flower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
    And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once  
    red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
    And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent  
    hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams  
    strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
    The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
    Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
    Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
    I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
    The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
    The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
    Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom, from that great law  
    Which makes the past time serve to-day ;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
    From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time !  
    The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
    Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;  
    Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
    Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day  
    Thou mournest, did thy sire repine ;  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
    Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;  
    Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
    Which God repeats.

Take heart ! the Waster builds again, —  
    A charm'd life old Goodness hath ;

The tares may perish, but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey.  
His first propulsion from the night :  
Wake thou and watch ! the world is gray  
With morning light !

### THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS

STILL in thy streets, O Paris ! doth the stain  
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain ;  
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins  
through,

And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,  
When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,  
At a crowned murderer's beck of license,  
fed

The yawning trenches with her noble dead ;  
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately  
halls

The shell goes crashing and the red shot  
falls,

And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's  
side,

The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman  
ride ;

Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow  
Melts round the cornfields and the vines  
below,

The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for  
ball,

Flames in the breach of Moulta's shattered  
wall ;

On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,  
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.

“What folly, then,” the faithless critic  
cries,

With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing  
eyes,

“While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat  
The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's  
beat,

And round the green earth, to the church-  
bell's chime,

The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps  
time,

To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,  
Of swords to ploughshares changed by

Scriptural charms,

Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,

Staggering to take the Pledge of Brother-  
hood,

Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's  
call ;

The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,  
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,  
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-  
knife,

The Russ, from banquets with the vulture  
shared,

The blood still dripping from his amber  
beard,

Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear  
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer ;  
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,  
Where men for dice each titled gambler  
flings,

To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,  
For tea and gossip, like old country dames !  
No ! let the cravens plead the weakling's  
cant,

Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,  
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic  
throng,

And Burritt, stammering through his hun-  
dred tongues,

Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,  
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar ;  
Check Bau or Kaiser with the barricade  
Of ‘Olive-leaves’ and Resolutions made,  
Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts,  
and hope

To capsize navies with a windy trope ;  
Still shall the glory and the pomp of War  
Along their train the shouting millions  
draw ;

Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave  
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief  
wave ;

Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,  
Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong ;  
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,  
O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,  
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall  
prove

Their trade accordant with the Law of  
Love ;

And Church for State, and State for  
Church, shall fight,

And both agree, that Might alone is  
Right !”

Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,  
Who dare to hold God's word and witness  
true,

Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,  
And o'er the present wilderness of crime  
Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,  
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between, —  
Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread  
Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head ;  
No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,  
Without the greeting of the skeptic's sneer ;  
Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,  
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,  
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace ;  
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,  
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,  
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,  
And love subdued the maduened heart of hell.  
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,  
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,  
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth !  
Through the mad discord send that calming word  
Which wind and wave on wild Gennesareth heard,  
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword !  
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,  
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,  
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm  
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.  
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,  
The great hope resting on the truth of God, —  
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,  
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

## THE PRISONER FOR DEBT

Before the law authorizing imprisonment for debt had been abolished in Massachusetts, a revolutionary pensioner was confined in Charles-

town jail for a debt of fourteen dollars, and on the fourth of July was seen waving a hand-kerchief from the bars of his cell in honor of the day.

LOOK on him ! through his dungeon grate,  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight.  
Reclining on his strawy bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head ;  
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,  
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,  
And yet the winter's breath is chill ;  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague thrill !  
Silent, save ever and anon,  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ;  
Oh, sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man there ?  
A murderer shares his prison bed,  
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him, fierce and red ;  
And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
Fall even on his loathing ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep  
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
Crimson with murder, touches him !

What has the gray-haired prisoner done ?  
Has murder stained his hands with gore ?  
Not so ; his crime 's a fouler one ;  
God made the old man poor !  
For this he shares a felon's cell,  
The fittest earthly type of hell !  
For this, the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword,  
And counted light the fearful cost,  
His blood-gained liberty is lost !

And so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain ?  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars ;

It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee ;  
Piled granite and a prison cell, —  
The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out ;  
Shout "Freedom ! " till your lisping ones  
Give back their cradle-shout ;  
Let boastful eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty, and fame ;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty" !

But when the patron cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and stars  
Rise on the wind, and fall,  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer ?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry ?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the law that binds him thus !  
Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of god and human-kind !  
Open the prison's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code  
To the free sun and air of God ;  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

#### THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS

The reader of the biography of William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest  
Goaded from shore to shore ;  
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic  
quest,  
The leaves of empire o'er.  
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts  
The love of man and God,

Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient  
marts,  
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine  
In the night sun are cast,  
And the deep heart of many a Norland  
mine  
Quakes at each riving blast ;  
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa  
stands,  
A baptized Scythian queen,  
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled  
hands,  
The North and East between !

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable  
stray  
The classic forms of yore,  
And beauty smiles, new risen from the  
spray,  
And Dian weeps once more ;  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart re-  
sounds ;  
And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds  
Black with the cypress-tree !

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,  
Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the Switz-  
er's home  
Their vast, eternal wall ;  
They paused not by the ruins of old time,  
They scanned no pictures rare,  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked moun-  
tains climb  
The cold abyss of air !

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,  
To haunts where Hunger pined,  
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains  
And wants of human-kind,  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of  
good,  
Along their way, like flowers,  
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only could,  
With princes and with powers ;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil  
Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.  
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old  
Were wasted on their sight,

Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown  
From off the Cyprian shore,  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,  
That man they valued more.  
A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought ;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,  
The singing waters run ;  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done ;  
Sure stands the promise, — ever to the meek  
A heritage is given ;  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted,  
seek  
The righteousness of Heaven !

### THE MEN OF OLD

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast !  
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,  
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,  
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,  
By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind  
To all the beauty, power, and truth behind.  
Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by  
The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,  
Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their tombs  
The effigies of old confessors lie,  
God's witnesses ; the voices of His will,  
Heard in the slow march of the centuries still !  
Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,  
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went down ;  
Such from the terrors of the guilty drew  
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore  
In Heaven's sweet peace !) forbade, of old, the sale  
Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale

Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.

To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate  
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate, —

Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,  
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.

“Man is worth more than temples !” he replied

To such as came his holy work to chide.  
And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,  
And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard

The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer

Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord

Stifled their love of man, — “An earthen dish

The last sad supper of the Master bore :  
Most miserable sinners ! do ye wish  
More than your Lord, and grudge His dying poor

What your own pride and not His need requires ?

Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more :

Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires !”

O faithful worthies ! resting far behind  
In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,  
Much has been done for truth and humankind ;

Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind ;

Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap

Through peoples driven in your day like sheep ;

Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,

Though widening still, is walled around by night ;

With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,

Skeptic at heart, the lessons of its Head ;  
Counting, too oft, its living members less  
Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress ;

World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed

Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,  
Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed ;  
Sect builds and worships where its wealth and pride  
And vanity stand shrined and deified,  
Careless that in the shadow of its walls  
God's living temple into ruin falls.  
We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,  
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,  
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod  
The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,  
Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,  
And startling tyrants with the fear of hell !  
Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well ;  
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,  
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time !

## TO PIUS IX

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold ;  
No red shell blazes down the air ;  
And street and tower, and temple old,  
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,  
Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain ;  
The ravens scattered by the day  
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
Are treading on the neck of Rome,

Hider at Gaeta, seize thy chance !  
Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt :  
Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
Before thy crusade fell !

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer ;  
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call ;  
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;  
Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands  
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,  
And Naples, with his dastard bands  
Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's wail,  
The mother's shriek, thou mayst not hear  
Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
The unsexed shaveling's cheer !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown,  
Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate  
From wall and roof flash down !

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,  
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,  
Thy mangled victims lay !

Let the world murmur ; let its cry  
Of horror and disgust be heard ;  
Truth stands alone ; thy coward lie  
Is backed by lance and sword !

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
And chanting priest and clanging bell,  
And beat of drum and bugle blow,  
Shall greet thy coming well !

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves  
Fit welcome give thee ; for her part,  
Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,  
Shall curse thee from her heart !

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers  
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling :  
No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
Shall Terni's maidens bring ;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,  
The mocking witness of his crime.

In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,  
Mock Heaven with impious thanks and  
call  
Its curses on the patriot dead,  
Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
Whom even its worshippers despise,  
Unhonored, unrevered !

Yet, Scandal of the World ! from thee  
One needful truth mankind shall learn :  
That kings and priests to Liberty  
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them ; and the long  
Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth  
fail :  
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong  
Wake, struggle, and prevail !

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled  
To feed the Crosier and the Crown,  
If, roused thereby, the world shall tread  
The twin-born vampires down !

## CALEF IN BOSTON

1692

In the solemn days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town,  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone :  
" Poisoner of the wells of truth !  
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown  
With his tares the heart of youth ! "

Spake the simple tradesman then,  
" God be judge 'twixt thee and me ;  
All thou knowest of truth hath been  
Once a lie to men like thee.

" Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago ;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

" God is good and God is light,  
In this faith I rest secure ;  
Evil can but serve the right,  
Over all shall love endure.

" Of your spectral puppet play  
I have traced the cunning wires ;  
Come what will, I needs must say,  
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,  
Error fears its lightest tones ;  
So the priest cried, " Sadducee !"  
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,  
Side by side the twain now lie ;  
One with humble grassy mound,  
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed  
Which that tradesman scattered then,  
And the preacher's spectral creed  
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known  
Perfect love which casts out fear,  
While the other's joys atone  
For the wrong he suffered here.

## OUR STATE

[Originally entitled *Dedication of a School-house*. It was written for the dedication services of a new school building in Newbury, Mass.]

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,  
The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold !

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait ;  
Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone !

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her winter woods complain ;  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,

And what her rugged soil denies,  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock ;  
And still maintains, with milder laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause !

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,  
While near her school the church-spire  
stands ;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands the  
school.

### THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound  
In Naples, dying for the lack of air  
And sunshine, in their close, damp cells of  
pain,

Where hope is not, and innocence in vain  
Appeals against the torture and the chain !  
Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to share  
Our common love of freedom, and to dare,  
In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-crowned,  
And her base pander, the most hateful  
thing

Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground  
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.  
O God most merciful ! Father just and  
kind !

Whom man hath bound let thy right hand  
unbind.

Or, if thy purposes of good behind  
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find  
Strong consolations ; leave them not to  
doubt

Thy providential care, nor yet without  
The hope which all thy attributes inspire,  
That not in vain the martyr's robe of  
fire

Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting  
chain ;

Since all who suffer for thy truth send  
forth,

Electrical, with every throb of pain,  
Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal  
rain

Of fire and spirit over all the earth,  
Making the dead in slavery live again.  
Let this great hope be with them, as they  
lie

Shut from the light, the greenness, and the  
sky ;  
From the cool waters and the pleasant  
breeze,

The smell of flowers, and shade of summer  
trees ;

Bound with the felon lepers, whom dis-  
ease

And sins abhorred make loathsome ; let  
them share

Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear  
Years of unutterable torment, stern and  
still,

As the chained Titan victor through his  
will !

Comfort them with thy future ; let them  
see

The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;  
For that, with all good things, is hid with  
Thee,

And, perfect in thy thought, awaits its time  
to be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at the  
cost

Of some weak friendships, or some paltry  
prize

Of name or place, and more than I have  
lost

Have gained in wider reach of sympathies,  
And free communion with the good and  
wise ;

May God forbid that I should ever boast  
Such easy self-denial, or repine

That the strong pulse of health no more is  
mine ;

That, overworn at noonday, I must yield  
To other hands the gleaming of the field ;  
A tired on-looker through the day's de-  
cline.

For blest beyond deserving still, and know-  
ing

That kindly Providence its care is show-  
ing

In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,  
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.  
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day  
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,  
For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,  
To me the pine-woods whisper ; and for  
me

Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,  
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,  
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,

Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,  
Like a pure spirit to its great reward !

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,  
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,  
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me

What shall I render, O my God, to thee ?  
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share  
Of pain and ill that human life must bear ;  
Save me from selfish pining ; let my heart,  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget  
The bitter longings of a vain regret,  
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.  
Remembering others, as I have to-day,  
In their great sorrows, let me live alway  
Not for myself alone, but have a part,  
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,  
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed

Thou art !

#### THE PEACE OF EUROPE

“GREAT peace in Europe ! Order reigns  
From Tiber’s hills to Danube’s plains !”  
So say her kings and priests ; so say  
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear ;  
The tramp of measured marches hear ;  
The rolling of the cannon’s wheel,  
The shotted musket’s murderous peal,  
The night alarm, the sentry’s call,  
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall !  
From Polar sea and tropic fen  
The dying-groans of exiled men !  
The bolted cell, the galley’s chains,  
The scaffold smoking with its stains !  
Order, the hush of brooding slaves !  
Peace, in the dungeon-vaults and graves !

O Fisher ! of the world-wide net,  
With meshes in all waters set,  
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell  
Bolt hard the patriot’s prison-cell,  
And open wide the banquet-hall,

Where kings and priests hold carnival !  
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,  
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;  
Base gambler for Napoleon’s crown,  
Barnacle on his dead renown !

Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,  
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man  
And thou, fell Spider of the North !  
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,  
Within whose web the freedom dies  
Of nations eaten up like flies !  
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar !

If this be Peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet  
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.  
Never in Slavery’s desert flows  
The fountain of thy charmed repose ;  
No tyrant’s hand thy chaplet weaves  
Of lilies and of olive-leaves ;  
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,  
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;  
Thy home is with the pure and free !  
Stern herald of thy better day,  
Before thee, to prepare thy way,  
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,  
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press  
With bleeding feet the wilderness !  
Oh that its voice might pierce the ear  
Of princes, trembling while they hear  
A cry as of the Hebrew seer :  
Repent ! God’s kingdom draweth near !

#### ASTRÆA

“Jove means to settle  
Astræa in her seat again,  
And let down from his golden chain  
An age of better metal.”

BEN JONSON, 1615

O POET rare and old !  
Thy words are prophecies ;  
Forward the age of gold,  
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer  
And hope are not in vain ;  
Rise, brothers ! and prepare  
The way for Saturn’s reign.

Perish shall all which takes  
From labor’s board and can ;  
Perish shall all which makes  
A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,  
The body from the rod ;  
Broken all chains that bind  
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine  
Behind their prison-bars ;  
Through the rent dungeon shine  
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod  
By sect, or caste, or clan,  
The fatherhood of God,  
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth  
The money-changers driven,  
And God's will done on earth,  
As now in heaven !

#### THE DISENTHRALLED

He had bowed down to drunkenness,  
An abject worshipper :  
The pride of manhood's pulse had grown  
Too faint and cold to stir ;  
And he had given his spirit up  
To the unblessed thrall,  
And bowing to the poison cup,  
He gloried in his fall !

There came a change — the cloud rolled off,  
And light fell on his brain —  
And like the passing of a dream  
That cometh not again,  
The shadow of the spirit fled.  
He saw the gulf before,  
He shuddered at the waste behind,  
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away,  
That gathered round his heart,  
As shakes the swaying forest-oak  
Its poison vine apart ;  
He stood erect ; returning pride  
Grew terrible within,  
And conscience sat in judgment, on  
His most familiar sin.

The light of Intellect again  
Along his pathway shone ;  
And Reason like a monarch sat  
Upon his olden throne.

The honored and the wise once more  
Within his presence came ;  
And lingered oft on lovely lips  
His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,  
That treadeth nations down ;  
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,  
Pride for the kingly crown ;  
But nobler is that triumph hour,  
The disenthralled shall find,  
When evil passion boweth down  
Unto the Godlike mind !

#### THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

THE proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high ;  
To-day, of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
To-day alike are great and small,  
The nameless and the known ;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand ;  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand !  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day ;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
My stubborn right abide ;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride.  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land ;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand !

While there 's a grief to seek redress,  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon 's vilest dust, —  
While there 's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away,  
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !  
A man 's a man to-day !

## THE DREAM OF PIO NONO

It chanced that while the pious troops of France  
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached, What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands  
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses), Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome  
To bless the ministry of Oudinot, And sanctify his iron homilies  
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet, That the great pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun Of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame, The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet, And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all, Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of song, He heard the blessed angels sing of peace, Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leatherne face  
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns  
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew His fisher's haick, and girded up his loins, And spake, as one who had authority : "Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky  
And the sweet song of angels passed away, And, with a dream's alacrity of change, The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,  
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes And solemn fanes and monumental pomp Above the waste Campagna. On the hills The blaze of burning villas rose and fell, And momentely the mortar's iron throat Roared from the trenches; and, within the walls, Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain.

Shout, drum beat, and the clanging larum-bell,  
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound,  
Half wail and half defiance. As they passed The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood Flowed ankle-high about them, and dead men  
Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles,—  
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh, From which, at times, quivered a living hand,  
And white lips moved and moaned. A father tore His gray hairs, by the body of his son, In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept  
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid  
Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean : "Thou hast seen  
The blessed Master and His works of love; Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing  
Above this open hell? Thou God's high-priest!  
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!  
Thou the successor of His chosen ones!  
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,  
In the dear Master's name, and for the love  
Of His true Church, proclaim thee Anti-christ,  
Alien and separate from His holy faith  
Wide as the difference between death and life,  
The hate of man and the great love of God!  
Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke, Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.  
"What means he?" cried the Bourbon.  
"Nothing more  
Than that your majesty hath all too well Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him," Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

## THE VOICES

“WHY urge the long, unequal fight,  
Since Truth has fallen in the street,  
Or lift anew the trampled light,  
Quenched by the heedless million’s feet ?

“Give o’er the thankless task ; forsake  
The fools who know not ill from good :  
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take  
Thine ease among the multitude.

“Live out thyself ; with others share  
Thy proper life no more ; assume  
The unconcern of sun and air,  
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“The mountain pine looks calmly on  
The fires that scourge the plains below,  
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun  
The small birds piping in the snow !

“The world is God’s, not thine ; let Him  
Work out a change, if change must be :  
The hand that planted best can trim  
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light  
Of sun and stars had left the sky ;  
I listened, through the cloud and night,  
And heard, methought, a voice reply :

“That task may well seem over-hard,  
Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
Thy life as seed, with no reward  
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

“Not wholly is thy heart resigned  
To Heaven’s benign and just decree,  
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,  
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

“Break off that sacred chain, and turn  
Back on thyself thy love and care ;  
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn  
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there.

“Released from that fraternal law  
Which shares the common bale and bliss,  
No sadder lot could Folly draw,  
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“The meal unshared is food unblest :  
Thou hoard’st in vain what love should  
spend ;  
Self-ease is pain ; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end ;

“A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,  
Free shines for all the healthful ray ;  
The still pool stagnates in the sun,  
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay !

“What is it that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies ?  
And but to faith, and not to sight,  
The walls of Freedom’s temple rise ?

“Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another’s day ;  
And, if denied the victor’s meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler’s pay.

“Faith shares the future’s promise ; Love’s  
Self-offering is a triumph won ;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“Then faint not, falter not, nor plead  
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;  
The lion’s strength, the eagle’s speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

“Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,  
To place or gain finds out its way,  
Hath power to seek the highest good,  
And duty’s holiest call obey !

“Strivest thou in darkness ? — foes without  
In league with traitor thoughts within ;  
Thy night-watch kept with trembling Doubt,  
And pale Remorse the ghost of Sin ?

“Hast thou not, on some week of storm,  
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,  
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form  
The curtains of its tent of prayer ?

“So, haply, when thy task shall end,  
The wrong shall lose itself in right,

And all thy week-day darkness blend  
With the long Sabbath of the light ! ”

## THE NEW EXODUS

Written upon hearing that slavery had been formally abolished in Egypt. Unhappily, the professions and pledges of the vacillating government of Egypt proved unreliable.

By fire and cloud, across the desert sand,  
And through the parted waves,  
From their long bondage, with an out-stretched hand,  
God led the Hebrew slaves !

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,  
As Egypt's statues cold,  
In the adytum of the sacred book  
Now stands that marvel old.

“ Lo, God is great ! ” the simple Moslem says.  
We seek the ancient date,  
Turn the dry scroll, and make that living phrase  
A dead one : “ God was great ! ”

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's wells,  
We dream of wonders past,  
Vague as the tales the wandering Arab tells,  
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind ! Above the Pyramids  
Stretches once more that hand,  
And trancéd Egypt, from her stony lids,  
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, singing,  
wakes ;  
And, listening by his Nile,  
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage  
breaks  
A sweet and human smile.

Not as before, with hail and fire, and call  
Of death for midnight graves,  
But in the stillness of the noonday, fall  
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of old,  
The bondmen walk dry shod ;

Through human hearts, by love of Him  
controlled,  
Runs now that path of God !

## THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND

“ Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them.” — *Friends' Review*.

ACROSS the frozen marshes  
The winds of autumn blow,  
And the fen-lands of the Wetter  
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands  
Look o'er the Baltic brine,  
A bark is sailing in the track  
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter  
For Bothnia's fish and grain ;  
She saileth not for pleasure,  
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland  
She drops her anchor down,  
Where'er the British cannon  
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,  
At the gate of Helsingfors :  
“ Why comes this ship a-spying  
In the track of England's wars ? ”

“ God bless her,” said the coast-guard, —  
“ God bless the ship, I say.  
The holy angels trim the sails  
That speed her on her way !

“ Where'er she drops her anchor,  
The peasant's heart is glad ;  
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,  
The peasant's heart is sad.

“ Each wasted town and hamlet  
She visits to restore ;  
To roof the shattered cabin,  
And feed the starving poor.

“ The sunken boats of fishers,  
 The foraged beeves and grain,  
 The spoil of flake and storehouse,  
 The good ship brings again.

“ And so to Finland’s sorrow  
 The sweet amend is made,  
 As if the healing hand of Christ  
 Upon her wounds were laid ! ”

Then said the gray old Amtman,  
 “ The will of God be done !  
 The battle lost by England’s hate,  
 By England’s love is won !

“ We braved the iron tempest  
 That thundered on our shore ;  
 But when did kindness fail to find  
 The key to Finland’s door ?

“ No more from Aaland’s ramparts  
 Shall warning signal come,  
 Nor startled Sweborg hear again  
 The roll of midnight drum.

“ Beside our fierce Black Eagle  
 The Dove of Peace shall rest ;  
 And in the mouths of cannon  
 The sea-bird make her nest.

“ For Finland, looking seaward,  
 No coming foe shall scan ;  
 And the holy bells of Abo  
 Shall ring, ‘ Good-will to man ! ’

“ Then row thy boat, O fisher !  
 In peace on lake and bay ;  
 And thou, young maiden, dance again  
 Around the poles of May !

“ Sit down, old men, together,  
 Old wives, in quiet spin ;  
 Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon  
 Is the brother of the Finn ! ”

#### THE EVE OF ELECTION

FROM gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter’s moon.

In its pale fire,  
 The village spire  
 Shows like the zodiac’s spectral lance ;  
 The painted walls  
 Whereon it falls  
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O’er fallen leaves  
 The west-wind grieves,  
 Yet comes a seed-time round again ;  
 And morn shall see  
 The State sown free  
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street  
 The shadows meet  
 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal  
 The moulds of fate  
 That shape the State,  
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see  
 The powers that be ;  
 I stand by Empire’s primal springs ;  
 And princes meet,  
 In every street,  
 And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd  
 The laugh runs loud,  
 Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.  
 God save the land  
 A careless hand  
 May shake or swerve ere morrow’s noon !

No jest is this ;  
 One cast amiss  
 May blast the hope of Freedom’s year.  
 Oh, take me where  
 Are hearts of prayer,  
 And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall  
 Beyond recall  
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;  
 The crowning fact,  
 The kingliest act  
 Of Freedom is the freeman’s vote !

For pearls that gem  
 A diadem  
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
 The regal right  
 We boast to-night  
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,  
His prison pain  
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
And hers whose faith  
Drew strength from death,  
And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to gain ;  
The stake, the cord,  
The axe, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.  
The shadow rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms ;  
Breathe through these throngs  
Your battle songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,  
Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seeking's meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one !

## FROM PERUGIA

“ The thing which has the most dissevered  
the people from the Pope, — the *unforgivable*  
thing, — the breaking point between him and

them, — has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. *That* made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before.” — HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S *Letters from Italy*.

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horsetails have spread,  
Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red ;  
And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff,  
And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff ;  
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals forth,  
Each a lord of the church and a prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of drum ?  
Lo ! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come ;  
The militant angels, whose sabres drive home  
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and abhorred,  
The good Father's missives, and “ Thus saith the Lord ! ”  
And lend to his logic the point of the sword !

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
O'er dark Thrasy menus, dishevelled and torn !  
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for shame !  
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name !  
Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling behaves,  
And his tender compassion of prisons and graves !

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-stains yet fresh,  
That splashed like red wine from the vintage of flesh ;  
Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack  
How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews crack ;  
But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their swords,  
And the sneer and the scowl print the air with fierce words !

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your  
vivas like mad !  
Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness  
clad,  
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to  
the quick,  
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and  
pick,  
Who the *rôle* of the priest and the soldier  
unites,  
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights !

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom  
We sang our hosannas and lighted all  
Rome ;  
With whose advent we dreamed the new  
era began  
When the priest should be human, the monk  
be a man ?  
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the fox  
with the fowl,  
When freedom we trust to the crosier and  
cowl !

Stand aside, men of Rome ! Here's a hang-  
man-faced Swiss —  
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss) —  
Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to  
kiss.  
Short shrift will suffice him, — he's blest  
beyond doubt ;  
But there's blood on his hands which would  
scarcely wash out,  
Though Peter himself held the baptismal  
spout !

Make way for the next ! Here's another  
sweet son !  
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets  
done ?  
He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God for-  
bid !)  
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem  
did.  
And the mothers ? Don't name them !  
these humors of war  
They who keep him in service must pardon  
him for.

Hist ! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's  
hat,  
With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth  
of a cat  
(As if Judas and Herod together were  
rolled),

Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience  
and gold,  
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from  
thence,  
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his  
pence !

Who doubts Antonelli ? Have miracles  
ceased  
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is  
priest ?  
When the Church eats and drinks, at its  
mystical board,  
The true flesh and blood carved and shed  
by its sword,  
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown  
on his head,  
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor in-  
stead !

There ! the bells jow and jangle the same  
blessed way  
That they did when they rang for Barthol-  
omew's day.  
Hark ! the tallow-faced monsters, nor  
women nor boys,  
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of  
noise.  
*Te Deum laudamus !* All round without  
stint  
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood  
in 't !

And now for the blessing ! Of little ac-  
count,  
You know, is the old one they heard on the  
Mount.  
Its giver was landless, His raiment was  
poor,  
No jewelled tiara His fishermen wore ;  
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,  
No Swiss guards ! We order things better  
at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us  
the weak ;  
Let Austria's vulture have food for her  
beak ;  
Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba  
again,  
With his death-cap of silence, and halter,  
and chain ;  
Put reason, and justice, and truth under  
ban ;  
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man !

## ITALY

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained  
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,  
And lo ! an athlete grimly stained,  
With corded muscles battle-strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of death !

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,  
Among the clamoring thousands mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will form  
To smite them clear ; that Nature must  
The balance of her powers adjust,  
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice !  
I bow before His sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my choice ;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of man !

Yet, surely as He lives, the day  
Of peace He promised shall be ours,  
To fold the flags of war, and lay  
Its sword and spear to rust away,  
And sow its ghastly fields with flowers !

## FREEDOM IN BRAZIL

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South,  
shine forth  
In blue Brazilian skies ;  
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth  
From sunset to sunrise,  
From the great mountains to the Atlantic  
waves  
Thy joy's long anthem pour.  
Yet a few years (God make them less !)  
and slaves  
Shall shame thy pride no more.

No fettered feet thy shaded margins press ;  
But all men shall walk free  
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,  
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through  
whose mouth  
The word of God is said,  
Once more, "Let there be light !"—Son  
of the South,  
Lift up thy honored head,  
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert  
More than by birth thy own,  
Careless of watch and ward ; thou art  
begirt  
By grateful hearts alone.  
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,  
But safe shall justice prove ;  
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron  
mail  
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and  
God's grace,  
Thy future is secure ;  
Who frees a people makes his statue's place  
In Time's Valhalla sure.  
Lo ! from his Neva's banks the Scythian  
Czar  
Stretches to thee his hand,  
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,  
Wrote freedom on his land.  
And he whose grave is holy by our calm  
And prairied Sangamon,  
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm  
To greet thee with " Well done ! "

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face  
make sweet,  
And let thy wail be stilled,  
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat  
Her promise half fulfilled.  
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks  
still,  
No sound thereof hath died ;  
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will  
Shall yet be satisfied.  
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth  
long,  
And far the end may be ;  
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong  
Go out and leave thee free.

## AFTER ELECTION

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,  
Our work is done, God knoweth how !  
As on the thronged, unrestful town  
The patience of the moon looks down,  
I wait to hear, beside the wire,  
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first :  
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst !  
Hark ! there the Alleghanies spoke ;  
That sound from lake and prairie broke,  
That sunset-gun of triumph rent  
The silence of a continent !

That signal from Nebraska sprung,  
This from Nevada's mountain tongue !  
Is that thy answer, strong and free,  
O loyal heart of Tennessee ?  
What strange, glad voice is that which calls  
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls ?

From Mississippi's fountain-head  
A sound as of the bison's tread !  
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak !  
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke !  
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set  
Of sun. We have a country yet !

The praise, O God, be thine alone !  
Thou givest not for bread a stone ;  
Thou hast not led us through the night  
To blind us with returning light ;  
Not through the furnace have we passed,  
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain !  
November's moon, be slow to wane !  
Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,  
On brows of prayer a blessing pour ;  
And give, with full assurance blest,  
The weary heart of Freedom rest !

## DISARMAMENT

"PUT up the sword !" The voice of Christ  
once more  
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,  
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped  
And left dry ashes ; over trenches heaped  
With nameless dead ; o'er cities starving  
slow

Under a rain of fire ; through wards of  
woe  
Down which a groaning diapason runs  
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers,  
sons  
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,  
Waiting to hear the step that never  
comes !  
O men and brothers ! let that voice be  
heard.  
War fails, try peace ; put up the useless  
sword !

Fear not the end. There is a story told  
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights  
grow cold,  
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds  
sit  
With grave responses listening unto it :  
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of  
look,  
Whose awful voice the hills and forests  
shook.  
"O son of peace !" the giant cried, " thy  
fate  
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to  
hate."  
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no  
trace  
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
In pity said : " Poor fiend, even thee I  
love."  
Lo ! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank  
To hand-breadth size ; the huge abhorrence  
shrank  
Into the form and fashion of a dove ;  
And where the thunder of its rage was  
heard,  
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird :  
" Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the  
song ;  
" And peace unweaponed conquers every  
wrong ! "

## THE PROBLEM

## I

NOT without envy Wealth at times must  
look  
On their brown strength who wield the  
reaping-hook

And scythe, or at the forge-fire shape  
the plough  
Or the steel harness of the steeds of steam;  
All who, by skill and patience, anyhow  
Make service noble, and the earth redeem  
From savageness. By kingly accolade  
Than theirs was never worthier knighthood  
made.  
Well for them, if, while demagogues their  
vain  
And evil counsels proffer, they maintain  
Their honest manhood unseduced, and  
wage  
No war with Labor's right to Labor's gain  
Of sweet home-comfort, rest of hand and  
brain,  
And softer pillow for the head of Age.

## II

And well for Gain if it ungrudging yields  
Labor its just demand; and well for  
Ease  
If in the uses of its own, it sees  
No wrong to him who tills its pleasant  
fields  
And spreads the table of its luxuries.  
The interests of the rich man and the poor  
Are one and same, inseparable evermore;  
And, when scant wage or labor fail to give  
Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to  
live,  
Need has its rights, necessity its claim.  
Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame  
Test well the charity suffering long and  
kind.  
The home-pressed question of the age can  
find  
No answer in the catch-words of the blind  
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none  
Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.

## OUR COUNTRY

Read at Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1883.

We give thy natal day to hope,  
O Country of our love and prayer!  
Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet  
By God's grace only stronger made,  
In future tasks before thee set  
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain  
As wise, as true, and brave as they;  
Why count the loss and not the gain?  
The best is that we have to-day.  
Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime,  
Within thy mighty bounds transpires,  
With speed defying space and time,  
Comes to us on the accusing wires;

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,  
Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,  
The love that pleads for human needs,  
The wrong redressed, but half is told!

We read each felon's chronicle,  
His acts, his words, his gallows-mood;  
We know the single sinner well  
And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet if, on daily scandals fed,  
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,  
We know thee still, when all is said,  
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where  
Belted with flowers Los Angeles  
Basks in the semi-tropic air,  
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern winds,  
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;  
Alone, the rounding century finds  
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,  
Thy generous heart has borne the blame  
That, with them, through thy open door,  
The old world's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,  
And labor's need and breadth of lands,  
Free press and rostrum, church and school,  
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands,

Shall mould even them to thy design,  
Making a blessing of the ban;  
And Freedom's chemistry combine  
The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar  
And set the dusky millions free,  
And welded in the flame of war  
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,  
Redress the red man's grievance, break  
The Circean cup which shames and kills,  
And Labor full requital make ?

Alone to such as fitly bear  
Thy civic honors bid them fall ?  
And call thy daughters forth to share  
The rights and duties pledged to all ?

Give every child his right of school,  
Merge private greed in public good,  
And spare a treasury overfull  
The tax upon a poor man's food ?

No lack was in thy primal stock,  
No weakling founders builded here ;  
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,  
The Huguenot and Cavalier ;

And they whose firm endurance gained  
The freedom of the souls of men,  
Whose hands, unstained with blood, main-  
tained  
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all  
To do the work which duty bids,  
And make the people's council hall  
As lasting as the Pyramids !

Well have thy later years made good  
The brave-said word a century back,  
The pledge of human brotherhood,  
The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echoes round the world,  
And all who hear it turn to thee,  
And read upon thy flag unfurled  
The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,  
The nations in thy school shall sit,  
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn  
With watch-fires from thy own uplift.

Great without seeking to be great  
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,  
But richer in the large estate  
Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity  
And strength to simple justice due,  
So runs our loyal dream of thee ;  
God of our fathers ! make it true.

O Land of lands ! to thee we give  
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free ;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for thee !

### ON THE BIG HORN

In the disastrous battle on the Big Horn River, in which General Custer and his entire force were slain, the chief Rain-in-the-Face was one of the fiercest leaders of the Indians. In Longfellow's poem on the massacre, these lines will be remembered : —

“ Revenge ! ” cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
“ Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair ! ”  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reechoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

He is now a man of peace ; and the agent at Standing Rock, Dakota, writes, September 28, 1886 : “ Rain-in-the-Face is very anxious to go to Hampton. I fear he is too old, but he desires very much to go.” *The Southern Workman*, the organ of General Armstrong's Industrial School at Hampton, Va., says in a late number : —

“ Rain-in-the-Face has applied before to come to Hampton, but his age would exclude him from the school as an ordinary student. He has shown himself very much in earnest about it, and is anxious, all say, to learn the better ways of life. It is as unusual as it is striking to see a man of his age, and one who has had such an experience, willing to give up the old way, and put himself in the position of a boy and a student.”

THE years are but half a score,  
And the war-whoop sounds no more  
With the blast of bugles, where  
Straight into a slaughter pen,  
With his doomed three hundred men,  
Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

O Hampton, down by the sea !  
What voice is beseeching thee  
For the scholar's lowliest place ?  
Can this be the voice of him  
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim ?  
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face ?

His war-paint is washed away,  
His hands have forgotten to slay ;  
He seeks for himself and his race  
The arts of peace and the lore  
That give to the skilled hand more  
Than the spoils of war and chase.

O chief of the Christ-like school !  
 Can the zeal of thy heart grow cool  
 When the victor scarred with fight  
 Like a child for thy guidance craves,  
 And the faces of hunters and braves  
 Are turning to thee for light ?

The hatchet lies overgrown  
 With grass by the Yellowstone,  
 Wind River and Paw of Bear ;  
 And, in sign that foes are friends,  
 Each lodge like a peace-pipe sends  
 Its smoke in the quiet air.

The hands that have done the wrong  
 To right the wronged are strong,  
 And the voice of a nation saith :  
 "Enough of the war of swords,  
 Enough of the lying words  
 And shame of a broken faith !"

The hills that have watched afar  
 The valleys ablaze with war  
 Shall look on the tasseled corn ;  
 And the dust of the grinded grain,  
 Instead of the blood of the slain,  
 Shall sprinkle thy banks, Big Horn !

The Ute and the wandering Crow  
 Shall know as the white men know,  
 And fare as the white men fare ;  
 The pale and the red shall be brothers,  
 One's rights shall be as another's,  
 Home, School, and House of Prayer !

O mountains that climb to snow,  
 O river winding below,  
 Through meadows by war once trod,  
 O wild, waste lands that await  
 The harvest exceeding great,  
 Break forth into praise of God !

## POEMS SUBJECTIVE AND REMINISCENT

### MEMORIES

[“It was not without thought and deliberation,” Whittier’s biographer writes, “that in 1888 he directed this poem to be placed at the head of his Poems Subjective and Reminiscent. He had never before publicly acknowledged how much of his heart was wrapped up in this delightful play of poetic fancy. The poem was written in 1841, and although the romance it embalms lies far back of this date, possibly there is a heart still beating which fully understands its meaning. The biographer can do no more than make this suggestion, which has the sanction of the poet’s explicit word. To a friend who told him that *Memories* was her favorite poem, he said, ‘I love it too; but I hardly knew whether to publish it, it was so personal and near my heart.’”]

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,  
With step as light as summer air,  
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,  
Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair;  
A seeming child in everything,  
Save thoughtful brow and ripening  
charms,  
As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer’s arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful  
bower,  
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,  
Unfolding like a morning flower:  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening  
chain  
Of memory, at the thought of thee!  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,  
Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives again in me;

I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
Its fulness of the heart is mine,  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again uprise  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
And smiles and tones more dear than  
they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When, half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
And folly’s self seemed wise in thee;  
I too can smile, when o’er that hour  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood’s power  
Is vainer than my boyhood’s dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,  
Of graver care and deeper thought;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman’s pensive beauty brought.  
More wide, perchance, for blame than  
praise,  
The school-boy’s humble name has flown;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
Thine the Genevan’s sternest creed,  
While answers to my spirit’s need  
The Derby dalesman’s simple truth.  
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
For me, the silent reverence where  
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
 An impress Time has worn not out,  
 And something of myself in thee,  
 A shadow from the past, I see,  
 Lingering, even yet, thy way about ;  
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
 That lesson of its better hours,  
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
 And, smiling through them, round us lies  
 The warm light of our morning skies, —  
 The Indian Summer of the heart !  
 In secret sympathies of mind,  
 In founts of feeling which retain  
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
 Our early dreams not wholly vain !

## RAPHAEL

Suggested by the portrait of Raphael, at the age of fifteen.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight :  
 The glow of Autumn's westering day,  
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
 The fair face of a musing boy ;  
 Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe  
 Seemed blending with my joy.

A single print, — the graceful flow  
 Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
 And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
 Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
 I saw the inward spirit shine ;  
 It was as if before me rose  
 The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
 The hidden life, the man within,  
 Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
 By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
 The waving of that pictured hand ?  
 Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
 I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished, — space,  
 Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
 Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
 And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
 The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
 Those miracles of power whose fame  
 Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
 O Mother, beautiful and mild !  
 Enfolding in one dear embrace  
 Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;  
 The awful glory of that day  
 When all the Father's brightness shone  
 Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild  
 Dark visions of the days of old,  
 How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
 Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face  
 Once more upon her lover shone,  
 Whose model of an angel's grace  
 He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
 But not the lesson which it taught ;  
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
 Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
 Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
 Plant for their deathless heritage  
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
 Of which the coming life is made,  
 And fill our Future's atmosphere  
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
 We weave with colors all our own,  
 And in the field of Destiny  
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
 The shadows which it gathered here,  
 And, painted on the eternal wall,  
 The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side ?

Oh no ! — We live our life again ;  
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the Past remain, —  
Man's works shall follow him !

## EGO

## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND

[Originally entitled *Lines Written in the Book of a Friend.*]

On page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless commonplace,  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,  
Still with the thought of thee will blend  
That of some loved and common friend,

Who in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves,  
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness ?

Oh, more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned, — what do they here ?

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain,  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them  
go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the temples of the Lord  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong ;

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From exiled robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling reverenced Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain ! nor dream, nor rest, nor pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes, from each green  
spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not ;

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng ;

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band,  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn ;  
Her gifts reclaimed, her smiles withdrawn ?

What matters it ? a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore !

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here,  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the Better Land ;

Alone in that great love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to seek and save.

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true ;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profanèd not,  
A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless ;

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing ;

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me,  
A palm-shade in Eternity !

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my headstone creep ;

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine ;

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil ;

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn ;

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering,  
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh  
May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human-kind, —  
The outcast and the spirit-blind ;

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,  
Life's common courtesies denied ;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting life's bitter cup at first ;

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the close alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy ;

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship  
twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

## THE PUMPKIN

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,  
While he waited to know that his warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden ;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold ;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye ?  
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie ?  
Oh, fruit loved of boyhood ! the old days recalling,

When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling !  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin, — our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team !  
  
Then thanks for thy present ! none sweeter or better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter !  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine !  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie !

## FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong ;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial-place ;  
Where, pondering how all human love and hate  
Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common  
grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none  
depart,  
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I  
forgave !

## TO MY SISTER

WITH A COPY OF "THE SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND"

The work referred to was a series of papers under this title, contributed to the *Democratic Review* and afterward collected into a volume, in which I noted some of the superstitions and folklore prevalent in New England. The volume has not been kept in print, but most of its contents are distributed in my *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* [now scattered in volumes v. and vi. of the Riverside edition].

DEAR Sister ! while the wise and sage  
Turn coldly from my playful page,  
And count it strange that ripened age  
Should stoop to boyhood's folly ;  
I know that thou wilt judge aright  
Of all which makes the heart more light,  
Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes !  
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams !  
Leave free once more the land which  
teems

With wonders and romances !  
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo ! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches ;  
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's whitewashed wall and painted  
floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart ! the legend is not vain  
Which lights that holy hearth again,  
And calling back from care and pain,  
And death's funereal sadness,  
Draws round its old familiar blaze  
The clustering groups of happier days,  
And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,  
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,  
Thou wilt not chide my turning  
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
For the sweet bells of Morning !

## MY THANKS

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND

[Formerly entitled *Lines*.]

'T IS said that in the Holy Land  
The angels of the place have blessed  
The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sing  
The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings ;

Till starting from his sandy bed,  
The wayworn wanderer looks to see  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake :

The graceful palm-tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim ;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him ;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair  
Streams sunlike through the convent's  
gloom ;  
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb ;

And thus each tint or shade which falls,  
From sunset cloud or waving tree,  
Along my pilgrim path, recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay, —  
Poor common thoughts on common  
things,  
Which Time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings ;

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold,  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,  
And there at times the spring bird  
sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade ;  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
E'erlong shall miss its shade.

O friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and  
flowers,  
With warm, glad, summer thoughts to  
fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours !

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.

### REMEMBRANCE

#### WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast  
With me in the distant past ;  
Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,  
Word and work, begin to seem  
Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things been  
Yet I think of thee as when  
We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent  
To a path of discontent,  
Rough with trial and dissent ;

Gentle words where such were few,  
Softening blame where blame was true,  
Praising where small praise was due ;

For a waking dream made good,  
For an ideal understood,  
For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull  
From our common life and dull  
Whatsoe'er is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees  
Dropping sweetness ; true heart's-ease  
Of congenial sympathies ; —

Still for these I own my debt ;  
Memory, with her eyelids wet,  
Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers  
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours  
Sits, o'erwined with blossomed bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing  
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,  
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,  
Sunny-hued or sober clad,  
Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take  
Even the offering which I make  
Kindly for the giver's sake.

## MY NAMESAKE

Addressed to Francis Greenleaf Allinson of  
Burlington, N. J.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,  
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend —  
A green leaf on your own Green Banks —  
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides  
The sobered brow and lessening hair :  
For aught I know, the myrtled sides  
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring  
The fabled founts of song to try,  
They've drained, for aught I know, the  
spring  
Of Agauippe dry.

Ah well ! — The wreath the Muses braid  
Proves often Folly's cap and bell ;  
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade  
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt  
Be paid by those I love in life.  
Why should the unborn critic whet  
For me his scalping-knife ?

Why should the stranger peer and pry  
One's vacant house of life about,  
And drag for curious ear and eye  
His faults and follies out ? —

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,  
With chaff of words, the garb he wore,  
As corn-husks when the ear is gone  
Are rustled all the more ?

Let kindly Silence close again,  
The picture vanish from the eye,  
And on the dim and misty main  
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim  
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine  
Hang, if it please you so, my name  
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide  
Her chosen names, I envy none :  
A mother's love, a father's pride,  
Shall keep alive my own !

Still shall that name as now recall  
The young leaf wet with morning dew,  
The glory where the sunbeams fall  
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,  
A spell to waken smile or sigh ;  
In many an evening prayer be heard  
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days  
When asked the reason of thy name,  
Shalt answer : "One 't were vain to praise  
Or censure bore the same.

" Some blamed him, some believed him  
good,  
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two ;  
He reconciled as best he could  
Old faith and fancies new.

" In him the grave and playful mixed,  
And wisdom held with folly true,  
And Nature compromised betwixt  
Good fellow and recluse.

" He loved his friends, forgave his foes ;  
And, if his words were harsh at times,  
He spared his fellow-men, — his blows  
Fell only on their crimes.

" He loved the good and wise, but found  
His human heart to all akin  
Who met him on the common ground  
Of suffering and of sin.

" Whate'er his neighbors might endure  
Of pain or grief his own became ;  
For all the ills he could not cure  
He held himself to blame.

" His good was mainly an intent,  
His evil not of forethought done ;  
The work he wrought was rarely meant  
Or finished as begun.

“ Ill served his tides of feeling strong  
To turn the common mills of use ;  
And, over restless wings of song,  
His birthright garb hung loose !

“ His eye was beauty’s powerless slave,  
And his the ear which discord pains ;  
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
What passions strove in chains.

“ He had his share of care and pain,  
No holiday was life to him ;  
Still in the heirloom cup we drain  
The bitter drop will swim.

“ Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird  
And there a flower beguiled his way ;  
And cool, in summer noons, he heard  
The fountainsplash and play.

“ On all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole ;  
The quiet of the fields and woods  
Sank deep into his soul.

“ He worshipped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howsoe’er he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways.

“ The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
The silence of the soul that waits  
For more than man to teach.

“ The cant of party, school, and sect,  
Provoked at times his honest scorn,  
And Folly, in its gray respect,  
He tossed on satire’s horn.

“ But still his heart was full of awe  
And reverence for all sacred things ;  
And, brooding over form and law,  
He saw the Spirit’s wings !

“ Life’s mystery wrapt him like a cloud ;  
He heard far voices mock his own,  
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,  
Long roll of waves unknown.

“ The arrows of his straining sight  
Fell quenched in darkness ; priest and  
sage,  
Like lost guides calling left and right,  
Perplexed his doubtful age.

“ Like childhood, listening for the sound  
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,  
All vainly down the dark profound  
His brief-lined plummet fell.

“ So, scattering flowers with pious pains  
On old beliefs, of later creeds,  
Which claimed a place in Truth’s do-  
mains,  
He asked the title-deeds.

“ He saw the old-time’s groves and shrines  
In the long distance fair and dim ;  
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,  
The century-mellowed hymn !

“ He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin’s rite, the Lama’s spell ;  
God knew the heart ; Devotion’s pearl  
Might sanctify the shell.

“ While others trod the altar stairs  
He faltered like the publican ;  
And, while they praised as saints, his  
prayers  
Were those of sinful man.

“ For, awed by Sinai’s Mount of Law,  
The trembling faith alone sufficed,  
That, through its cloud and flame, he  
saw  
The sweet, sad face of Christ !

“ And listening, with his forehead bowed,  
Heard the Divine compassion fill  
The pauses of the trump and cloud  
With whispers small and still.

“ The words he spake, the thoughts he  
penned,  
Are mortal as his hand and brain,  
But, if they served the Master’s end,  
He has not lived in vain !”

Heaven make thee better than thy name,  
Child of my friends ! — For thee I  
crave  
What riches never bought, nor fame  
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :  
‘ God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin !

Imagination held in check  
 To serve, not rule, thy poisèd mind ;  
 Thy Reason, at the frown or beck  
 Of Conscience, loose or bind.  
 No dreamer thou, but real all,—  
 Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth  
 Life made by duty epical  
 And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield  
 Which trees of healing only give,  
 And green-leafed in the Eternal field  
 Of God, forever live !

## A MEMORY

[The singer in this poem was a daughter of Whittier's early friend, N. P. Rogers.]

HERE, while the loom of Winter weaves  
 The shroud of flowers and fountains,  
 I think of thee and summer eves  
 Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's close,  
 And winds the lake were rude on,  
 And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,  
 The bonny yowes of Cluden !

When, close and closer, hushing breath,  
 Our circle narrowed round thee,  
 And smiles and tears made up the wreath  
 Wherewith our silence crowned thee ;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties  
 Of sisters and of brothers ;  
 Ah ! whose of all those kindly eyes  
 Now smile upon another's ?

The sport of Time, who still apart  
 The waifs of life is flinging ;  
 Oh, nevermore shall heart to heart  
 Draw nearer for that singing !

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,  
 And twilight's fire is gleaming,  
 I hear the songs of Scotland's bard  
 Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows  
 The glow of summer weather,—  
 Again I hear thee ca' the yowes  
 To Cluden's hills of heather !

## MY DREAM

In my dream, methought I trod,  
 Yesternight, a mountain road ;  
 Narrow as Al Sirat's span,  
 High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud  
 With its weight of thunder bowed ;  
 Underneath, to left and right,  
 Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed ;  
 Now and then a bird-song gushed ;  
 Now and then, through rifts of shade,  
 Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,  
 Walking in that path with me,  
 One by one the brink o'erslid,  
 One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,  
 Some with cheerful courage went ;  
 But, of all who smiled or mourned,  
 Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,  
 Questioning that shadow drear,  
 Never hand in token stirred,  
 Never answering voice I heard !

Steeper, darker ! — lo ! I felt  
 From my feet the pathway melt,  
 Swallowed by the black despair,  
 And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,  
 Strangled by the wash of waves,  
 Past the splintered crags, I sank  
 On a green and flowery bank, —

Soft as fall of thistle-down,  
 Lightly as a cloud is blown,  
 Soothingly as childhood pressed  
 To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,  
 Green the grassy meadows spread,  
 Bright with waters singing by  
 Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,  
 Old lost faces welcomed me.

With whose sweetness of content  
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray  
Slowly brightened into day,  
Pondering that vision fled,  
Thus unto myself I said:—

“Steep and hung with clouds of strife  
Is our narrow path of life;  
And our death the dreaded fall  
Through the dark, awaiting all.

“So, with painful steps we climb  
Up the dizzy ways of time,  
Ever in the shadow shed  
By the forecast of our dread.

“Dread of mystery solved alone,  
Of the untried and unknown;  
Yet the end thereof may seem  
Like the falling of my dream.

“And this heart-consuming care,  
All our fears of here or there,  
Change and absence, loss and death,  
Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !  
Who didst stoop to our estate,  
Drinking of the cup we drain,  
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,  
Grant to us thy steps to see,  
And the grace to draw from thence  
Larger hope and confidence.

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,  
As of old, the angels sit,  
Whispering, by its open door :  
“Fear not ! He hath gone before !”

### THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—

I was once a barefoot boy !  
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine,  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans !  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,

Apples of Hesperides !  
 Still as my horizon grew,  
 Larger grew my riches too ;  
 All the world I saw or knew  
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

Oh for festal dainties spread,  
 Like my bowl of milk and bread ;  
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
 On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
 O'er me, like a regal tent,  
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
 Looped in many a wind-swinged fold ;  
 While for music came the play  
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
 And, to light the noisy choir,  
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
 I was monarch : pomp and joy  
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !  
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
 Stubble-spearèd the new-mown sward,  
 Every morn shall lead thee through  
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
 Every evening from thy feet  
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
 All too soon these feet must hide  
 In the prison cells of pride,  
 Lose the freedom of the sod,  
 Like a colt's for work be shod,  
 Made to tread the mills of toil,  
 Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
 Happy if their track be found  
 Never on forbidden ground ;  
 Happy if they sink not in  
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

## MY PSALM

I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
 Beneath a tender rain,  
 An April rain of smiles and tears,  
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,  
 I hear the glad streams run ;  
 The windows of my soul I throw  
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
 I look in hope or fear ;  
 But, grateful, take the good I find,  
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
 To harvest weed and tare ;  
 The manna dropping from God's hand  
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay  
 Aside the toiling oar ;  
 The angel sought so far away  
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
 Among the ripening corn,  
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
 Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
 Through fringed lids to heaven,  
 And the pale aster in the brook  
 Shall see its image given ; —

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
 The south-wind softly sigh,  
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
 Rebuke an age of wrong ;  
 The graven flowers that wreathè the sword  
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —  
 To build as to destroy ;  
 Nor less my heart for others feel  
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved  
 Have marked my erring track ;  
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
 His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a Providence  
 Of love is understood,  
 Making the springs of time and sense  
 Sweet with eternal good ; —

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

### THE WAITING

I WAIT and watch : before my eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin and  
gray ;  
I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears arise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day !

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance  
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,  
And see across the twilight glance,  
Troop after troop, in swift advance,  
The shining ones with plumes of snow !

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is theirs ;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet  
The threshing-floors of God to beat,  
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me :  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
And yet not mine if understood ;  
For one shall grasp and one resign,  
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,  
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do ! Oh baffled will !  
Oh prayer and action ! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished with God is done !

### SNOW-BOUND

#### A WINTER IDYL

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

'The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district school master, who boarded with us. The "not unfearred, half-welcome guest" was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over her violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in school-house prayer-meetings and dance in a Washington ball-room, while her father was a member of congress. She early embraced the doctrine of the Second Ad-

vent, and felt it her duty to proclaim the Lord's speedy coming. With this message she crossed the Atlantic and spent the greater part of a long life in travelling over Europe and Asia. She lived some time with Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman as fantastic and mentally strained as herself, on the slope of Mt. Lebanon, but finally quarrelled with her in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles, on which her titled hostess expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord. A friend of mine found her, when quite an old woman, wandering in Syria with a tribe of Arabs, who with the Oriental notion that madness is inspiration, accepted her as their prophetess and leader. At

the time referred to in *Snow-Bound* she was boarding at the Rocks Village, about two miles from us.

In my boyhood, in our lonely farm-house, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the Almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing and, it must be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cocheo, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's "conjuring book," which he solemnly opened when consulted. It is a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's *Magic*, printed in 1651, dedicated to Dr. Robert Child, who, like Michael Scott, had learned

"the art of glammorie  
In Padua beyond the sea,"

and who is famous in the annals of Massachusetts, where he was at one time a resident, as the first man who dared petition the General Court for liberty of conscience. The full title of the book is *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, Doctor of both Laws, Counsellor to Caesar's Sacred Majesty and Judge of the Prerogative Court.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire driveth away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same."<sup>13</sup> — COR. AGRIFFA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whitened air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON. *The Snow Storm.*

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.

Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow :  
And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :  
The morning broke without a sun ;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell ;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below, —  
A universe of sky and snow !  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes  
and towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood ;  
A smooth white mound the brush - pile  
showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted : "Boys, a path!"  
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;  
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal : we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
The cock his lusty greeting said,  
And forth his speckled harem led ;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before ;  
Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voic'd elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth

Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme : " *Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarmed light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat

The frost-line back with tropic heat ;  
 And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed ;  
 The house-dog on his paws outspread  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved ?  
 What matter how the north-wind raved ?  
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy  
 glow.

O Time and Change ! — with hair as gray  
 As was my sire's that winter day,  
 How strange it seems, with so much gone  
 Of life and love, to still live on !

Ah, brother ! only I and thou  
 Are left of all that circle now, —  
 The dear home faces whereupon  
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
 Henceforward, listen as we will,  
 The voices of that hearth are still ;  
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
 Those lighted faces smile no more.  
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
 And rustle of the bladed corn ;  
 We turn the pages that they read,  
 Their written words we linger o'er,  
 But in the sun they cast no shade,  
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,

No step is on the conscious floor !  
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will  
 trust,

(Since He who knows our need is just,)  
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
 Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees !  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play !  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own !

We sped the time with stories old,  
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
 Or stammered from our school-book lore  
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."  
 How often since, when all the land  
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,  
 As if a far-blown trumpet stirred  
 The languorous sin-sick air, I heard :  
 "Does not the voice of reason cry,  
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
 From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave !"  
 Our father rode again his ride  
 On Memphremagog's wooded side ;  
 Sat down again to moose and samp  
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;  
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees ;  
 Again for him the moonlight shone  
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;  
 Again he heard the violin play  
 Which led the village dance away.  
 And mingled in its merry whirl  
 The grandam and the laughing girl.  
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread  
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;  
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along  
 The low green prairies of the sea.  
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,  
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals  
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals ;  
 The chowder on the sand-beach made,  
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.  
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
 And dream and sign and marvel told  
 To sleepy listeners as they lay  
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
 Adrift along the winding shores,  
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
 The square sail of the gundelow  
 And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
 Told how the Indian hordes came down  
 At midnight on Cocheeo town,  
 And how her own great-uncle bore  
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
 So rich and picturesque and free,  
 (The common unrhymed poetry  
 Of simple life and country ways,)

The story of her early days, —  
 She made us welcome to her home ;  
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;  
 We stole with her a frightened look  
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,  
 The fame whereof went far and wide  
 Through all the simple country side ;  
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
 The loon's weird laughter far away ;  
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,  
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown  
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,  
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay  
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
 And heard the wild-geese calling loud  
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave  
 From painful Sewel's ancient tome,  
 Beloved in every Quaker home,  
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,  
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, —  
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint ! —  
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,  
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued  
 His portly presence mad for food,  
 With dark hints muttered under breath  
 Of casting lots for life or death,  
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
 To be himself the sacrifice.  
 Then, suddenly, as if to save  
 The good man from his living grave,  
 A ripple on the water grew,  
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.  
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content ;  
 These fishes in my stead are sent  
 By Him who gave the tangled ram  
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
 The ancient teachers never dumb  
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.  
 In moons and tides and weather wise,  
 He read the clouds as prophecies,  
 And foul or fair could well divine,  
 By many an occult hint and sign,  
 Holding the cunning-warded keys  
 To all the woodcraft mysteries ;  
 Himself to Nature's heart so near  
 That all her voices in his ear

Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
 Like Apollonius of old,  
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
 Or Hermes, who interpreted  
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said ;  
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
 Content to live where life began ;  
 Strong only on his native grounds,  
 The little world of sights and sounds  
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,  
 Whereof his fondly partial pride  
 The common features magnified,  
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
 In White of Selborne's loving view, —  
 He told how teal and loon he shot,  
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,  
 The feats on pond and river done,  
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;  
 Till, warning with the tales he told,  
 Forgotten was the outside cold,  
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,  
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the  
 mink  
 Went fishing down the river-brink.  
 In fields with bean or clover gay,  
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,  
 Peered from the doorway of his cell ;  
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,  
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;  
 And from the shagbark overhead  
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer  
 And voice in dreams I see and hear, —  
 The sweetest woman ever Fate  
 Perverse denied a household mate,  
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,  
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,  
 A calm and gracious element,  
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
 And womanly atmosphere of home, —  
 Called up her girlhood memories,  
 The huskings and the apple-bees,  
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
 Weaving through all the poor details  
 And homespun warp of circumstance  
 A golden woof-thread of romance.  
 For well she kept her genial mood  
 And simple faith of maidenhood ;  
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
 The mirage loomed across her way ;  
 The morning dew, that dries so soon  
 With others, glistened at her noon ;

Through years of toil and soil and care,  
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
All unprofaned she held apart  
The virgin fancies of the heart.  
Be shame to him of woman born  
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside ;  
A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thought a fact,  
Keeping with many a light disguise  
The secret of self-sacrifice.  
O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best  
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,  
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !  
How many a poor one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed in the unfading green  
And holy peace of Paradise.  
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do those large eyes behold me still ?  
With me one little year ago : —  
The chill weight of the winter snow  
For months upon her grave has lain ;  
And now, when summer south-winds blow  
And brier and harebell bloom again,  
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
Yet following me where'er I went  
With dark eyes full of love's content.  
The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness ; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be nigh,  
A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old ?  
Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I  
hold ?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust with me ?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are ;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
Held at the fire his favored place,  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
Born the wild Northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father wrung  
By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way ;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
To peddle wares from town to town ;  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
The rustic party, with its rough  
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
And whirling-plate, and forfeits paid,  
His winter task a pastime made.  
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,  
Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,  
Or mirth-provoking versions told  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods ;  
Where Pindus-born Arachthus took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,

And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed ;  
But at his desk he had the look  
And air of one who wisely schemed,  
And hostage from the future took  
In trainéd thought and lore of book.  
Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he  
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
Who, following in War's bloody trail,  
Shall every lingering wrong assail ;  
All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
Uplift the black and white alike ;  
Scatter before their swift advance  
The darkness and the ignorance,  
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,  
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous

growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell  
Of prison-torture possible ;  
The cruel lie of caste refute,  
Old forms remould, and substitute  
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
For blind routine, wise-handed skill ;  
A school-house plant on every hill,  
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
The quick wires of intelligence ;  
Till North and South together brought  
Shall own the same electric thought,  
In peace a common flag salute,  
And, side by side in labor's free  
And unresentful rivalry,  
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.  
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told  
A nature passionate and bold,  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,  
Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
She sat among us, at the best,  
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways.  
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the  
lash,  
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;  
And under low brows, black with night,  
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;  
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face

Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
Condemned to share her love or hate.  
A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,  
Revealing with each freak or feint  
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The raptures of Siena's saint.  
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist ;  
The warm, dark languish of her eyes  
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Knew every change of scowl and pout ;  
And the sweet voice had notes more high  
And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town  
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
What convent-gate has held its lock  
Against the challenge of her knock !  
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thorough  
fares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
With claims fantastic as her own,  
Her tireless feet have held their way ;  
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies,  
With hope each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophesies !

Where'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go !  
The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
The sorrow with the woman born,  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
A life-long discord and annoy,  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate,

To show what metes and bounds should stand  
 Upon the soul's debatable land,  
 And between choice and Providence  
 Divide the circle of events ;  
 But He who knows our frame is just,  
 Merciful and compassionate,  
 And full of sweet assurances  
 And hope for all the language is,  
 That He remembereth we are dust !

At last the great logs, crumbling low,  
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
 The bull's-eye watch that hung ~~in~~ view,  
 Ticking its weary circuit through,  
 Pointed with mutely warning sign  
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
 That sign the pleasant circle broke :  
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
 And laid it tenderly away ;  
 Then roused himself to safely cover  
 The dull red brands with ashes over.  
 And while, with care, our mother laid  
 The work aside, her steps she stayed  
 One moment, seeking to express  
 Her grateful sense of happiness  
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,  
 And love's contentment more than wealth,  
 With simple wishes (not the weak,  
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
 But such as warm the generous heart,  
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
 That none might lack, that bitter night,  
 For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
 The wind that round the gables roared,  
 With now and then a ruder shock,  
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
 The board-nails snapping in the frost ;  
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.  
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
 When hearts are light and life is new ;  
 Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
 Till in the summer-land of dreams  
 They softened to the sound of streams,  
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
 Of merry voices high and clear ;

And saw the teamsters drawing near  
 To break the drifted highways out.  
 Down the long hillside treading slow  
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
 Shaking the snow from heads ~~uptost~~,  
 Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
 Before our door the straggling train  
 Drew up, an added team to gain.  
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes  
 From lip to lip ; the younger folks  
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,  
 rolled,  
 Then toiled again the cavalcade  
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
 And woodland paths that wound between  
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.  
 From every barn a team afoot,  
 At every house a new recruit,  
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,  
 Happily the watchful young men saw  
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
 And curious eyes of merry girls,  
 Lifting their hands in mock defence  
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,  
 And reading in each missive toast  
 The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound ;  
 And, following where the teamsters led,  
 The wise old Doctor went his round,  
 Just pausing at our door to say,  
 In the brief autocratic way  
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
 Was free to urge her claim on all,  
 That some poor neighbor sick abed  
 At night our mother's aid would need.  
 For, one in generous thought and deed,  
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
 The Quaker matron's inward light,  
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed ?  
 All hearts confess the saints elect  
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
 And melt not in an acid sect  
 The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had passed  
 Since the great world was heard from  
 last.  
 The Almanac we studied o'er,  
 Read and reread our little store  
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;  
 One harmless novel, mostly hid  
 From younger eyes, a book forbid,

And poetry, (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had,) Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,  
A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,  
The wars of David and the Jews.  
At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.  
Lo ! broadening outward as we read,  
To warmer zones the horizon spread  
In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvels that it told.  
Before us passed the painted Greeks,  
And daft McGregor on his raids  
In Costa Rica's everglades.  
And up Taygetos winding slow  
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow !  
Welcome to us its week-old news,  
Its corner for the rustic Muse,  
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding bell and dirge of death :  
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
The latest culprit sent to jail ;  
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
And traffic calling loud for gain.  
We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us beat ;  
The chill embargo of the snow  
Was melted in the genial glow ;  
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
And all the world was ours once more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward look  
And folded wings of ashen gray  
And voice of echoes far away,  
The brazen covers of thy book ;  
The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past ;  
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
The characters of joy and woe ;  
The monographs of outlived years,  
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,  
Green hills of life that slope to death,  
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
Shade off to mournful cypresses  
With the white amaranths underneat.  
Even while I look, I can but heed  
The restless sands' incessant fall,  
Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
And duty keeping pace with all.  
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids ;

I hear again the voice that bids  
The dreamer leave his dream midway  
For larger hopes and graver fears :  
Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,  
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,  
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,  
Dreaming in throngful city ways  
Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;  
And dear and early friends — the few  
Who yet remain — shall pause to view  
These Flemish pictures of old days ;  
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
And stretch the hands of memory forth  
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze !  
And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ;  
The traveller owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.

### MY TRIUMPH

THE autumn-time has come ;  
On woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,  
The hazel's gold is paling ;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me .  
O dear ones gone above me !  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases :  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted :  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung  
My songs that found no tongue ;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !  
Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be,—  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbor ;  
An equal-handed labor ;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples !  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sleeping ;  
Around it still the sunuchs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official ;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall ;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting ;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled :  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered ;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

“ I 'm sorry that I spelt the word :  
I hate to go above you,

Because," — the brown eyes lower fell,—  
" Because, you see, I love you ! "

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her, — because they love him.

### MY BIRTHDAY

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year ;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
As if a loss befell ;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well !

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within, —  
The patience of immortal love  
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take ;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will !  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun !

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
The clamor of the throng !  
How old, harsh voices of debate  
Flow into rhythmic song !

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air ;  
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle ears  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,  
Dear Lord, the languid air ;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn !

### RED RIDING-HOOD

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;  
The wind that through the pine-trees sung  
The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung ;  
While, through the window, frosty-starred  
Against the sunset purple barred,  
We saw the sombre crow flap by,  
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,  
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel poising on the drift,  
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,  
With flattened face against the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :  
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays !  
What is it that the black crow says ?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs  
Because he has no hands, and begs ;  
He's asking for my nuts, I know :  
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

Half lost within her boots, her head  
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,  
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale ;  
Now sinking in a drift so low  
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid guests bespoke :  
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—  
Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue-  
jay,  
Before your supper 's blown away !  
Don't be afraid, we all are good ;  
And I 'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood ! "

O Thou whose care is over all,  
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,  
Keep in the little maiden's breast  
The pity which is now its guest !  
Let not her cultured years make less  
The childhood charm of tenderness,  
But let her feel as well as know,  
Nor harder with her polish grow !  
Unmoved by sentimental grief  
That wails along some printed leaf,  
But prompt with kindly word and deed  
To own the claims of all who need,  
Let the grown woman's self make good  
The promise of Red Riding-Hood !

## RESPONSE

On the occasion of my seventieth birthday, in 1877, I was the recipient of many tokens of esteem. The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* gave a dinner in my name, and the editor of

*The Literary World* gathered in his paper many affectionate messages from my associates in literature and the cause of human progress. The lines which follow were written in acknowledgment.

BESIDE that milestone where the level sun,  
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low  
rays  
On word and work irrevocably done,  
Life's blending threads of good and ill out-  
spun,  
I hear, O friends ! your words of cheer  
and praise,  
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.  
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,  
A beggar slept and crowned Caliph  
woke.  
Thanks not the less. With not unglad  
surprise  
I sec my life-work through your partial  
eyes ;  
Assured, in giving to my home-taught  
songs

A higher value than of right belongs,  
You do but read between the written lines  
The finer grace of unfulfilled designus.

## AT EVENTIDE

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play  
Of gain and loss, of waking and of  
dream,  
Against life's solemn background needs  
must seem  
At this late hour. Yet, not unthankfully,  
I call to mind the fountains by the way,  
The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the  
spray,  
Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of  
giving  
And of receiving, the great boon of liv-  
ing  
In grand historic years when Liberty  
Had need of word and work, quick sympa-  
thies  
For all who fail and suffer, song's relief,  
Nature's unloying loveliness ; and chief,  
The kind restraining hand of Providence,  
The inward witness, the assuring sense  
Of an Eternal Good which overlies  
The sorrow of the world, Love which out-  
lives

All sin and wrong, Compassion which for-  
gives  
To the uttermost, and Justice whose clear  
eyes  
Through lapse and failure look to the in-  
tent,  
And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

## VOYAGE OF THE JETTIE

The picturesquely situated Wayside Inn at West Ossipee, N. H., is now in ashes; and to its former guests these somewhat careless rhymes may be a not unwelcome reminder of pleasant summers and autumns on the banks of the Bearcamp and Chocorua. To the author himself they have a special interest from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend, whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich.

A SHALLOW stream, from fountains  
Deep in the Sandwich mountains,  
Ran lakeward Bearcamp River;  
And between its flood-torn shores,  
Sped by sail or urged by oars,  
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding  
To the dull axe Time is yielding,  
The shy mink and the otter,  
And golden leaves and red,  
By countless autumns shed,  
Had floated down its water.

From the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
Came a skilled seafaring man,  
With his dory, to the right place;  
Over hill and plain he brought her,  
Where the boatless Bearcamp water  
Comes winding down from White-Face.

Quoth the skipper: "Ere she floats forth,  
I'm sure my pretty boat's worth,  
At least, a name as pretty."  
On her painted side he wrote it,  
And the flag that o'er her floated  
Bore aloft the name of Jettie.

On a radiant morn of summer,  
Elder guest and latest comer  
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;  
Heard the name the skipper gave her,

And the answer to the favor  
From the Bay State's graceful daughter

Then a singer, richly gifted,  
Her charm'd voice uplifted;  
And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow  
Listened, dumb with envious pain,  
To the clear and sweet refrain  
Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,  
And from off the shelving shore,  
Glided out the strange explorer;  
Floating on, she knew not whither,—  
The tawny sands beneath her,  
The great hills watching o'er her.

On, where the stream flows quiet  
As the meadows' margins by it,  
Or widens out to borrow a  
New life from that wild water,  
The mountain giant's daughter,  
The pine-besung Chocorua.

Or, mid the tangling cumber  
And pack of mountain lumber  
That spring floods downward force,  
Over sunken snag, and bar  
Where the grating shallows are,  
The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,  
Around the vine-hung islands,  
She ploughed her crooked furrow;  
And her rippling and her lurches  
Scared the river eels and perches,  
And the musk-rat in his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,  
Every sage and grave pearl-grower,  
Shut his rusty valves the tighter;  
Crow called to crow complaining,  
And old tortoises sat craneing  
Their leathern necks to sight her.

So, to where the still lake glasses  
The misty mountain masses  
Rising dim and distant northward,  
And, with faint-drawn shadow pictures,  
Low shores, and dead pine spectres,  
Blends the skyward and the earthward,

On she glided, overladen,  
With merry man and maiden  
Sending back their song and laughter,—

While, perchance, a phantom crew,  
In a ghostly birch canoe,  
Paddled dumb and swiftly after !

And the bear on Ossipee  
Climbed the topmost crag to see  
The strange thing drifting under ;  
And, through the haze of August,  
Passaconaway and Paugus  
Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung  
In mimic sea-tones sung  
The song familiar to her ↗  
And the maples leaned to screen her,  
And the meadow-grass seemed greener,  
And the breeze more soft to woo her.

The lone stream mystery-haunted  
To her the freedom granted  
To scan its every feature,  
Till new and old were blended,  
And round them both extended  
The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel  
Henceforth is part and parcel ;  
And on Bearcamp shall her log  
Be kept, as if by Georges  
Or Grand Menan the surges  
Tossed her skipper through the fog.

And I, who, half in sadness,  
Recall the morning gladness  
Of life, at evening time,  
By chance, onlooking idly,  
Apart from all so widely,  
Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence  
Of song and laugh, in distance ;  
Alone with me remaining  
The stream, the quiet meadow,  
The hills in shine and shadow,  
The sombre pines complaining.

And, musing here, I dream  
Of voyagers on a stream  
From whence is no returning,  
Under sealed orders going,  
Looking forward little knowing,  
Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture  
The port of peace may enter,

That, safe from snag and fall  
And siren-haunted islet,  
And rock, the Unseen Pilot  
May guide us one and all.

## MY TRUST

A PICTURE memory brings to me :  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight  
A child still groping for the light  
To read His works and ways aright.

I wait, in His good time to see  
That as my mother dealt with me  
So with His children dealeth He.

I bow myself beneath His hand :  
That pain itself was wisely planned  
I feel, and partly understand.

The joy that comes in sorrow's guise,  
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,  
I would not have them otherwise.

And what were life and death if sin  
Knew not the dread rebuke within,  
The pang of merciful discipline ?

Not with thy proud despair of old,  
Crowned stoic of Rome's noblest mould !  
Pleasure and pain alike I hold.

I suffer with no vain pretence  
Of triumph over flesh and sense,  
Yet trust the grievous providence,

How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,  
By ways I cannot comprehend,  
To some unguessed benignant end ;

That every loss and lapse may gain  
The clear-aired heights by steps of pain,  
And never cross is borne in vain.

## A NAME

Addressed to my grand-nephew, Greenleaf Whittier Pickard. Jonathan Greenleaf, in *A Genealogy of the Greenleaf Family*, says briefly: "From all that can be gathered, it is believed that the ancestors of the Greenleaf family were Huguenots, who left France on account of their religious principles some time in the course of the sixteenth century, and settled in England. The name was probably translated from the French Feuillevert."

THE name the Gallic exile bore,  
St. Malo ! from thy ancient mart,  
Became upon our Western shore  
Greenleaf for Feuillevert.

A name to hear in soft accord  
Of leaves by light winds overrun,  
Or read, upon the greening sward  
Of May, in shade and sun.

The name my infant ear first heard  
Breathed softly with a mother's kiss ;  
His mother's own, no tenderer word  
My father spake than this.

No child have I to bear it on ;  
Be thou its keeper ; let it take  
From gifts well used and duty done  
New beauty for thy sake.

The fair ideals that outran  
My halting footsteps seek and find —  
The flawless symmetry of man,  
The poise of heart and mind.

Stand firmly where I felt the sway  
Of every wing that fancy flew,  
See clearly where I groped my way,  
Nor real from seeming knew.

And wisely choose, and bravely hold  
Thy faith unswerved by cross or crown,  
Like the stout Huguenot of old  
Whose name to thee comes down.

As Marot's songs made glad the heart  
Of that lone exile, haply mine  
May in life's heavy hours impart  
Some strength and hope to thine.

Yet when did Age transfer to Youth  
The hard-gained lessons of its day ?

Each lip must learn the taste of truth,  
Each foot must feel its way.

We cannot hold the hands of choice  
That touch or shun life's fateful keys ;  
The whisper of the inward voice  
Is more than homilies.

Dear boy ! for whom the flowers are born,  
Stars shine, and happy song-birds sing,  
What can my evening give to morn,  
My winter to thy spring !

A life not void of pure intent,  
With small desert of praise or blame,  
The love I felt, the good I meant,  
I leave thee with my name.

## GREETING

Originally prefixed to the volume, *The King's Missive and other Poems*. [Entitled there, *The Prelude.*]

I SPREAD a scanty board too late ;  
The old-time guests for whom I wait  
Come few and slow, methinks, to-day.  
Ah ! who could hear my messages  
Across the dim unsounded seas  
On which so many have sailed away !

Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,  
And let us meet, as we have met,  
Once more beneath this low sunshine ;  
And grateful for the good we 've known,  
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,  
Shake hands upon the border line.

The favor, asked too oft before,  
From your indulgent ears, once more  
I crave, and, if belated lays  
To slower, feebler measures move,  
The silent sympathy of love  
To me is dearer now than praise.

And ye, O younger friends, for whom  
My hearth and heart keep open room,  
Come smiling through the shadows long  
Be with me while the sun goes down,  
And with your cheerful voices drown  
The minor of my even-song.

For, equal through the day and night,  
The wise Eternal oversight  
And love and power and righteous will

Remain : the law of destiny,  
The best for each and all must be,  
And life its promise shall fulfil.

## AN AUTOGRAPH

I WRITE my name as one,  
On sands by waves o'errun  
Or winter's frosted pane,  
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims  
Wiser and better names,  
And well my own may pass  
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time !  
Melt, noons, the frosty rime !  
Welcome the shadow vast,  
The silence that shall last !

When I and all who know  
And love me vanish so,  
What harm to them or me  
Will the lost memory be ?

If any words of mine,  
Through right of life divine,  
Remain, what matters it  
Whose hand the message writ ?

Why should the "crown'r's quest"  
Sit on my worst or best ?  
Why should the showman claim  
The poor ghost of my name ?

Yet, as when dies a sound  
Its spectre lingers round,  
Haply my spent life will  
Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath  
Of praise or blame to death,  
Soothing or saddening such  
As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain  
And fond I still would fain  
A kindly judgment seek,  
A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,  
Let this at least be said :  
" Whate'er his life's defeatures,  
He loved his fellow-creatures.

" If, of the Law's stone table,  
To hold he scarce was able  
The first great precept fast,  
He kept for man the last.

" Through mortal lapse and dulness  
What lacks the Eternal Fulness,  
If still our weakness can  
Love Him in loving man ?

" Age brought him no despairing  
Of the world's future faring ;  
In human nature still  
He found more good than ill.

" To all who dumbly suffered,  
His tongue and pen he offered ;  
His life was not his own,  
Nor lived for self alone.

" Hater of din and riot  
He lived in days unquiet ;  
And, lover of all beauty,  
Trod the hard ways of duty.

" He meant no wrong to any  
He sought the good of many,  
Yet knew both sin and folly, —  
May God forgive him wholly !"

## ABRAM MORRISON

'MIDST the men and things which will  
Haunt an old man's memory still,  
Drollest, quaintest of them all,  
With a boy's laugh I recall  
Good old Abram Morrison.

When the Grist and Rolling Mill  
Ground and rumbled by Po Hill,  
And the old red school-house stood  
Midway in the Powow's flood,  
Here dwelt Abram Morrison.

From the Beach to far beyond  
Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond,  
Marvellous to our tough old stock,  
Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block,  
Seemed the Celtic Morrison.

Mudknock, Balmawhistle, all  
Only knew the Yankee drawl,  
Never brogue was heard till when,

Foremost of his countrymen,  
Hither came Friend Morrison ;

Yankee born, of alien blood,  
Kin of his had well withstood  
Pope and King with pike and ball  
Under Derry's leaguered wall,  
As became the Morrisons.

Wandering down from Nutfield woods  
With his household and his goods,  
Never was it clearly told  
How within our quiet fold  
Came to be a Morrison.

Once a soldier, blame him not  
That the Quaker he forgot,  
When, to think of battles won,  
And the red-coats on the run,  
Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.

From gray Lewis over sea  
Bore his sires their family tree,  
On the rugged boughs of it  
Grafting Irish mirth and wit,  
And the brogue of Morrison.

Half a genius, quick to plan,  
Blundering like an Irishman,  
But with canny shrewdness lent  
By his far-off Scotch descent,  
Such was Abram Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,  
Rode his cherished pig on wheels,  
And to all who came to see,  
"Aisier for the pig an' me,  
Sure it is," said Morrison.

Simple-hearted, boy o'ergrown,  
With a humor quite his own,  
Of our sober-stepping ways,  
Speech and look and cautious phrase,  
Slow to learn was Morrison.

Much we loved his stories told  
Of a country strange and old,  
Where the fairies danced till dawn,  
And the goblin Leprecaun  
Looked, we thought, like Morrison.

Or wild tales of feud and fight,  
Witch and troll and second sight  
Whispered still where Stornoway

Looks across its stormy bay,  
Once the home of Morrisons.

First was he to sing the praise  
Of the Powow's winding ways ;  
And our straggling village took  
City grandeur to the look  
Of its poet Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame  
On the saddle-bags of Fame,  
That they bring not to our time  
One poor couplet of the rhyme  
Made by Abram Morrison !

When, on calm and fair First Days,  
Rattled down our one-horse chaise,  
Through the blossomed apple-boughs  
To the old brown meeting-house,  
There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim  
Peered the queer old face of him ;  
And with Irish jauntiness  
Swung the coat-tails of the dress  
Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,  
Leaning o'er the elders' seat,  
Mingling with a solemn drone,  
Celtic accents all his own,  
Rises Abram Morrison.

"Don't," he 's pleading, "don't ye go,  
Dear young friends, to sight and show,  
Don't run after elephants,  
Learned pigs and presidents  
And the likes !" said Morrison.

On his well-worn theme intent,  
Simple, child-like, innocent,  
Heaven forgave the half-checked smile  
Of our careless boyhood, while  
Listening to Friend Morrison !

We have learned in latter days  
Truth may speak in simplest phrase ;  
That the man is not the less  
For quaint ways and home-spun dress,  
Thanks to Abram Morrison !

Not to pander nor to please  
Come the needed homilies,  
With no lofty argument

Is the fitting message sent,  
Through such lips as Morrison's.

Dead and gone ! But while its track  
Powow keeps to Merrimac,  
While Po Hill is still on guard,  
Looking land and ocean ward,  
They shall tell of Morrison !

After half a century's lapse,  
We are wiser now, perhaps,  
But we miss our streets amid  
Something which the past has hid,  
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone forever with the queer  
Characters of that old year !  
Now the many are as one ;  
Broken is the mould that run  
Men like Abram Morrison.

## A LEGACY

FRIEND of my many years !  
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,

Let me not leave, to pain andadden thee,  
A memory of tears,

But pleasant thoughts alone  
Of one who was thy friendship's honored  
guest  
And drank the wine of consolation pressed  
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense  
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less —  
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness  
Its own great recompense ;

The knowledge that from thine,  
As from the garments of the Master,  
stole  
Calmness and strength, the virtue which  
makes whole  
And heals without a sign ;

Yea more, the assurance strong  
That love, which fails of perfect utterance  
here,  
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere  
With its immortal song.

## RELIGIOUS POEMS

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHERE Time the measure of his hours  
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,  
And, like a young bride crowned with  
flowers,  
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,  
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,  
Less sweet than those his thoughts have  
sown  
In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the shade  
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,  
While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,  
Strange odors filled the sultry air,  
Strange birds upon the branches swung,  
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,  
Turned sunward from the shadowy bow-  
ers,  
As if the Gheber's soul had found  
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,  
Nor church with Sabbath - bell chimes  
glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,  
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in  
view,  
And graybeard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,  
Like tempting fiends, were such as they  
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,  
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

“ Ah me ! ” the lonely stranger said,  
“ The hope which led my footsteps on,  
And light from heaven around them shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone !

“ Where are the harvest fields all white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in ?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,  
From the dark hiding-place of sin ?

“ A silent horror broods o'er all,—  
The burden of a hateful spell,—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell !

“ And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear ?  
Dear Lord, uphold me with Thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness  
share ! ”

He ceased ; for at his very feet  
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled ;  
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet  
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child !

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew  
Its life from alien air and earth,  
And told to Paynim sun and dew  
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,  
The Persian plants its beauty screened,  
And on its pagan sisterhood,  
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt  
The darkness of his long despair  
Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
Which God's dear love had nurtured  
there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
The lines of sin and sadness swept ;  
And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
Looked holy through the sunset air ;  
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told  
From tower and mosque the hour of  
prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
From Shiraz saw the stranger part ;  
The Star-flower of the Virgin Born  
Still blooming in his hopeful heart !

#### THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day !  
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away !  
'T is the vintage of blood, 't is the fulness  
of time,  
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of  
crime !"

The warning was spoken—the righteous  
had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feast-  
ing alone ;  
All gay was the banquet—the revel was  
long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breath-  
ing of song.

'T was an evening of beauty ; the air was  
perfume,  
The earth was all greenness, the trees were  
all bloom ;  
And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a  
bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the  
dance,  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of  
glance ;  
And white arms wreathed lightly, and  
tresses fell free  
As the plumage of birds in some tropical  
tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted  
on high,  
And wantonness tempted the lust of the  
eye ;  
Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loath-  
some, abhorred,  
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the  
Lord.

Hark ! the growl of the thunder,—the  
quaking of earth !  
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the  
mirth !  
The black sky has opened ; there's flame  
in the air ;  
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and  
bare !

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild  
where the song  
And the low tone of love had been whis-  
pered along ;  
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er pal-  
ace and bower,  
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast  
and devour !

Down, down on the fallen the red ruin  
rained,  
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup  
undrained ;  
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved  
thrill,  
And the shout and the laughter grew sud-  
denly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully  
given ;  
The last eye glared forth in its madness on  
Heaven !  
The last groan of horror rose wildly and  
vain,  
And death brooded over the pride of the  
Plain !

#### THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN

Not always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Not always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,

Nor as the awful voice which came  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God is given !  
Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right,—  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
The holy influence steals :  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels !  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
The Saviour's errand sought,—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquila wrought :  
  
Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
Rome's gathered grandeur saw :  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the Crusader's war,  
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,  
Through all its vales of death,  
The martyr's song of triumph poured  
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapors o'er a glass,  
Leaving their token strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
The summons to the right and true  
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human-kind ;  
If, brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
Or outward sign or show ;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low ;

Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—  
Thy Father's call of love !

### THE CRUCIFIXION

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills !  
And on the waves of Galilee ;  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea !  
Most freshly from the green wood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings ;  
And gayly quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours, — a change hath come !  
The sky is dark without a cloud !  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice ! — the death of Him, —  
The Christ of God, the holy One !  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding Sun.  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his caverned bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !  
Their prison door is rent away !  
And, ghastly with the seal of death  
They wander in the eye of day !  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The House of God is cold and dim ;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;  
Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To see the suffering son of God !  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold unmoved the fearful hour,

When Nature trembled on her throne,  
And Death resigned his iron power ?  
Oh, shall the heart — whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood —  
Refuse its trembling gratitude ?

## PALESTINE

Blest land of Judea ! thrice hallowed of  
song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like  
throng ;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of  
thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with  
thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that  
shore  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered  
before ;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the  
sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of  
God.

Blue sea of the hills ! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my  
ear ;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people  
sat down,  
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals  
was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gada-  
rene ;  
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to  
see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen  
and strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah  
in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood  
of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zeb-  
ulon came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of  
flame,

And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly  
on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's  
son !

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns  
which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess  
sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her  
side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph re-  
plied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys  
between ;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the  
air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still  
throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to  
greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet ?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring  
trod ;  
I stand where they stood with the chosen of  
God —  
Where His blessing was heard and His les-  
sons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the  
healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer  
came ;  
These hills He toiled over in grief are the  
same ;  
The founts where He drank by the wayside  
still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which  
breathed on His brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem  
yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains  
on her feet ;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker  
hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it  
shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men ;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here ;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now  
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone ! but in glory and power,  
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same !

## HYMNS

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE

## I

“ Encore un hymne, O ma lyre !  
Un hymne pour le Seigneur,  
Un hymne dans mon désir,  
Un hymne dans mon bonheur.”

ONE hymn more, O my lyre !  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh, who the speed of bird and wind  
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
That, soaring upward, I may find  
My resting-place and home in Thee ?  
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
Adoreth with a fervent flame, —  
Mysterious spirit ! unto whom  
Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go  
Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
Back to the God who bade them flow,  
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
But as for me, O God ! for me,  
The lowly creature of Thy will,  
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine  
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?  
To breathe with them the light divine  
From God's own holy altar flowing ?  
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
In dreams hath thirsted for so long, —  
A portion of heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song ?

Oh, watchers of the stars at night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the air, —  
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
Oh, say, is He, the Eternal, there ?  
Bend there around His awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee ?  
Or are thy inmost depths His own,  
O wild and mighty sea ?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire !  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God !

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me ?  
Returning like the patriarch's dove  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
Which shadow Paradise ?

All-moving spirit ! freely forth

At Thy command the strong wind goes :  
Its errand to the passive earth,  
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine ;  
So, weary from its wandering,  
My spirit turns to Thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star and noon tide's sun,  
Until at last it sinks to rest, —  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast, —  
So turns my soul to Thee !

O Thou who bidst the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind, —  
Mover of all things ! where art Thou ?  
Oh, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of Thy resting-place ?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest heaven for Thee ?

Oh, would I were as free to rise  
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne, —  
The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars unchecked and free  
Through earth and heaven ; that I might  
lose  
Myself in finding Thee !

## II

## LE CRI DE L'AME

“Quand le souffle divin qui flotte sur le monde.”

When the breath divine is flowing,  
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
And, as the touch of viewless fingers,  
Softly on my soul it lingers,  
Open to a breath the lightest,  
Conscious of a touch the slightest, —  
As some calm, still lake, whereon  
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,  
And the glistening water-rings  
Circle round her moving wings :  
When my upward gaze is turning  
Where the stars of heaven are burning

Through the deep and dark abyss, —  
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
Blowing with the evening's breath  
Sweetly in their Maker's path :  
When the breaking day is flushing  
All the east, and light is gushing  
Upward through the horizon's haze,  
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,  
Spreading, until all above  
Overflows with joy and love,  
And below, on earth's green bosom,  
All is changed to light and blossom :

When my waking fancies over  
Forms of brightness fit and hover  
Holy as the seraphs are,  
Who by Zion's fountains wear  
On their foreheads, white and broad,  
“Holiness unto the Lord !”  
When, inspired with rapture high,  
It would seem a single sigh  
Could a world of love create ;  
That my life could know no date,  
And my eager thoughts could fill  
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still !

Then, O Father ! Thou alone,  
From the shadow of Thy throne,  
To the sighing of my breast  
And its rapture answerest.  
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
Bathe where Thy own light is springing, —  
All my yearnings to be free  
Are as echoes answering Thee !

Seldom upon lips of mine,  
Father ! rests that name of Thine ;  
Deep within my inmost breast,  
In the secret place of mind,  
Like an awful presence shrined,  
Doth the dread idea rest !  
Hushed and holy dwells it there,  
Prompter of the silent prayer,  
Lifting up my spirit's eye  
And its faint, but earnest cry,  
From its dark and cold abode,  
Unto Thee, my Guide and God !

## THE FAMILIST'S HYMN

The Puritans of New England, even in their wilderness home, were not exempted from the sectarian contentions which agitated the mother country after the downfall of Charles the

First, and of the established Episcopacy. The Quakers, Baptists, and Catholics were banished, on pain of death, from the Massachusetts Colony. One Samuel Gorton, a bold and eloquent declaimer, after preaching for a time in Boston against the doctrines of the Puritans, and declaring that their churches were mere human devices, and their sacrament and baptism an abomination, was driven out of the jurisdiction of the colony, and compelled to seek a residence among the savages. He gathered round him a considerable number of converts, who, like the primitive Christians, shared all things in common. His opinions, however, were so troublesome to the leading clergy of the colony, that they instigated an attack upon his "Family" by an armed force, which seized upon the principal men in it, and brought them into Massachusetts, where they were sentenced to be kept at hard labor in several towns (one only in each town), during the pleasure of the General Court, they being forbidden, under severe penalties, to utter any of their religious sentiments, except to such ministers as might labor for their conversion. They were unquestionably sincere in their opinions, and, whatever may have been their errors, deserve to be ranked among those who have in all ages suffered for the freedom of conscience.

FATHER ! to Thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith impart,  
And with Thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart !  
Oh, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal !  
Give Thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the spoiler's heel !

Father ! for Thy holy sake  
We are spoiled and hunted thus ;  
Joyful, for Thy truth we take  
Bonds and burthens unto us :  
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
Weary with our daily task,  
That Thy truth may never fall  
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
And at noon the wild beast comes  
Where our frugal meal was shared ;  
For the song of praises there  
Shrieks the crow the livelong day ;  
For the sound of evening prayer  
Howls the evil beast of prey.

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
Underneath Thy holy sky ;  
Words and tones that used to bring  
Tears of joy in every eye ;  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
When we gathered knee to knee,  
Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
Bowed, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,  
Shared their wealth and daily bread,  
Even so, with one accord,  
We, in love, each other fed.  
Not with us the miser's hoard,  
Not with us his grasping hand ;  
Equal round a common board,  
Drew our meek and brother band !

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
When the war-whoop stirred the land  
And the Indian turned away  
From our home his bloody hand.  
Well that forest-ranger saw,  
That the burthen and the curse  
Of the white man's cruel law  
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
To our toiling hard and long,  
Father ! from the dust of earth  
Lift we still our grateful song !  
Grateful, that in bonds we share  
In Thy love which maketh free ;  
Joyful, that the wrongs we bear,  
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee !

Grateful ! that where'er we toil, —  
By Wachuset's wooded side,  
On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,  
Or by wild Neponset's tide, —  
Still, in spirit, we are near,  
And our evening hymns, which rise  
Separate and discordant here,  
Meet and mingle in the skies !

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,  
Let the proud and evil priest  
Rob the needy of his flock,  
For his wine-cup and his feast, —  
Redden not Thy bolts in store  
Through the blackness of Thy skies ?  
For the sighing of the poor  
Wilt Thou not, at length, arise ?

Worn and wasted, oh ! how long  
 Shall thy trodden poor complain ?  
 In Thy name they bear the wrong,  
 In Thy cause the bonds of pain !  
 Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
 Let the haughty priesthood see,  
 And their blinded followers feel,  
 That in us they mock at Thee !

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
 Stretch abroad that hand to save  
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave !  
 Lead us from this evil land,  
 From the spoiler set us free,  
 And once more our gathered band,  
 Heart to heart, shall worship Thee !

## EZEKIEL

*Ezekiel xxxiii. 30-33.*

THEY hear Thee not, O God ! nor see ;  
 Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee ;  
 The princes of our ancient line  
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine ;  
 The priests around Thy altar speak  
 The false words which their hearers seek ;  
 And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maid-s  
 Have sung in Dura's idol-shades  
 Are with the Levites' chant ascending,  
 With Zion's holiest anthems blending !

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
 The heathen heel is crushing yet ;  
 The towers upon our holy hill  
 Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
 Our wasted shrines, — who weeps for  
 them ?  
 Who mourneth for Jerusalem ?  
 Who turneth from his gains away ?  
 Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray ?  
 Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
 Takes Zion's lamentation up ?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
 With Israel's early banishment ;  
 And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
 The ritual of my fathers kept.  
 The water for the trench I drew,  
 The firstling of the flock I slew,  
 And, standing at the altar's side,  
 I shared the Levites' lingering pride,  
 That still, amidst her mocking foes,  
 The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
 The Spirit of the Highest came !  
 Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
 A glory terrible and vast ;  
 With dreadful eyes of living things,  
 And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
 With circling light and sapphire throne,  
 And flame-like form of One thereon,  
 And voice of that dread Likeness sent  
 Down from the crystal firmament !

The burden of a prophet's power  
 Fell on me in that fearful hour ;  
 From off unutterable woes  
 The curtain of the future rose ;  
 I saw far down the coming time  
 The fiery chastisement of crime ;  
 With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
 Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
 I saw the nations rise and fall,  
 Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain  
 Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.  
 I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
 Swept over by the spoiler's fire ;  
 And heard the low, expiring moan  
 Of Edom on his rocky throne ;  
 And, woe is me ! the wild lament  
 From Zion's desolation sent ;  
 And felt within my heart each blow  
 Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
 Before the pictured tile I lay ;  
 And there, as in a mirror, saw  
 The coming of Assyria's war ;  
 Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass  
 Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass ;  
 I saw them draw their stormy hem  
 Of battle round Jerusalem ;  
 And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail  
 Blend with the victor-trump of Baal !

Who trembled at my warning word ?  
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord ?  
 How mocked the rude, how scoffed the  
 vile,  
 How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,  
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe  
 As if the angel's mournful roll  
 Had left its record on my soul,  
 And traced in lines of darkness there  
 The picture of its great despair !

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
My lips in prophecy unseal.  
Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,  
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,  
The harp of Judah swept once more.  
They listen, as in Babel's throng  
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,  
As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,  
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !  
The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
Have felt in all succeeding years.  
Sport of the changeful multitude,  
Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
Their warnings but the actor's part.  
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
The garments of the flesh put on !  
Men followed where the Highest led  
For common gifts of daily bread,  
And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
Owned not the Godlike power of Him.  
Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
His wail above Jerusalem,  
And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far-discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies !  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,  
Through Heaven's vast spaces angel-trod,  
And through the eternal years of God !  
Thy audience, worlds ! — all things to be  
The witness of the Truth in thee !

#### WHAT THE VOICE SAID

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,  
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,  
"From Thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire !

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying ;  
With the brute the man is sold ;  
And the dropping blood of labor  
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the battle's groan of pain ;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear  
Him ?  
Thus the earth-born Titans say :  
'God ! if Thou art living, hear us !'  
Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"  
Spake a solemn Voice within ;  
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin ?

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
Canst thou for His thunders call,  
Knowing that to guilt's attraction  
Evermore they fall ?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time ?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life ?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet ;  
One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire ?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire ?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding  
Knows its good or ill.

“For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
    Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
    What the heart must feel.

“Earnest words must needs be spoken  
    When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
    For the wronged, by turns.

“But, by all thy nature’s weakness,  
    Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
    Conscious of thine own.

“Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
    To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
    Wailings of regret.”

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
    Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day’s cool silence,  
    Let my spirit hear !

So, when thoughts of evil-doers  
    Waken scorn, or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
    Temper all with love.

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

#### A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God’s meekest Angel gently comes :  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love, our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There’s quiet in that Angel’s glance,  
There’s rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner’s ear ;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life’s smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father’s will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, “Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !”

### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND

AGAINST the sunset’s glowing wall  
The city towers rise black and tall,  
Where Zorah, on its rocky height,  
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtao’s vales of ripened grain  
Falls like a cloud the night a-main,  
And up the hillsides climbing slow  
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest ! how our fair child’s head  
The sunset light hath hallowed,  
Where at this olive’s foot he lies,  
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh, while beneath the fervent heat  
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,  
I’ve watched, with mingled joy and dread,  
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,  
When to her bosom, over-blessed,  
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
Which shapes our dear one to its will ;  
Forever in his large calm eyes,  
I read a tale of sacrifice.

The same foreboding awe I felt  
When at the altar’s side we knelt,  
And he, who as a pilgrim came,  
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,  
And on me the warm-fingered hours  
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
The hosts of Israel’s scornful foes, —

Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,  
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
I saw their hands His ark assail,  
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
No thunder from the still sky broke;  
But in their midst, in power and awe,  
Like God's waked wrath, our child I saw !

A child no more ! — harsh-browed and strong,  
He towered a giant in the throng,  
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,  
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm — he smote a main ;  
As round the reaper falls the grain,  
So the dark host around him fell,  
So sank the foes of Israel !

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
The towers and domes of Askelon;  
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd  
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,  
His arms the massive pillars twined, —  
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,  
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked, — the trumpets pealed:  
He stooped, — the giant columns reeled;  
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,  
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan  
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
A voice as of an angel cry, —

The voice of him, who at our side  
Sat through the golden eventide;  
Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,  
Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise.

“ Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
Gray mother of the mighty slain !  
Rejoice ! ” it cried, “ he vanquisheth !  
The strong in life is strong in death !

“ To him shall Zorah's daughters raise  
Through coming years their hymns of  
praise,  
And gray old men at evening tell  
Of all he wrought for Israel.

“ And they who sing and they who hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
O mother of the mighty dead ! ”

It ceased ; and though a sound I heard  
As if great wings the still air stirred,  
I only saw the barley sheaves  
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
On the dear child who slumbered near ;  
“ With me, as with my only son,  
O God,” I said, “ Thy will be done ! ”

#### MY SOUL AND I

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?  
Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?  
“ Nay, none of these ! ”

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
Whose eye looks still  
And steadily on thee through the night:  
“ To do His will ! ”

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,  
That thou tremblest so ?  
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the  
line  
He bade thee go ?

What, silent all ! art sad of cheer ?  
Art fearful now ?  
When God seemed far and men were near,  
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest ! — well I see  
Thou 'rt craven grown.  
Is it so hard with God and me  
To stand alone ?

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,  
O wretched sprite !  
Let me hear thy voice through this deep  
and black  
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and  
Truth,  
For God and Man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed  
youth  
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
They come and go.

“ I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,  
And borne the Right  
From beneath the footfall of the throng  
To life and light.

“ Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,  
God speed, quoth I ;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
I gave the lie.”

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine !  
Thy deeds are well :  
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for  
thine ?  
My soul, pray tell.

“ Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I.”

Go to, go to ! for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done :  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,  
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?  
Canst see the end ?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ? what shakes thee  
so ?  
My sad soul, say.  
“ I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o'er my way.

“ Whither I go I cannot tell :  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as hell  
Across my track.

“ I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before.  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

“ They shrink, they shudder, dear God !  
they kneel  
To Thee in prayer.  
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel  
That it still is there.

“ In vain they turn from the dread Be-  
fore  
To the Known and Gone ;  
For while gazing behind them evermore  
Their feet glide on.

“ Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces  
A light begin  
To tremble, as if from holy places  
And shrines within.

“ And at times methinks their cold lips  
move  
With hymn and prayer,  
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love  
And hope were there.

“ I call on the souls who have left the  
light  
To reveal their lot ;  
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
And they answer not.

“ But I hear around me sighs of pain  
And the cry of fear,  
And a sound like the slow sad dropping of  
rain,  
Each drop a tear !

“ Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day  
I am moving thither :  
I must pass beneath it on my way —  
God pity me ! — whither ? ”

Ah, soul of mine ! so brave and wise  
In the life-storm loud,  
Fronting so calmly all human eyes  
In the sunlit crowd !

Now standing apart with God and me  
 Thou art weakness all,  
 Gazing vainly after the things to be  
 Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this  
 Was thy being lent ;  
 For the craven's fear is but selfishness,  
 Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain :  
 One closing her eyes,  
 The other peopling the dark inane  
 With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
 Whate'er thou fearest ;  
 Round Him in calmest music rolls  
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
 And the end He knoweth,  
 And not on a blind and aimless way  
 The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future, — a phantom show  
 Is alone before him ;  
 Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,  
 And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;  
 The steps of Faith  
 Fall on the seeming void, and find  
 The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
 For thy sure possessing ;  
 Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
 Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from  
 Death,  
 That phantom wan ?  
 There is nothing in heaven or earth be-  
 neath  
 Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him  
 And from one another ;  
 All is spectral and vague and dim  
 Save God and our brother !

Like warp and woof all destinies  
 Are woven fast,

Linked in sympathy like the keys  
 Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;  
 Break but one  
 Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
 Through all will run.

O restless spirit ! wherefore strain  
 Beyond thy sphere ?  
 Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,  
 Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
 All thou hast given ;  
 Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,  
 His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,  
 All are in God's care :  
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of  
 night,  
 And He is there !

All which is real now remaineth,  
 And fadeth never :  
 The hand which upholds it now sustaineth  
 The soul forever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meek-  
 ness  
 His own thy will,  
 And with strength from Him shall thy ut-  
 ter weakness  
 Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now before  
 thee  
 Lies dark in view,  
 Shall with beams of light from the inner  
 glory  
 Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's  
 dawn  
 Uprolling thin,  
 Its thickest folds when about thee drawn  
 Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is  
 done,  
 Why queriest thou ?  
 The past and the time to be are one,  
 And both are now !

## WORSHIP

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

—James 1. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,  
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan  
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,  
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,  
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,  
With mothers offering, to the Fiend's embraces,  
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,  
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye  
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,  
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting All heaven above, and blighting earth below,  
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,  
And man's oblation was his fear and woe !

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning  
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer ;  
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,  
Swung their white censers in the burdened air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor  
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please ;  
As if His ear could bend, with childish favor,  
To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy,  
With trembling reverence : and the oppressor there,  
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,  
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father Requireth at His earthly children's hands :  
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather  
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth He asks it : the full joy of heaven  
Knoweth no change of waning or increase ;  
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,  
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.  
He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding  
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,  
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,  
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken :  
The holier worship which he deigns to bless  
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !  
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?  
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow  
From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled ?

O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

## THE HOLY LAND

Paraphrased from the lines in Lamartine's *Adieu to Marseilles*, beginning

"Je n'ai pas navigué sur l'océan de sable."

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;  
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,  
On dust where Job of old has lain,  
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,  
How beats the heart with God so nigh!  
How round gray arch and column lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan  
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nations' cries,  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.  
The Christian's prayer I have not said  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,  
O Jordan! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side  
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone  
Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings

Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,  
And left His trace of tears as yet  
By angel eyes unwept away;  
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn time,  
The garden where His prayer and groan,  
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot  
Where in His mother's arms He lay,  
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;  
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,  
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide  
His arms to fold the world He spread,  
And bowed His head to bless — and died!

## THE REWARD

WHO, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?  
And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?  
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?  
Who does not cast  
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,  
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,  
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun  
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:  
Our strength to-day  
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was.

To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin ;  
If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of  
need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
Or home, hath bent ;

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives  
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and  
lives,  
With thankful heart ;  
He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from his works he never  
more  
Can henceforth part.

## THE WISH OF TO-DAY

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame ;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away ;  
Oh, sweet, fond dream of human Love !  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known ;  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to Thine own !

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death ;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,

And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away  
In mercy lend Thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day !

## ALL'S WELL

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, snake  
Our thirsty souls with rain ;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain ;  
And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks farthest into heaven  
On gleams of star and depths of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew !

## INVOCATION

THROUGH Thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,  
Formless and void the dead earth rolled ;  
Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music, blind  
To the great lights which o'er it shined ;  
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath, —  
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came  
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame, —  
A breath of life electrical,  
Awakening and transforming all,  
Till beat and thrilled in every part  
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and sea ;  
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree ;  
From flower to moth, from beast to man,  
The quick creative impulse ran ;  
And earth, with life from thee renewed,  
Was in thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold  
And formless as that earth of old ;  
A wandering waste of storm and night,  
Midst spheres of song and realms of light ;  
A blot upon thy holy sky,  
Untouched, unwarmed of thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep  
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !

Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,  
The lost restore, the ill transform,  
That flower and fruit henceforth may be  
Its grateful offering, worthy Thee.

## QUESTIONS OF LIFE

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer,  
And said, Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High ?

Then said I, Yea, my Lord. . . .

Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the hour that is past. — 2 Esdras ch. iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,  
A feeble faith I would not shake,  
Nor even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul without  
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

And yet, at times, when over all  
A darker mystery seems to fall,  
(May God forgive the child of dust,  
Who seeks to know, where Faith should  
trust !)

I raise the questions, old and dark,  
Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,  
And, speech-confounded, build again  
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know !  
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?  
A centred self, which feels and is ;  
A cry between the silences ;  
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
With sunshine on the hills of life ;  
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
Into the Future from the Past ;  
Between the cradle and the shroud,  
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,  
I see the great stars rise and fall,  
The rounding seasons come and go,  
The tided oceans ebb and flow ;  
The tokens of a central force,  
Whose circles, in their widening course,  
O'erlap and move the universe ;  
The workings of the law whence springs  
The rhythmic harmony of things,  
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,  
And orbs in heaven the morning star.

Of all I see, in earth and sky, —  
Star, flower, beast, bird, — what part have I ?  
This conscious life, — is it the same  
Which thrills the universal frame,  
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,  
And mounts the sap from forest roots,  
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells  
When Spring makes green her native dells ?  
How feels the stone the pang of birth,  
Which brings its sparkling prism forth ?  
The forest-tree the throb which gives  
The life-blood to its new-born leaves ?  
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,  
Life's many-folded mystery, —  
The wonder which it is to be ?  
Or stand I severed and distinct,  
From Nature's chain of life unlinked ?  
Allied to all, yet not the less  
Prisoned in separate consciousness,  
Alone o'erburdened with a sense  
Of life, and cause, and consequence ?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
The riddle of her sights and sounds ;  
Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
The echoed question it receives.  
What sings the brook ? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell ?  
What may the wind's low burden be ?  
The meaning of the moaning sea ?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars ?  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars ?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,  
I ask the stylus and the pen ;  
What sang the bards of old ? What mean  
The prophets of the Orient ?  
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid  
In painted tomb and pyramid ?  
What mean Idumea's arrowy lines,  
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs ?  
How speaks the primal thought of man  
From the grim carvings of Copan ?  
Where rests the secret ? Where the keys  
Of the old death-bolted mysteries ?  
Alas ! the dead retain their trust ;  
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,  
Unanswered the eternal quest ;  
I gather up the scattered rays  
Of wisdom in the early days,  
Faint gleams and broken, like the light

Of meteors in a northern night,  
Betraying to the darkling earth  
The unseen sun which gave them birth ;  
I listen to the sibyl's chant,  
The voice of priest and hierophant ;  
I know what Indian Kreeshna saith,  
And what of life and what of death  
The demon taught to Socrates ;  
And what, beneath his garden-trees  
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,  
The solemn-thoughted Plato said ;  
Nor lack I tokenes, great or small,  
Of God's clear light in each and all,  
While holding with more ~~dear~~ regard  
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,  
The starry pages promise-lit  
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,  
Thy miracle of life and death,  
O Holy One of Nazareth !

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,  
The circling serpent coils in stone, —  
Type of the endless and unknown ;  
Whereof we seek the clue to find,  
With groping fingers of the blind !  
Forever sought, and never found,  
We trace that serpent-symbol round  
Our resting-place, our starting bound !  
Oh, thriftlessness of dream and guess !  
Oh, wisdom which is foolishness !  
Why idly seek from outward things  
The answer inward silence brings ?  
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere  
And age, for that which lies so near ?  
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,  
A nearer view of heaven to gain ?  
In lowliest depths of bosky dells  
The hermit Contemplation dwells.  
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,  
And lotus-twined his silent feet,  
Whence, piercing heaven, with screenèd  
sight,  
He sees at noon the stars, whose light  
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego ;  
Enough for me to feel and know  
That He in whom the cause and end,  
The past and future, meet and blend, —  
Who, girt with his Immensities,  
Our vast and star-hung system sees,  
Small as the clustered Pleiades, —  
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,

Guards not archangel feet alone,  
But deigns to guide and keep my own ;  
Speaks not alone the words of fate  
Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,  
But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
In tones of love, or warning fear,  
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and wild,  
I come, an over-wearied child,  
In cool and shade His peace to find,  
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.  
Assured that all I know is best,  
And humbly trusting for the rest,  
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,  
Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream  
Of power, impersonal and cold,  
Controlling all, itself controlled,  
Maker and slave of iron laws,  
Alike the subject and the cause ;  
From vain philosophies, that try  
The sevenfold gates of mystery,  
And, baffled ever, babble still,  
Word-prodigal of fate and will ;  
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,  
And book and speech of men apart,  
To the still witness in my heart ;  
With reverence waiting to behold  
His Avatâr of love untold,  
The Eternal Beauty new and old !

## FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS

IN calm and cool and silence, once again  
I find my old accustomed place among  
My brethren, where, perchance, no hu-  
man tongue  
Shall utter words ; where never hymn  
is sung,  
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer  
swung,  
Nor dim light falling through the pictured  
pane !  
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
The still small voice which reached the  
prophet's ear ;  
Read in my heart a still diviner law  
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw !  
There let me strive with each besetting sin,  
Recall my wandering fancies, and re-  
strain  
The sore disquiet of a restless brain ;  
And, as the path of duty is made plain,

May grace be given that I may walk  
therein,

Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,  
With backward glances and reluctant tread,  
Making a merit of his coward dread,

But, cheerful, in the light around me  
thrown,

Walking as one to pleasant service led ;  
Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His  
strength alone !

### TRUST

THE same old baffling questions ! O my  
friend,

I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
My soul into the dark, where never burn  
The lamps of science, nor the natural  
light

Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot learn  
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern

The awful secrets of the eyes which turn  
Evermore on us through the day and  
night

With silent challenge and a dumb de-  
mand,

Proffering the riddles of the dread un-  
known,

Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of  
stone,

Questioning the centuries from their veils  
of sand !

I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's  
knee ;

"All is of God that is, and is to be ;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us  
still,

Resting in childlike trust upon His will  
Who moves to His great ends un thwarted  
by the ill.

### TRINITAS

AT morn I prayed, "I fain would see  
How Three are One, and One is Three ;  
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air  
I saw bestowed with equal care  
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain ;  
Alike the righteous and profane  
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, " Is it meet  
That blindfold Nature thus should treat  
With equal hand the tares and wheat ? "

A presence melted through my mood,—  
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,  
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete  
In her white innocence, pause to greet  
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure  
The lost one clung, as if secure  
From inward guilt or outward lure.

" Beware ! " I said ; " in this I see  
No gain to her, but loss to thee :  
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,  
And a voice whispered, " Who therein  
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace  
win ?

" Who there shall hope and health dis-  
pense,  
And lift the ladder up from thence  
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence ? "

I said, " No higher life they know ;  
These earth-worms love to have it so.  
Who stoops to raise them sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read  
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said ;  
The living seeking to the dead !

In vain I turned, in weary quest,  
Old pages, where (God give them rest !)  
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and  
guessed.

And still I prayed, " Lord, let me see  
How Three are One, and One is Three ;  
Read the dark riddle unto me ! "

Then something whispered, " Dost thou  
pray  
For what thou hast ? This very day  
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's care ?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise  
The lost one from her evil ways,  
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise !

"A bodiless Divinity,  
The still small Voice that spake to thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery !

"O blind of sight, of faith how small !  
Father, and Son, and Holy Call;  
This day thou hast denied them all !

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul ;— and the Three are  
One !"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast ;  
The monkish gloss of ages past,  
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see  
How Three are One, and One is Three ;  
Thy riddle hath been read to me !"

### THE SISTERS

#### A PICTURE BY BARRY

THE shade for me, but over thee  
The lingering sunshine still ;  
As, smiling, to the silent stream  
Comes down the singing rill.

So come to me, my little one,—  
My years with thee I share,  
And mingle with a sister's love  
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,  
The trust upon thy brow ;  
Since for the dear one God hath called  
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven  
Shall still her ear incline ;

Nor need we fear her human love  
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath  
The trees of life so fair,  
But sweetest of the songs of heaven  
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,  
And teach my heart to lean  
With thy sweet trust upon the arm  
Which folds us both unseen !

### "THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,  
Her stones of emptiness remain ;  
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps  
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft  
The bow of vengeance turns not back ;  
Of all her myriads none are left  
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
Her arches spring, her statues climb ;  
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay  
No tribute to the spoiler, Time !

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
Of power and glory undertrod ;  
Of nations scattered like the chaff  
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn  
From Petra's gates with deeper awe,  
To mark afar the burial urn  
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor ;

And where upon its ancient guard  
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—  
Looks from its turrets desertward,  
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud  
It heard the voice of God to man,  
As when it saw in fire and cloud  
The angels walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
It saw the long procession file,  
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play  
The music of the lordly Nile :

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,  
While Moses graved the sacred laws,  
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !  
How grew its shadowing pile at length,  
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
From age to age went down the name,  
Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came !

The path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;  
We need the shadowing rock, as they, —  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand !  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land !

#### THE OVER-HEART

For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things : to whom be glory forever ! — *Romans xi. 36.*

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright,  
Of the One Life pervading all, —  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight, —  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of Nature owns ;  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities ;  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He ? The ripe grain nods,  
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers  
blow ;  
But darker signs His presence show :  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love ! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best !  
To you the truth is manifest :  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon His breast !

In him of whom the sibyl told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,  
Whose need the sage and magian owned,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride !  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require ?  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain ;  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim !  
And lo ! their hideous wreck above  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !  
Man turns from God, not God from him ;  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled ;  
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
O heart of mine ! with reverence own  
The fulness which to it belongs,  
And trust the unknown for the known.

## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT

"And I sought, whence is Evil : I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation ; whatsoever we see therein, — sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures, — yea, whatsoever there is we do not see, — angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things ? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His Almightyness cause it not to be ? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity ! O Truth, who art Eternity ! Woe, who art Truth ! Eternity, who art Love ! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me ! — how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest ! and Thou never departest from us, and we scarcely return to Thee." — AUGUSTINE'S *Soliloquies*, Book VII.

THE fourteen centuries fall away  
Between us and the Afric saint,  
And at his side we urge, to-day,  
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given, —  
From sea or earth comes no reply ;  
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven  
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife, —  
From all we grasp the meaning slips ;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,  
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet  
Of fear before, and guilt behind ;  
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat  
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked  
The sad bequest of sire to son,  
The body's taint, the mind's defect ;  
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh, why and whither ? God knows all ;  
I only know that He is good,  
And that whatever may befall  
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim  
A Father's face I still discern,

As Moses looked of old on Him,  
And saw His glory into goodness turn !

For He is merciful as just ;  
And so, by faith correcting sight,  
I bow before His will, and trust  
Howe'er they seem He doeth all things right ;

And dare to hope that He will make  
The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain ;  
His mercy never quite forsake ;  
His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not His revenge  
Upon His creatures weak and frail,  
Sent on a pathway new and strange  
With feet that wander and with eyes that fail ;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,  
Watches the tender eye of Love  
The slow transmuting of the chain  
Whose links are iron below to gold above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies,  
Seen through our shadows of offence,  
And drown with our poor childish cries  
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect complain :  
We tread upon life's broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn us from the light, and find  
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,  
As they who leave the sun behind  
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours  
We set our faces to the day ;  
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers  
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,  
But love must needs be stronger far,  
Outreaching all and gathering in  
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years ;  
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,  
Looks upward from her graves, and hears,  
"The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine ! — whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us because we turn from  
thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou  
know'st,  
Wide as our need thy favors fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new !  
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
The old sphere-music which the Samian  
heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,  
Long sought without, but found within,  
The Law of Love beyond all law,  
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and  
sin !

Shine on us with the light which glowed  
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,  
Who saw the Darkness overflowed  
And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.

Shine, light of God ! — make broad thy  
scope  
To all who sin and suffer ; more  
And better than we dare to hope  
With Heaven's compassion make our long-  
ings poor !

#### THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL

Lieutenant Herndon's *Report of the Exploration of the Amazon* has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a Lost Soul" ! Among the numerous translations of this poem is one by the Emperor of Brazil.

IN that black forest, where, when day is  
done,  
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon  
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,  
The long, despairing moan of solitude  
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,  
So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
His heart stands still and listens like his  
ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,  
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's  
thole,  
Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost  
soul !"

"No, Sefior, not a bird. I know it well, —  
It is the pained soul of some infidel  
Or curséd heretic that cries from hell

"Poor fool ! with hope still mocking his  
despair,  
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight  
air

For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb ! Our Holy Mo-  
ther hath  
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death.  
Burns always in the furnace of God's  
wrath !"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,  
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,  
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp ; shadows deepen  
round,  
From giant trees with snake-like creepers  
wound,  
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense  
Of nature plastic to benign intents,  
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his  
eyes ;  
And lo ! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic  
skies !

"Father of all !" he urges his strong plea,  
"Thou lovest all : Thy erring child may  
be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee !

"All souls are Thine ; the wings of morning bear  
None from that Presence which is everywhere,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,  
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal !  
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul ?"

## ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

ANDREW RYKMAN's dead and gone ;  
You can see his leaning slate  
In the graveyard, and thereon  
Read his name and date.

"*Trust is truer than our fears,*"  
Runs the legend through the moss,  
"*Gain is not in added years,*  
*Nor in death is loss.*"

Still the feet that thither trod,  
All the friendly eyes are dim ;  
Only Nature, now, and God  
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,  
Singing birds and soft winds stray.  
Shall the tender Heart of all  
Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is  
They who ask may haply find,  
If they read this prayer of his  
Which he left behind.

—  
Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare  
Shape in words a mortal's prayer !  
Prayer, that, when my day is done,  
And I see its setting sun,  
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,  
Sink beneath the horizon's rim, —  
When this ball of rock and clay  
Crumbles from my feet away,  
And the solid shores of sense

Melt into the vague immense,  
Father ! I may come to Thee  
Even with the beggar's plea,  
As the poorest of Thy poor,  
With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home  
With a step assured I come ;  
Still behind the tread I hear  
Of my life-companion, Fear ;  
Still a shadow deep and vast  
From my westerling feet is cast,  
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,  
Never shapen nor outlined :  
From myself the fear has grown,  
And the shadow is my own.  
Yet, O Lord, through all a sense  
Of Thy tender providence  
Stays my failing heart on Thee,  
And confirms the feeble knee ;  
And, at times, my worn feet press  
Spaces of cool quietness,  
Lilied whiteness shone upon  
Not by light of moon or sun.  
Hours there be of inmost calm,  
Broken but by grateful psalm,  
When I love Thee more than fear Thee,  
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me,  
With forgiving look, as when  
He beheld the Magdalen.

Well I know that all things move  
To the spherical rhythm of love, —  
That to Thee, O Lord of all !  
Nothing can of chance befall :  
Child and seraph, mote and star,  
Well Thou knowest what we are !  
Through Thy vast creative plan  
Looking, from the worm to man,  
There is pity in Thine eyes,  
But no hatred nor surprise.  
Not in blind caprice of will,  
Not in cunning sleight of skill,  
Not for show of power, was wrought  
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.  
Never careless hand and vain  
Smites these chords of joy and pain ;  
No immortal selfishness  
Plays the game of curse and bless :  
Heaven and earth are witnesses  
That Thy glory goodness is.  
Not for sport of mind and force  
Hast Thou made Thy universe,  
But as atmosphere and zone  
Of Thy loving heart alone.  
Man, who walketh in a show,

Sees before him, to and fro,  
Shadow and illusion go ;  
All things flow and fluctuate,  
Now contract and now dilate.  
In the welter of this sea,  
Nothing stable is but Thee ;  
In this whirl of swooning trance,  
Thou alone art permanence ;  
All without Thee only seems,  
All beside is choice of dreams.  
Never yet in darkest mood  
Doubted I that Thou wast good,  
Nor mistook my will for fate,  
Pain of sin for heavenly hate, —  
Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
Rise from out the burning marl,  
Or that good can only live  
Of the bad conservative,  
And through counterpoise of hell  
Heaven alone be possible.

For myself alone I doubt ;  
All is well, I know, without ;  
I alone the beauty mar,  
I alone the music jar.  
Yet, with hands by evil stained,  
And an ear by discord pained,  
I am groping for the keys  
Of the heavenly harmonies ;  
Still within my heart I bear  
Love for all things good and fair.  
Hands of want or souls in pain  
Have not sought my door in vain ;  
I have kept my fealty good  
To the human brotherhood ;  
Scarcely have I asked in prayer  
That which others might not share.  
I, who hear with secret shame  
Praise that paineth more than blame,  
Rich alone in favors lent,  
Virtuous by accident,  
Doubtful where I fain would rest,  
Frailest where I seem the best,  
Only strong for lack of test, —  
What am I, that I should press  
Special pleas of selfishness,  
Coolly mounting into heaven  
On my neighbor unforgiven ?  
Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
Comes a saint unrecognized ;  
Never fails my heart to greet  
Noble deed with warmer beat ;  
Halt and maimed, I own not less  
All the grace of holiness ;  
Nor, through shame or self-distrust,

Less I love the pure and just.  
Lord, forgive these words of mine :  
What have I that is not Thine ?  
Whatsoe'er I fain would boast  
Needs Thy pitying pardon most.  
Thou, O Elder Brother ! who  
In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
Thou, who hast been touched by these  
Our most sad infirmities,  
Thou alone the gulf canst span  
In the dual heart of man,  
And between the soul and sense  
Reconcile all difference,  
Change the dream of me and mine  
For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,  
Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
Haply, thus by Thee renewed,  
In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
Some sweet morning yet in God's  
Dim, æonian periods,  
Joyful I shall wake to see  
Those I love who rest in Thee  
And to them in Thee allied,  
Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me  
What the future life may be.  
Other lips may well be bold ;  
Like the publican of old,  
I can only urge the plea,  
"Lord, be merciful to me !"  
Nothing of desert I claim,  
Unto me belongeth shame.  
Not for me the crowns of gold,  
Palms, and harpings manifold ;  
Not for erring eye and feet  
Jasper wall and golden street.  
What thou wilt, O Father, give !  
All is gain that I receive.  
If my voice I may not raise  
In the elders' song of praise,  
If I may not, sin-defiled,  
Claim my birthright as a child,  
Suffer it that I to Thee  
As an hired servant be ;  
Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine ;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace :  
Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,

Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do ;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant ;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him  
 Who, with John of Labadie,  
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim  
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.  
 Are we wiser, better grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own ?

## THE ANSWER

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,  
 And let the sunshine weave to-day  
 Its gold-threads in the warp and woof  
 Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile ; the flesh is weak.  
 These lingering feet, that fain would stray  
 Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
 The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,  
 The awe of thy rebuking frown ;  
 The dullest slave at times must sigh  
 To fling his burdens down ;

To drop his galley's straining oar,  
 And press, in summer warmth and calm,  
 The lap of some enchanted shore  
 Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
 My heart its taste of long desire ;  
 This day be mine : be those to come  
 As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,  
 Smiting my selfish prayers away ;

“ To-morrow is with God alone,  
 And man hath but to-day.

“ Say not, thy fond, vain heart within,  
 The Father's arm shall still be wide,  
 When from these pleasant ways of sin  
 Thou turn'st at eventide.

“ ‘ Cast thyself down,’ the tempter saith,  
 ‘ And angels shall thy feet upbear.’  
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,  
 And blasphemy of prayer.

“ Though God be good and free be heaven,  
 No force divine can love compel ;  
 And, though the song of sins forgiven  
 May sound through lowest hell,

“ The sweet persuasion of His voice  
 Respects thy sanctity of will.  
 He giveth day : thou hast thy choice  
 To walk in darkness still ;

“ As one who, turning from the light,  
 Watches his own gray shadow fall,  
 Doubting, upon his path of night,  
 If there be day at all !

“ No word of doom may shut thee out,  
 No wind of wrath may downward whirl,  
 No swords of fire keep watch about  
 The open gates of pearl ;

“ A tenderer light than moon or sun,  
 Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,  
 May shine and sound forever on,  
 And thou be deaf and dim.

“ Forever round the Mercy-seat  
 The guiding lights of Love shall burn ;  
 But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
 Shall lack the will to turn ?

“ What if thine eye refuse to see,  
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome  
 fail,  
 And thou a willing captive be,  
 Thyself thy own dark jail ?

“ Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess,  
 As the long years of God unroll,  
 To make thy dreary selfishness  
 The prison of a soul !

"To doubt the love that fain would break  
The fetters from thy self-bound limb ;  
And dream that God can thee forsake  
As thou forsakest Him ! "

## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds :  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?  
Who talks of scheme and plan ?  
The Lord is God ! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod ;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such  
His pitying love I deem :  
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
A world of pain and loss ;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
Myself, alas ! I know :  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within ;

I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings ;  
I know that God is good !

Not mife to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above,  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruisèd reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,

Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee !

## THE COMMON QUESTION

BEHIND us at our evening meal  
The gray bird ate his fill,  
Swung downward by a single ~~daw~~,  
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,  
And set his head aslant,  
And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, " What does Charlie want ? "

" Fie, silly bird ! " I answered, " tuck  
Your head beneath your wing,  
And go to sleep ; " — but o'er and o'er  
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :  
How like are men and birds !  
We all are saying what he says,  
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,  
The girl with hoop and doll,  
And men with lands and houses, ask  
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram ;  
We sigh above our crowded nets  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven  
The vague desire can stay ;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all ;  
He knoweth all our wants ;  
And what we blindly ask of Him  
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one ;  
And nest and perch and hearth and church  
Repeat, " Thy will be done. "

## OUR MASTER

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above ;  
Love only knoweth whence it came  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away !  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,  
The strife of tongues forbear ;  
Why forward reach, or backward look,  
For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down :  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,  
The lineaments restore  
Of Him we know in outward shape  
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign ;  
The world's long hope is dim,  
The weary centuries watch in vain  
The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye  
And ear are answerless ;  
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky  
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes ;  
The Spirit over-brooding all  
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above  
Or earth below they look,  
Who know with John His smile of love,  
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense  
Of sorrow over sin.

He is His own best evidence,  
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years ;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He ;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.

Our Lord and Master of us all !  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us ; Thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
The love that draws us nearer Thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;  
And, naked to Thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress  
Thy tender light shines in ;  
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,  
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,  
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong ;  
The wrong of man to man on Thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes  
Therein to Thee allied ;

All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God !

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one,  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in Thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render Thee  
Is still our Father's own ;  
No jealous claim or rivalry  
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find Thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine ;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all Thou art,  
Our noisy championship !  
The sighing of the contrite heart  
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,  
Nor Thine the zealot's ban ;

Thou well canst spare a love of Thee  
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone;  
He serves thee best who loveth most  
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude;  
Thy sacramental liturgies  
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise;  
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise!

### THE MEETING

The two speakers in the meeting referred to in this poem were Avis Keene, whose very presence was a benediction, a woman lovely in spirit and person, whose words seemed a message of love and tender concern to her hearers; and Sibyl Jones, whose inspired eloquence and rare spirituality impressed all who knew her. In obedience to her apprehended duty she made visits of Christian love to various parts of Europe, and to the West Coast of Africa and Palestine.

THE elder folks shook hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnized and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my  
guest  
His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred.  
“What part or lot have you,” he said,  
“In these dull rites of drowsy-head?

Is silence worship? Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer air,  
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart,  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men;  
His service liberty indeed,  
He built no church, He framed no creed;  
But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene  
Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with His gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee.”

“Thy words are well, O friend,” I said;  
“Unmeasured and unlimited,  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.  
Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small  
Of its unseen confessional.  
He needs no special place of prayer  
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;  
He brings not back the childish days  
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
Roofed Karnak’s hall of gods, and laid  
The plinths of Philæ’s colonnade.  
Still less He owns the selfish good  
And sickly growth of solitude,—  
The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
Flowers in the desert anchorite;  
Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
Love hath no power to save a soul.  
Not out of Self, the origin  
And native air and soil of sin,  
The living waters spring and flow,  
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

“Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
This quiet shelter twice a week,  
I better deem its pine-laid floor

Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;  
 But nature is not solitude :  
 She crowds us with her thronging wood ;  
 Her many hands reach out to us,  
 Her many tongues are garrulous ;  
 Perpetual riddles of surprise  
 She offers to our ears and eyes ;  
 She will not leave our senses still,  
 But drags them captive at her will :  
 And, making earth too great for heaven,  
 She hides the Giver in the given.

“ And so I find it well to come  
 For deeper rest to this still room,  
 For here the habit of the soul  
 Feels less the outer world’s control ;  
 The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
 More earnestly our common needs ;  
 And from the silence multiplied  
 By these still forms on either side,  
 The world that time and sense have known  
 Falls off and leaves us God alone.

“ Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
 A flavor of its many springs,  
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;  
 In the still waters needs must be  
 Some shade of human sympathy ;  
 And here, in its accustomed place,  
 I look on memory’s dearest face ;  
 The blind by-sitter guesseth not  
 What shadow haunts that vacant spot ;  
 No eyes save mine alone can see  
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !  
 And still, with those alone my kin,  
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
 I bow my head, my heart I bare,  
 As when that face was living there,  
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)  
 The peace of simple trust to gain,  
 Fold fancy’s restless wings, and lay  
 The idols of my heart away.

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —  
 Such golden words as hers for whom  
 Our autumn flowers have just made room ;  
 Whose hopeful utterance through and  
 through  
 The freshness of the morning blew ;  
 Who loved not less the earth that light  
 Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
 But saw in all fair forms more fair  
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.

Whose eighty years but added grace  
 And saintlier meaning to her face, —  
 The look of one who bore away  
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
 While all our hearts went forth to meet  
 The coming of her beautiful feet !  
 Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread  
 Is in the paths where Jesus led ;  
 Who dreams her childhood’s sabbath  
 dream

By Jordan’s willow-shaded stream,  
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
 Hears pious echoes, in the call  
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,  
 Repeating where His works were wrought  
 The lesson that her Master taught,  
 Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,  
 The prophecies of Cunæ’s cave !

“ I ask no organ’s soulless breath  
 To drone the themes of life and death,  
 No altar candle-lit by day,  
 No ornate wordsman’s rhetoric-play,  
 No cool philosophy to teach  
 Its bland audacities of speech  
 To double-tasked idolaters  
 Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
 No pulpit hammered by the fist  
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
 Who borrows for the Hand of love  
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
 I know how well the fathers taught,  
 What work the later schoolmen wrought ;  
 I reverence old-time faith and men,  
 But God is near us now as then ;  
 His force of love is still unspent,  
 His hate of sin as imminent ;  
 And still the measure of our needs  
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ;  
 The manna gathered yesterday  
 Already savors of decay ;  
 Doubts to the world’s child-heart unknown  
 Question us now from star and stone ;  
 Too little or too much we know,  
 And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
 The power is lost to self-deceive  
 With shallow forms of make-believe.  
 We walk at high noon, and the bells  
 Call to a thousand oracles,  
 But the sound deafens, and the light  
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;  
 The letters of the sacred Book  
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;  
 Still struggles in the Age’s breast

With deepening agony of quest  
The old entreaty : 'Art thou He,  
Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

"God should be most where man is least :  
So, where is neither church nor priest,  
And never rag of form or creed  
To clothe the nakedness of need, —  
Where farmer-folk in silence meet, —  
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;  
I lay the critic's glass aside,  
I tread upon my lettered pride,  
And, lowest-seated, testify  
To the oneness of humanity ; ➤  
Confess the universal want,  
And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
He findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
Not on one favored forehead fell  
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
Heart answers heart : in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'  
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be !'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts ;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer :  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

"So to the calmly gathered thought  
The innermost of truth is taught,  
The mystery dimly understood,  
That love of God is love of good,  
And, chiefly, its divinest trace  
In Him of Nazareth's holy face ;

That to be saved is only this, —  
Salvation from our selfishness,  
From more than elemental fire,  
The soul's unsanctified desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain ;  
That worship's deeper meaning lies  
In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
Not proud humilities of sense  
And posturing of penitence,  
But love's unforced obedience ;  
That Book and Church and Day are given  
For man, not God, — for earth, not  
heaven, —

The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends ;  
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The king of some remoter star,  
Listening, at times, with flattered ear  
To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
The bound and suffering of our kind,  
In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day."

## THE CLEAR VISION

I DID but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore.  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see ?  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and tree ?  
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street ?  
Was ever yet a sound by half  
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh ?

O Earth ! with gladness overfraught,  
No added charm thy face hath found ;  
Within my heart the change is wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted ground.  
From couch of pain and curtained room  
Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon  
 Shall blow the warm west-winds of spring,  
 To set the unbound rills in tune  
 And hither urge the bluebird's wing.  
 The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods  
 Grow misty green with leafing buds,  
 And violets and wind-flowers sway  
 Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
 The wiser love severely kind ;  
 Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
 I see, whereas I once was blind.  
 The world, O Father ! hath not wronged  
 With loss the life by Thee prolonged ;  
 But still, with every added year,  
 More beautiful Thy works appear !

As Thou hast made thy world without,  
 Make Thou more fair my world within ;  
 Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt ;  
 Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;  
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
 Of life with love to thee and man ;  
 Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,  
 But let my last days be my best !

#### DIVINE COMPASSION

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,  
 And still the vision haunts me oft ;  
 I see the saints in white robes clad,  
 The martyrs with their palms aloft ;  
 But hearing still, in middle song,  
 The ceaseless dissonance of wrong ;  
 And shrinking, with hid faces, from the  
 strain  
 Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse  
 and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,  
 The harping sinks to low lament ;  
 Before the still unlifted veil  
 I see the crownéd foreheads bent,  
 Making more sweet the heavenly air  
 With breathings of unselfish prayer ;  
 And a Voice saith : " O Pity which is pain,  
 O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings  
 which remain !

" Shall souls redeemed by me refuse  
 To share my sorrow in their turn ?  
 Or, sin-forgiven, my gift abuse  
 Of peace with selfish unconcern ?

Has saintly ease no pitying care ?  
 Has faith no work, and love no prayer ?  
 While sin remains, and souls in darkness  
 dwell,  
 Can heaven itself be heaven, and look un-  
 moved on hell ? "

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,  
 A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;  
 Fainter the awful discords seem,  
 The smoke of torment grows more thin,  
 Tears quench the burning soil, and thence  
 Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence :  
 And through the dreary realm of man's de-  
 spair,  
 Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo ! God's  
 hope is there !

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high  
 That pity cannot breathe its air ?  
 Its happy eyes forever dry,  
 Its holy lips without a prayer !  
 My God ! my God ! if thither led  
 By Thy free grace unmerited,  
 No crown nor palm be mine, but let me  
 keep  
 A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still  
 can weep.

#### THE PRAYER-SEEKER

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made,  
 A woman, all in black arrayed,  
 Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,  
 With gliding motion of a ghost,  
 Passed to the desk, and laid thereon  
 A scroll which bore these words alone,  
*Pray for me !*

Back from the place of worshipping  
 She glided like a guilty thing :  
 The rustle of her draperies, stirred  
 By hurrying feet, alone was heard ;  
 While, full of awe, the preacher read,  
 As out into the dark she sped :  
*Pray for me !*

Back to the night from whence she came,  
 To unimagined grief or shame !  
 Across the threshold of that door  
 None knew the burden that she bore ;  
 Alone she left the written scroll,  
 The legend of a troubled soul, —  
*Pray for me !*

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin !  
 Thou leav'st a common need within ;  
 Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,  
 Some misery inarticulate,  
 Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,  
 Some household sorrow all unsaid.

*Pray for us !*

Pass on ! The type of all thou art,  
 Sad witness to the common heart !  
 With face in veil and seal on lip,  
 In mute and strange companionship,  
 Like thee we wander to and fro,  
 Dumbly imploring as we go : ➤

*Pray for us !*

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads  
 Our want perchance hath greater needs ?  
 Yet they who make their loss the gain  
 Of others shall not ask in vain,  
 And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer  
 Of love from lips of self-despair :

*Pray for us !*

In vain remorse and fear and hate  
 Beat with bruised hands against a fate  
 Whose walls of iron only move  
 And open to the touch of love.  
 He only feels his burdens fall  
 Who, taught by suffering, pities all.

*Pray for us !*

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed  
 The mystery of another's breast.  
 Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,  
 Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.  
 Enough to note by many a sign  
 That every heart hath needs like thine.

*Pray for us !*

### THE BREWING OF SOMA

"These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra : offer Soma to the drinker of Soma." — *Vasista*, translated by MAX MÜLLER.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke  
 Up through the green wood curled ;  
 "Bring honey from the hollow oak,  
 Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,  
 In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,  
 The priests thrust in their rods,  
 First tasted, and then drank their fill,

And shouted, with one voice and will,  
 "Behold the drink of gods !"

They drank, and lo ! in heart and brain  
 A new, glad life began ;  
 The gray of hair grew young again,  
 The sick man laughed away his pain,  
 The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,  
 Forget your long annoy."  
 So sang the priests. From tent to tent  
 The Soma's sacred madness went,  
 A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate  
 A winged and glorious birth,  
 Soared upward, with strange joy elate,  
 Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,  
 And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang ;  
 On Gihon's banks of shade  
 Its hymns the dusky maidens sang ;  
 In joy of life or mortal pang  
 All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race  
 Sends down these matin psalms ;  
 And still with wondering eyes we trace  
 The simple prayers to Soma's grace,  
 That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,  
 Each after age has striven  
 By music, incense, vigils drear,  
 And trance, to bring the skies more near,  
 Or lift men up to heaven !

Some fever of the blood and brain,  
 Some self-exalting spell,  
 The scourger's keen delight of pain,  
 The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,  
 The wild-haired Bacchant's yell, —

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk  
 The saner brute below ;  
 The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,  
 The cloister madness of the monk,  
 The fakir's torture-show !

And yet the past comes round again,  
 And new doth old fulfil ;  
 In sensual transports wild as vain

We brew in many a Christian fane  
The heathen Soma still !

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways !  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call,  
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease ;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and  
fire,  
O still, small voice of calm !

#### A WOMAN

Oh, dwarfed and wronged, and stained with  
ill,  
Behold ! thou art a woman still !  
And, by that sacred name and dear,  
I bid thy better self appear.  
Still, through thy foul disguise, I see  
The rudimental purity,  
That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
Thy birthright-claim of womanhood ;  
An inward loathing, deep, intense ;  
A shame that is half innocence.  
Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin !

Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
As Mary rose at Jesus' word,  
Redeemed and white before the Lord !  
Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His name,  
Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.  
Art weak ? He's strong. Art fearful ?  
Hear  
The world's O'ercomer : "Be of cheer !"  
What lip shall judge when He approves ?  
Who dare to scorn the child He loves ?

#### THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ

The island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay was given by Mr. John Anderson to Agassiz for the uses of a summer school of natural history. A large barn was cleared and improvised as a lecture-room. Here, on the first morning of the school, all the company was gathered. "Agassiz had arranged no programme of exercises," says Mrs. Agassiz, in *Louis Agassiz*; *his Life and Correspondence*, "trusting to the interest of the occasion to suggest what might best be said or done. But, as he looked upon his pupils gathered there to study nature with him, by an impulse as natural as it was unpremeditated, he called upon them to join in silently asking God's blessing on their work together. The pause was broken by the first words of an address no less fervent than its unspoken prelude." This was in the summer of 1873, and Agassiz died the December following.

On the isle of Penikese,  
Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
Stood the Master with his school.  
Over sails that not in vain  
Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,  
Line of coast that low and far  
Stretched its undulating bar,  
Wings aslant across the rim  
Of the waves they stooped to skim,  
Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :  
"We have come in search of truth,  
Trying with uncertain key  
Door by door of mystery ;  
We are reaching, through His laws,  
To the garment-hem of Cause,  
Him, the endless, unbegun,  
The Unnamable, the One  
Light of all our light the Source  
Life of life, and Force of force.

As with fingers of the blind,  
We are groping here to find  
What the hieroglyphics mean  
Of the Unseen in the seen,  
What the Thought which underlies  
Nature's masking and disguise,  
What it is that hides beneath  
Blight and bloom and birth and death.  
By past efforts unavailing,  
Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
Of our weakness made aware,  
On the threshold of our task  
Let us light and guidance ask,  
Let us pause in silent pray~~er~~!"

Then the Master in his place  
Bowed his head a little space,  
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,  
Left the solemn hush unbroken  
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
Rose to heaven interpreted.  
As, in life's best hours, we hear  
By the spirit's finer ear  
His low voice within us, thus  
The All-Father heareth us ;  
And His holy ear we pain  
With our noisy words and vain.  
Not for Him our violence  
Storming at the gates of sense,  
His the primal language, His  
The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,  
And the doubting gave assent,  
With a gesture reverent,  
To the Master well-beloved.  
As thin mists are glorified  
By the light they cannot hide,  
All who gazed upon him saw,  
Through its veil of tender awe,  
How his face was still uplift  
By the old sweet look of it,  
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
And the love that casts out fear.  
Who the secret may declare  
Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?  
Did the shade before him come  
Of th' inevitable doom,  
Of the end of earth so near,  
And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
Rests the isle of Penikese ;

But the lord of the domain  
Comes not to his own again :  
Where the eyes that follow fail,  
On a vaster sea his sail  
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.  
Other lips within its bound  
Shall the laws of life expound ;  
Other eyes from rock and shell  
Read the world's old riddles well :  
But when breezes light and bland  
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,  
When the air is glad with wings,  
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,  
Many an eye with his still face  
Shall the living ones displace,  
Many an ear the word shall seek  
He alone could fitly speak.  
And one name forevermore  
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
By the waves that kiss the shore,  
By the curlew's whistle sent  
Down the cool, sea-scented air ;  
In all voices known to her,  
Nature owns her worshipper,  
Half in triumph, half lament.  
Thither Love shall tearful turn,  
Friendship pause uncovered there,  
And the wisest reverence learn  
From the Master's silent prayer.

## IN QUEST

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved, with  
thee  
On the great waters of the unsounded sea,  
Momently listening with suspended oar  
For the low roar of waves upon a shore  
Changeless as heaven, where never fog-  
cloud drifts  
Over its windless wood, nor mirage lifts  
The steadfast hills ; where never birds of  
doubt  
Sing to mislead, and every dream dies out,  
And the dark riddles which perplex us  
here  
In the sharp solvent of its light are clear ?  
Thou knowest how vain our quest ; how,  
soon or late,  
The baffling tides and circles of debate  
Swept back our bark unto its starting-  
place,  
Where, looking forth upon the blank, gray  
space,  
And round about us seeing, with sad eyes,

The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold skies,  
We said : " This outward search availeth not  
To find Him. He is farther than we thought,  
Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot  
Whereon we wait, this commonplace of home,  
As to the well of Jacob, He may come  
And tell us all things." As I listened there,  
Through the expectant silences of prayer,  
Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath to me  
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give it thee.

" The riddle of the world is understood  
Only by him who feels that God is good,  
As only he can feel who makes his love  
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
On th' rounds of his best instincts ; draws no line  
Between mere human goodness and divine,  
But, judging God by what in him is best,  
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,  
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still  
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,  
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,  
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.  
Can Hatred ask for love ? Can Selfishness  
Invite to self-denial ? Is He less  
Than man in kindly dealing ? Can He break  
His own great law of fatherhood, forsake  
And curse His children ? Not for earth  
and heaven  
Can separate tables of the law be given.  
No rule can bind which He himself denies ;  
The truths of time are not eternal lies."

So heard I ; and the chaos round me spread  
To light and order grew ; and, " Lord," I said,  
" Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all  
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call  
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set  
A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet.  
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known  
Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.  
From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew

Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O Lord,  
wilt do,  
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,  
All that I feel when I am nearest Thee ! "

### THE FRIEND'S BURIAL

My thoughts are all in yonder town,  
Where, wept by many tears,  
To-day my mother's friend lays down  
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise  
Of death with her is seen,  
And on her simple casket lies  
No wreath of bloom and green.

Oh, not for her the florist's art,  
The mocking weeds of woe ;  
Dear memories in each mourner's heart  
Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air  
Of new-born sweetness tells,  
And the ungathered May-flowers wear  
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle  
Is fresh as heretofore ;  
And earth takes up its parable  
Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll  
Methinks but discord were ;  
The prayerful silence of the soul  
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude  
Alike of earth and sky ;  
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,  
Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;  
And thou not distant sea,  
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,  
And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on  
As meadow streamlets flow,  
Where fresher green reveals alone  
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see  
The plain-robed mourners pass,

With slow feet treading reverently  
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,  
Where, like the friends of Paul,  
That you no more her face shall see  
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more  
Unto the perfect day ;  
She cannot fail of peace who bore  
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear  
The look of sins forgiven !  
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear  
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,  
Or knelt in grateful praise !  
What grace of Christian womanhood  
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant  
No duty left undone ;  
The heavenly and the human blend  
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found  
For feasting ear and eye,  
And Pleasure, on her daily round,  
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense  
Of all things sweet and fair,  
And Beauty's gracious providence  
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude  
With love's unconscious ease ;  
Her kindly instincts understood  
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her smile and tone,  
And glorified her farm-wife dress  
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls ;  
The Gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives ;

The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.

## A CHRISTMAS CARMEN

## I

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all  
lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of  
the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was  
born !  
With glad jubilations  
Bring hope to the nations !  
The dark night is ending and dawn has be-  
gun :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat  
as one !

## II

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of  
love  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the  
dove,  
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in  
accord,  
And the voice of the world is the voice of  
the Lord !  
Clasp hands of the nations  
In strong gratulations :  
The dark night is ending and dawn has be-  
gun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat  
as one !

## III

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of  
peace ;  
East, west, north, and south let the long  
quarrel cease :  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels  
began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to  
man !  
Hark ! joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us !  
The dark night is ending and dawn has be-  
gun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat  
as one !

## VESTA

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death  
Our own have reconciled,  
Most quietly, most tenderly  
Take home Thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,  
Thy words are on her tongue ;  
The very silence round her seems  
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's  
Who hears its mother call ;  
The lilies of Thy perfect peace  
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms  
To rest herself in Thine ;  
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we  
Our well-beloved resign !

Oh, less for her than for ourselves  
We bow our heads and pray ;  
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,  
To Thee shall point the way !

## CHILD-SONGS

STILL linger in our noon of time  
And on our Saxon tongue  
The echoes of the home-born hymns  
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies  
In every age and clime ;  
The earliest cradles of the race  
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,  
Nor green earth's virgin sod,  
So moved the singer's heart of old  
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life  
Was more than dawning morn,  
Than opening flower or crescent moon  
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal  
The heart of genius turns,  
And more than all the sages teach  
From lisping voices learns, —

The voices loved of him who sang,  
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,  
That sound to-day on all the winds  
That blow from Rydal-side, —

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,  
And folk-lore of the Finn,  
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths  
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still  
The heart in reverence kneels ;  
The wonder of the primal birth  
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught  
As only weakness can ;  
God hath His small interpreters ;  
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,  
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;  
But he is freshest from His hands  
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him  
For sin-sick hearts and cold,  
The angels of our childhood still  
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom ! — Teach Thou us,  
O Master most divine,  
To feel the deep significance  
Of these wise words of Thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain  
What innocence beholds ;  
No cunning finds the key of heaven,  
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love  
That gate shall open fall ;  
The mind of pride is nothingness,  
The childlike heart is all !

## THE HEALER

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH DORÉ'S  
PICTURE OF CHRIST HEALING THE SICK

So stood of old the holy Christ  
Amidst the suffering throng ;  
With whom His lightest touch sufficed  
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift He lends to them  
Who use it in His name ;  
The power that filled His garment's hem  
Is evermore the same.

For lo ! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still,  
And they who make His temples clean  
The best subserve His will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,  
An errand all divine,  
The burden of our common need  
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth  
With patience, trust, and hope ;  
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth  
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries  
Of life and death go stand,  
With guarded lips and reverent eyes  
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued  
From Him who went about  
The Syrian hillsides doing good,  
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet  
Thy friend and guide to be ;  
The Healer by Gennesaret  
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

### THE TWO ANGELS

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell  
with Him above :  
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest  
one was Love.

“ Arise,” He said, “ my angels ! a wail of  
woe and sin  
Steals through the gates of heaven, and  
saddens all within.

“ My harps take up the mournful strain  
that from a lost world swells,  
The smoke of torment clouds the light and  
blights the asphodels.

“ Fly downward to that under world, and  
on its souls of pain

Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and  
Pity tears like rain ! ”

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled  
in their golden hair ;  
Four white wings lessened swiftly down  
the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long :  
at last the angels came  
Where swung the lost and nether world,  
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but Love,  
with faith too strong for fear,  
Took heart from God's almighty ness and  
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched the  
flame whereon it fell,  
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope  
entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked up-  
ward to the Throne,  
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him  
who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas, more  
soft than falling flake,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song the  
Voice Eternal spake :

“ Welcome, my angels ! ye have brought a  
holier joy to heaven ;  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the  
song of sin forgiven ! ”

### OVERRULED

THE threads our hands in blindness spin  
No self-determined plan weaves in ;  
The shuttle of the unseen powers  
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah ! small the choice of him who sings  
What sound shall leave the smitten strings ;  
Fate holds and guides the hand of art ;  
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone  
That through its trembling threads is  
blown ;  
The patient organ cannot guess  
What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.

As streams take hue from shade and sun,  
As runs the life the song must run ;  
But, glad or sad, to His good end  
God grant the varying notes may tend !

### HYMN OF THE DUNKERS

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA (1738)

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA *sings.*

WAKE, sisters, wake ! the day-star shines ;  
Above Ephrata's eastern pines  
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.  
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm !

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,  
For toil by day, for rest by night !  
Praised be His name who deigns to bless  
Our Kedar of the wilderness !

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand  
Was heavy on our native land ;  
And freedom, to her children due,  
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,  
We owned Him when the stake blazed red ;  
We knew, whatever might befall,  
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers ; with outstretched  
arm  
He led us forth from cruel harm ;  
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,  
His cloud and fire before us went !

The watch of faith and prayer He set,  
We kept it then, we keep it yet.  
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,  
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chaste, not destroy,  
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.  
At last, at last shall all confess  
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,  
The scarlet sin be white as wool ;

No discord mar below, above,  
The music of eternal love !

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm !  
Lord God of hosts, make bare thine arm,  
Fulfil this day our long desire,  
Make sweet and clean the world with fire !

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight  
The lies of time ; be swift to smite,  
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,  
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till  
all

The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall  
And lift thou up in place of them  
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !

Lo ! rising from baptismal flame,  
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,  
Within the heavenly city's bound  
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon ! at dawn or noon  
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.  
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way ;  
Wake, sisters, wake ! arise and pray !

### GIVING AND TAKING

I have attempted to put in English verse a  
prose translation of a poem by Tinnevaluva, a  
Hindoo poet of the third century of our era.

WHO gives and hides the giving hand,  
Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,  
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,  
His gift in need, though small indeed  
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,  
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom  
A gift shall fall, while yet on earth ;  
Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth  
Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought  
Sins much ; but greater sin is his  
Who, fed and clothed with kindnesses,  
Shall count the holy alms as naught.

Who dares to curse the hands that bless  
Shall know of sin the deadliest cost ;  
The patience of the heavens is lost  
Beholding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still  
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven ;  
But none can save, in earth or heaven,  
The wretch who answers good with ill.

## THE VISION OF ECHARD

THE Benedictine Echard  
Sat by the wayside well,  
Where Marsberg sees the bridal  
Of the Sarre and the Moselle.

Fair with its sloping vineyards  
And tawny chestnut bloom,  
The happy vale Ausonius sung  
For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded  
To keep the Christ coat well,  
On minster tower and kloster cross,  
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles  
O'erlooked the Roman's game,  
The veil of sleep fell on him,  
And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence  
Throb with a soundless word,  
And by the inward ear alone  
A spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written  
On air and wave and sod,  
And the bending walls of sapphire  
Blazed with the thought of God :

“ What lack I, O my children ?  
All things are in my hand ;  
The vast earth and the awful stars  
I hold as grains of sand.

“ Need I your alms ? The silver  
And gold are mine alone ;  
The gifts ye bring before me  
Were evermore my own.

“ Heed I the noise of viols,  
Your pomp of masque and show ?

Have I not dawns and sunsets ?  
Have I not winds that blow ?

“ Do I smell your gums of incense ?  
Is my ear with chantings fed ?  
Taste I your wine of worship,  
Or eat your holy bread ?

“ Of rank and name and honors  
Am I vain as ye are vain ?  
What can Eternal Fulness  
From your lip-service gain ?

“ Ye make me not your debtor  
Who serve yourselves alone ;  
Ye boast to me of homage  
Whose gain is all your own.

“ For you I gave the prophets,  
For you the Psalmist's lay :  
For you the law's stone tables,  
And holy book and day.

“ Ye change to weary burdens  
The helps that should uplift ;  
Ye lose in form the spirit,  
The Giver in the gift.

“ Who called ye to self-torment,  
To fast and penance vain ?  
Dream ye Eternal Goodness  
Has joy in mortal pain ?

“ For the death in life of Nitria,  
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,  
What better is the neighbor,  
Or happier the home ?

“ Who counts his brother's welfare  
As sacred as his own,  
And loves, forgives and pities,  
He serveth me alone.

“ I note each gracious purpose,  
Each kindly word and deed ;  
Are ye not all my children ?  
Shall not the Father heed ?

“ No prayer for light and guidance  
Is lost upon mine ear :  
The child's cry in the darkness  
Shall not the Father hear ?

“ I loathe your wrangling councils,  
I tread upon your creeds ;

Who made ye mine avengers,  
Or told ye of my needs ;

“ I bless men and ye curse them,  
I love them and ye hate ;  
Ye bite and tear each other,  
I suffer long and wait.

“ Ye bow to ghastly symbols,  
To cross and scourge and thorn ;  
Ye seek his Syrian manger  
Who in the heart is born.

“ For the dead Christ, not the living,  
Ye watch His empty grave,  
Whose life alone within you  
Has power to bless and save.

“ O blind ones, outward groping,  
The idle quest forego ;  
Who listens to His inward voice  
Alone of Him shall know.

“ His love all love exceeding  
The heart must needs recall,  
Its self-surrendering freedom,  
Its loss that gaineth all.

“ Climb not the holy mountains,  
Their eagles know not me ;  
Seek not the Blessed Islands,  
I dwell not in the sea.

“ Gone is the mount of Meru,  
The triple gods are gone,  
And, deaf to all the lama's prayers,  
The Buddha slumbers on.

“ No more from rocky Horeb  
The smitten waters gush ;  
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,  
Quenched is the burning bush.

“ The jewels of the Urim  
And Thummim all are dim ;  
The fire has left the altar,  
The sign the teraphim.

“ No more in ark or hill grove  
The Holiest abides ;  
Not in the scroll's dead letter  
The eternal secret hides.

“ The eye shall fail that searches  
For me the hollow sky ;

The far is even as the near,  
The low is as the high.

“ What if the earth is hiding  
Her old faiths, long outworn ?  
What is it to the changeless truth  
That yours shall fail in turn ?

“ What if the o'erturned altar  
Lays bare the ancient lie ?  
What if the dreams and legends  
Of the world's childhood die ?

“ Have ye not still my witness  
Within yourselves alway,  
My hand that on the keys of life  
For bliss or bale I lay ?

“ Still, in perpetual judgment,  
I hold assize within,  
With sure reward of holiness,  
And dread rebuke of sin.

“ A light, a guide, a warning,  
A presence ever near,  
Through the deep silence of the flesh  
I reach the inward ear.

“ My Gerizim and Ebal  
Are in each human soul,  
The still, small voice of blessing,  
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

“ The stern behest of duty,  
The doom-book open thrown,  
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
Are with yourselves alone.”

A gold and purple sunset  
Flowed down the broad Moselle ;  
On hills of vine and meadow lands  
The peace of twilight fell.

A slow, cool wind of evening  
Blew over leaf and bloom ;  
And, faint and far, the Angelus  
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.

Then up rose Master Echard,  
And marvelled : “ Can it be  
That here, in dream and vision,  
The Lord hath talked with me ? ”

He went his way ; behind him  
The shrines of saintly dead,

The holy coat and nail of cross,  
He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Elzbach  
His burdened soul to free,  
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel  
Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, in his Order's kloster,  
He sat, in night-long parle,  
With Tauler of the Friends of God,  
And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo ! the twain made answer :  
" Yea, brother, even thus  
The Voice above all voices  
Hath spoken unto us.

" The world will have its idols,  
And flesh and sense their sign :  
But the blinded eyes shall open,  
And the gross ear be fine.

" What if the vision tarry ?  
God's time is always best ;  
The true Light shall be witnessed,  
The Christ within confessed.

" In mercy or in judgment  
He shall turn and overturn,  
Till the heart shall be His temple  
Where all of Him shall learn."

#### INSCRIPTIONS

ON A SUN-DIAL  
FOR DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid  
flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn  
night ;  
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also  
show  
There's Light above me by the Shade be-  
low.

ON A FOUNTAIN  
FOR DOROTHEA L. DIX  
STRANGER and traveller,  
Drink freely and bestow

A kindly thought on her  
Who bade this fountain flow,  
Yet hath no other claim  
Than as the minister  
Of blessing in God's name.  
Drink, and in His peace go !

#### THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

IN the minister's morning sermon  
He had told of the primal fall,  
And how thenceforth the wrath of God  
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure,  
All souls, save a chosen few,  
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,  
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason  
A saintlier soul was tried,  
And never the harsh old lesson  
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service  
On that pleasant Sabbath day,  
He walked with his little daughter  
Through the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows  
Sparrow and blackbird sung ;  
Above him their tinted petals  
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory  
The minister looked and smiled ;  
" How good is the Lord who gives us  
These gifts from His hand, my child !

" Behold in the bloom of apples  
And the violets in the sward  
A hint of the old, lost beauty  
Of the Garden of the Lord !"

Then up spake the little maiden,  
Treading on snow and pink :  
" O father ! these pretty blossoms  
Are very wicked, I think.

" Had there been no Garden of Eden  
There never had been a fall ;  
And if never a tree had blossomed  
God would have loved us all."

“ Hush, child ! ” the father answered,  
“ By His decree man fell ;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness,  
But He doeth all things well.

“ And whether by His ordaining  
To us cometh good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,  
We must fear and love Him still.”

“ Oh, I fear Him ! ” said the daughter,  
“ And I try to love Him, too ;  
But I wish He was good and gentle,  
Kind and loving as you.”

The minister groaned in spirit  
As the tremulous lips of pain  
And wide, wet eyes uplifted  
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered  
The words of the little one ;  
Had he erred in his life-long teaching ?  
Had he wrong to his Master done ?

To what grim and dreadful idol  
Had he lent the holiest name ?  
Did his own heart, loving and human,  
The God of his worship shame ?

And lo ! from the bloom and greenness,  
From the tender skies above,  
And the face of his little daughter,  
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror  
Of Sinai's mount of law,  
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies  
The vision of God he saw.

And, as when, in the clefts of Horeb,  
Of old was His presence known,  
The dread Ineffable Glory  
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted  
In his prayers a tenderer strain,  
And never the gospel of hatred  
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,  
And the blinded eyes found sight,  
And hearts, as flint aforetime,  
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

### BY THEIR WORKS

CALL him not heretic whose works attest  
His faith in goodness by no creed confessed.  
Whatever in love's name is truly done  
To free the bound and lift the fallen one  
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and  
word  
Is not against Him labors for our Lord.  
When He, who, sad and weary, longing  
sore  
For love's sweet service, sought the sisters'  
door,  
One saw the heavenly, one the human guest,  
But who shall say which loved the Master  
best ?

### THE WORD

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making known  
Man to himself, a witness swift and sure,  
Warning, approving, true and wise and  
pure,  
Counsel and guidance that misleadeth none !  
By thee the mystery of life is read ;  
The picture-writing of the world's gray  
seers,  
The myths and parables of the primal  
years,  
Whose letter kills, by thee interpreted  
Take healthful meanings fitted to our needs,  
And in the soul's vernacular express  
The common law of simple righteousness.  
Hatred of cant and doubt of human creeds  
May well be felt : the unpardonable sin  
Is to deny the Word of God within !

### THE BOOK

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
A minster rich in holy effigies,  
And bearing on entablature and frieze  
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.  
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit ;  
And the low chancel side-lights half ~~so~~  
quaint  
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard,  
and saint,  
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ !

But only when on form and word obscure  
Falls from above the white supernal  
light

We read the mystic characters aright,  
And life informs the silent portraiture,  
Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder, and  
adore.

## REQUIREMENT

We live by Faith; but Faith is not the  
slave  
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and  
God's,  
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.  
What asks our Father of His children, save  
Justice and mercy and humility,  
A reasonable service of good deeds,  
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,  
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light  
to see  
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?  
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,  
But the calm beauty of an ordered life  
Whose very breathing is unworded  
praise!—  
A life that stands as all true lives have  
stood,  
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

## HELP

DREAM not, O Soul, that easy is the task  
Thus set before thee. If it proves at  
length,  
As well it may, beyond thy natural  
strength,  
Faint not, despair not. As a child may ask  
A father, pray the Everlasting Good  
For light and guidance midst the subtle  
snares  
Of sin thick planted in life's thorough-  
fares,  
For spiritual strength and moral hardihood;  
Still listening, through the noise of time  
and sense,  
To the still whisper of the Inward Word;  
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard,  
Itself its own confirming evidence:  
To health of soul a voice to cheer and please,  
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides.

## UTTERANCE

BUT what avail inadequate words to reach  
The innermost of Truth? Who shall  
essay,  
Blinded and weak, to point and lead the  
way,  
Or solve the mystery in familiar speech?  
Yet, if it be that something not thy own,  
Some shadow of the Thought to which  
our schemes,  
Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best but  
dreams,  
Is even to thy unworthiness made known,  
Thou mayst not hide what yet thou shouldest  
not dare  
To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine  
The real seem false, the beauty undi-  
vine.  
So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,  
Give what seems given thee. It may prove  
a seed  
Of goodness dropped in fallow-grounds of  
need.

## ORIENTAL MAXIMS

PARAPHRASE OF SANSKRIT TRANSLA-  
TIONS

## THE INWARD JUDGE

From *Institutes of Manu*.

THE soul itself its awful witness is.  
Say not in evil doing, "No one sees,"  
And so offend the conscious One within,  
Whose ear can hear the silences of sin  
Ere they find voice, whose eyes unsleeping  
see  
The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say, "I am alone."  
For, seated in thy heart, as on a throne,  
The ancient Judge and Witness liveth  
still,  
To note thy act and thought; and as thy  
ill  
Or good goes from thee, far beyond thy  
reach,  
The solemn Doomsman's seal is set on  
each.

## LAYING UP TREASURE

From the *Mahâbhârata*.

BEFORE the Ender comes, whose charioteer  
Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each year  
Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth that  
kings  
Nor thieves can take away. When all the  
things  
Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures, honors  
fall,  
Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them all.

## CONDUCT

From the *Mahâbhârata*.

HEED how thou livest. Do no act by day  
Which from the night shall drive thy peace  
away.  
In months of sun so live that months of rain  
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain  
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be  
Another and a happier life for thee.

## AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT

O DEAREST bloom the seasons know,  
Flowers of the Resurrection, blow,  
Our hope and faith restore ;  
And through the bitterness of death  
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath  
Of life forevermore !

The thought of Love Immortal blends  
With fond remembrances of friends ;  
In you, O sacred flowers,  
By human love made doubly sweet,  
The heavenly and the earthly meet,  
The heart of Christ and ours !

## THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS

" ALL hail ! " the bells of Christmas rang,  
" All hail ! " the monks at Christmas sang,  
The merry monks who kept with cheer  
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,  
A pious elder brother sat

Silent, in his accustomed place,  
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

" Why sitt'st thou thus ? " his brethren  
cried.

" It is the blessed Christmas-tide ;  
The Christmas lights are all aglow,  
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

" Above our heads the joy-bells ring,  
Without the happy children sing,  
And all God's creatures hail the morn  
On which the holy Christ was born !

" Rejoice with us ; no more rebuke  
Our gladness with thy quiet look."  
The gray monk answered : " Keep, I pray,  
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

" Let heathen Yule fires flicker red  
Where thronged refectory feasts are  
spread ;  
With mystery-play and masque and mime  
And wait-songs speed the holy time !

" The blindest faith may haply save ;  
The Lord accepts the things we have ;  
And reverence, howso'er it strays,  
May find at last the shining ways.

" They needs must grope who cannot see,  
The blade before the ear must be ;  
As ye are feeling I have felt,  
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

" But now, beyond the things of sense,  
Beyond occasions and events,  
I know, through God's exceeding grace,  
Release from form and time and place.

" I listen, from no mortal tongue,  
To hear the song the angels sung ;  
And wait within myself to know  
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

" The outward symbols disappear  
From him whose inward sight is clear ;  
And small must be the choice of days  
To him who fills them all with praise !

" Keep while you need it, brothers mine,  
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,  
But judge not him who every morn  
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born ! "

## AT LAST

[Recited by one of the little group of relations, who stood by the poet's bedside, as the last moment of his life approached.]

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,

And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting ;

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I  
merit,

Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace —

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions

The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy song,

And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,

The life for which I long.

## WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET

THE shadows grow and deepen round me,  
I feel the dew-fall in the air ;  
The muezzin of the darkening thicket,  
I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,  
And loving hands unclasp from mine ;  
Alone I go to meet the darkness  
Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me  
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,  
What waits me in the land of strangeness ?  
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet ?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me ?

What thunder-roll of music stun ?  
What vast processions sweep before me  
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun ?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,  
I dread the myriad-voiced strain ;  
Give me the unforgotten faces,  
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning  
Who is our Brother and our Friend ;  
In whose full life, divine and human,  
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,  
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,  
The reverence for the pure and holy,  
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen  
An endless anthem's rise and fall ;  
No curious eye is mine to measure  
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge :

What matter if I never know  
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,  
Or warmer Sirius white as snow !

Forgive my human words, O Father !  
I go Thy larger truth to prove ;

Thy mercy shall transcend my longing :  
I seek but love, and Thou art Love !

I go to find my lost and mourned for  
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,  
And all that hope and faith foreshadow  
Made perfect in Thy holy will !

#### “THE STORY OF IDA”

Francesca Alexander, whose pen and pencil have so reverently transcribed the simple faith and life of the Italian peasantry, wrote the narrative published with John Ruskin's introduction under the title, *The Story of Ida*.

WEARY of jangling noises never stilled,  
The skeptic's sneer, the bigot's hate, the  
din  
Of clashing texts, the webs of creed  
men spin  
Round simple truth, the children grown  
who build  
With gilded cards their new Jerusalem,  
Busy, with sacerdotal tailorings  
And tinsel gauds, bedizening holy things,  
I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from  
them  
To the sweet story of the Florentine  
Immortal in her blameless maidenhood,  
Beautiful as God's angels and as good ;  
Feeling that life, even now, may be divine  
With love no wrong can ever change to  
hate,  
No sin make less than all-compassionate !

#### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
“Oh, mother ! Take my hand,” said she,  
“And then the dark will all be light.”

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before ;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small and hope delays ;

Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee !

#### THE TWO LOVES

SMOOTHING soft the nestling head  
Of a maiden fancy-led,  
Thus a grave-eyed woman said :

“ Richest gifts are those we make,  
Dearer than the love we take  
That we give for love's own sake.

“ Well I know the heart's unrest ;  
Mine has been the common quest,  
To be loved and therefore blest.

“ Favors undeserved were mine ;  
At my feet as on a shrine  
Love has laid its gifts divine.

“ Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet  
With their sweetness came regret,  
And a sense of unpaid debt.

“ Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
Was it vanity or pride  
That a deeper joy denied ?

“ Hands that ope but to receive  
Empty close ; they only live  
Richly who can richly give.

“ Still,” she sighed, with moistening eyes  
“ Love is sweet in any guise ;  
But its best is sacrifice !

“ He who, giving, does not crave  
Likest is to Him who gave  
Life itself the loved to save.

“ Love, that self-forgetful gives,  
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
Late or soon its own receives.”

#### ADJUSTMENT

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs must  
shed  
That nearer heaven the living ones may  
climb ;  
The false must fail, though from our  
shores of time

The old lament be heard, "Great Pan is dead!"

That wail is Error's, from his high place hurled;

This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod;

Our time's unrest, an angel sent of God Troubling w<sup>th</sup> life the waters of the world. Even as they list the winds of the Spirit blow

To turn or break our century - rusted vanes;

Sands shift and waste; the rock alone remains

Where, led of Heaven, the ~~strong~~ tides come and go, And storm-clouds, rent by thunderbolt and wind, Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to outward sense Both true and false seem shaken; I will hold

With newer light my reverence for the old

And calmly wait the births of Providence. No gain is lost; the clear-eyed saints look down

Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds;

Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds

Counting in task-field and o'erpeopled town. Truth has charmed life; the Inward Word survives,

And, day by day, its revelation brings; Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things

Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives

Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told, And the new gospel verifies the old.

### HYMNS OF THE BRAHMO SOMAJ

I have attempted this paraphrase of the Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj of India, as I find them in Mozoomdar's account of the devotional exercises of that remarkable religious development which has attracted far less attention and sympathy from the Christian world than it deserves, as a fresh revelation of the direct action of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart.

### I

THE mercy, O Eternal One!

By man unmeasured yet, In joy or grief, in shade or sun, I never will forget.

I give the whole, and not a part, Of all Thou gavest me;

My goods, my life, my soul and heart, I yield them all to Thee!

### II

We fast and plead, we weep and pray, From morning until even;

We feel to find the holy way, We knock at the gate of heaven!

And when in silent awe we wait, And word and sign forbear,

The hinges of the golden gate Move, soundless, to our prayer!

Who hears the eternal harmonies Can heed no outward word;

Blind to all else is he who sees The vision of the Lord!

### III

O soul, be patient, restrain thy tears, Have hope, and not despair;

As a tender mother heareth her child God hears the penitent prayer.

And not forever shall grief be thine; On the Heavenly Mother's breast,

Washed clean and white in waters of joy Shall His seeking child find rest.

Console thyself with His word of grace, And cease thy wail of woe,

For His mercy never an equal hath, And His love no bounds can know.

Lean close unto Him in faith and hope; How many like thee have found

In Him a shelter and home of peace, By His mercy compassed round!

There, safe from sin and the sorrow it brings,

They sing their grateful psalms, And rest, at noon, by the wells of God, In the shade of His holy palms!

### REVELATION

"And I went into the Vale of Beavor, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said: *All things come by Nature*; and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I was still and let it alone, a living

hope arose in me, and a true Voice which said : *There is a living God who made all things.* And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life rose over all, and my heart was glad and I praised the living God." — *Journal of George Fox*, 1690.

STILL, as of old, in Beavor's Vale,  
O man of God ! our hope and faith  
The Elements and Stars assail,  
And the awed spirit holds its breath,  
Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,  
What place her human atom fills,  
The weed-drift of her careless sea,  
The mist on her unheeding hills ?  
What recks she of our helpless wills ?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not love,  
Its trembling worshipper ! Can prayer  
Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move  
Unpitying Energy to spare ?  
What doth the cosmic Vastness care ?

In vain to this dread Unconcern  
For the All-Father's love we look ;  
In vain, in quest of it, we turn  
The storied leaves of Nature's book,  
The prints her rocky tablets took.

I pray for faith, I long to trust ;  
I listen with my heart, and hear  
A Voice without a sound : " Be just,  
Be true, be merciful, revere  
The Word within thee : God is near !

" A light to sky and earth unknown  
Pales all their lights : a mightier force

Than theirs the powers of Nature own,  
And, to its goal as at its source,  
His Spirit moves the Universe.

" Believe and trust. Through stars and  
suns,  
Through life and death, through soul and  
sense,  
His wise, paternal purpose runs ;  
The darkness of His providence  
Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme ! I know the Voice,  
Like none beside on earth or sea ;  
Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice,  
By all that He requires of me,  
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,  
I shape no image in my prayer ;  
I only know in Him is all  
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,  
Eternal Goodness here and there !

I know He is, and what He is,  
Whose one great purpose is the good  
Of all. I rest my soul on His  
Immortal Love and Fatherhood ;  
And trust Him, as His children should.

I fear no more. The clouded face  
Of Nature smiles ; through all her things  
Of time and space and sense I trace  
The moving of the Spirit's wings,  
And hear the song of hope she sings.

## AT SUNDOWN

### TO E. C. S.

POET and friend of poets, if thy glass  
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,  
Let this slight token of the debt I owe  
Outlive for thee December's frozen day,  
And, like the arbutus budding under snow,  
Take bloom and fragrance from some morn  
of May  
When he who gives it shall have gone the way  
Where faith shall see and reverent trust shall  
know.

### THE CHRISTMAS OF 1888

Low in the east, against a white, cold  
dawn,  
The black-lined silhouette of the woods was  
drawn,  
And on a wintry waste  
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare and  
brown,  
Through thin cloud-films a pallid ghost  
looked down,  
The waning moon half-faced !

In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting  
earth,  
What sign was there of the immortal birth ?  
What herald of the One ?  
Lo ! swift as thought the heavenly radiance  
came,  
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like  
flame,  
Up rolled the round, bright sun !

And all was changed. From a transfigured  
world  
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of home-  
hearts curled  
Up the still air unblown.  
In Orient warmth and brightness, did that  
morn  
O'er Nain and Nazareth, when the Christ  
was born,  
Break fairer than our own ?

The morning's promise noon and eve ful-  
filled  
In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled  
And sunset fair as they ;  
A sweet reminder of His holiest time,  
A summer-miracle in our winter clime,  
God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old and far,  
And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's  
star  
Seemed here, as there and then, —  
Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian  
palm,  
Our heart's desire the angels' midnight  
psalm,  
Peace, and good-will to men !

### THE VOW OF WASHINGTON

Read in New York, April 30, 1889, at the  
Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of  
George Washington as the first President of the  
United States.

THE sword was sheathed : in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by Freedom won ;  
And severed sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United  
States.

O City sitting by the Sea !  
How proud the day that dawned on thee,  
When the new era, long desired, began,  
And, in its need, the hour had found the  
man !

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,  
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,  
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing  
halls,  
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward  
from St. Paul's !

How felt the land in every part  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,

As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,  
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law !

That pledge the heavens above him  
heard,  
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred ;  
In world-wide wonder listening peoples  
bent  
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed ? Of honor sold  
And hopes deceived all history told.  
Above the wrecks that strewed the mourn-  
ful past,  
Was the long dream of ages true at last ?

Thank God ! the people's choice was just,  
The one man equal to his trust,  
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness  
good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude !

His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release ;  
Taught prince and serf that power is but a  
trust,  
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is  
just ;

That Freedom generous is, but strong  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,  
Pretence that turns her holy truth to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love ! with one glad voice  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice ;  
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,  
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still we trust the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,  
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,  
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo ! where with patient toil he nursed  
And trained the new-set plant at first,  
The widening branches of a stately tree  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,  
Sitting with none to make afraid,  
Were we now silent, through each mighty  
limb,  
The winds of heaven would sing the praise  
of him.

Our first and best ! — his ashes lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky.  
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above thy sacred  
grave !

For, ever in the awful strife  
And dark hours of the nation's life,  
Through the fierce tumult pierced his  
warning word,  
Their father's voice his erring children  
heard !

The change for which he prayed and  
sought  
In that sharp agony was wrought ;  
No partial interest draws its alien line  
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and  
the pine !

One people now, all doubt beyond,  
His name shall be our Union-bond ;  
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and  
now  
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours ;  
Chooser and chosen both are powers  
Equal in service as in rights ; the claim  
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where  
Our banner floats in sun and air,  
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's  
cold,  
Repeat with us the pledge a century old !

### THE CAPTAIN'S WELL

The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added ; but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded.

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,  
The shipwrecked sailor came back again ;

And like one from the dead, the threshold crossed  
Of his wondering home, that had mourned him lost,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,  
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.  
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passers-by;  
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered: "but under this sod  
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,  
And right before you the Merrimac,

"And look you up, or look you down,  
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;  
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,  
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

"You had better consult, before you dig,  
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,  
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year."

"In the Arab desert, where shade is none,  
The waterless land of sand and sun,

"Under the pitiless, brazen sky  
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

"My crazed brain listened in fever dreams  
For plash of buckets and ripple of streams;

"And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,  
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air

"Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,  
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

"Then something tender, and sad, and mild  
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

"Rebuked my frenzy; and bowing my head,  
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

"Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;  
Take me out of this land accurst;

"And if ever I reach my home again,  
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

"I will dig a well for the passers-by,  
And none shall suffer from thirst as I.

"I saw, as I prayed, my home once more,  
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,

The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

"The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,

The brook with its dam, and gray grist mill,

"And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,  
The very place where my well must be.

"God heard my prayer in that evil day;  
He led my feet in their homeward way,

"From false mirage and dried-up well,  
And the hot sand storms of a land of hell,

"Till I saw at last through the coast-hill's gap,

A city held in its stony lap,

"The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,  
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

"For there was a ship at anchor lying,  
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

"And sweetest of sounds to my homesick ear  
Was my native tongue in the sailor's cheer.

"Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,  
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain,

"And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,  
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His kindred wept, and his neighbors said :  
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,  
He toiled at his task with main and might ;

And when at last, from the loosened earth,  
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,  
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy : "I have kept my word,  
And here is the well I promised the Lord !"

The long years came and the long years went,  
And he sat by his roadside well content ;

He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,  
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,  
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank,

And grateful at heart, his memory went  
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came  
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer weary and hot,  
Kept to the mid road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;  
"He don't know the value of water," he said ;

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,  
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell  
That God's best gift is the wayside well !"

#### AN OUTDOOR RECEPTION

The substance of these lines, hastily penned several years ago, I find among such of my unprinted scraps as have escaped the waste-basket and the fire. In transcribing it I have made some changes, additions, and omissions.

On these green banks, where falls too soon

The shade of Autumn's afternoon,  
The south wind blowing soft and sweet,  
The water gliding at my feet,  
The distant northern range uplift  
By the slant sunshine over it,  
With changes of the mountain mist  
From tender blush to amethyst,  
The valley's stretch of shade and gleam  
Fair as in Mirza's Bagdad dream,  
With glad young faces smiling near  
And merry voices in my ear,  
I sit, methinks, as Hafiz might  
In Iran's Garden of Delight.  
For Persian roses blushing red,  
Aster and gentian bloom instead ;  
For Shiraz wine, this mountain air ;  
For feast, the blueberries which I share  
With one who proffers with stained hands  
Her gleanings from yon pasture lands,  
Wild fruit that art and culture spoil,  
The harvest of an untilled soil ;  
And with her one whose tender eyes  
Reflect the change of April skies,  
Midway 'twixt child and maiden yet,  
Fresh as Spring's earliest violet ;  
And one whose look and voice and ways  
Make where she goes idyllic days ;  
And one whose sweet, still countenance  
Seems dreamful of a child's romance ;  
And others, welcome as are these,  
Like and unlike, varieties  
Of pearls on nature's chaplet strung,  
And all are fair, for all are young.  
Gathered from seaside cities old,  
From midland prairie, lake, and wold,  
From the great wheat-fields, which might feed  
The hunger of a world at need,  
In healthful change of rest and play  
Their school-vacations glide away.

No critics these : they only see  
 An old and kindly friend in me,  
 In whose amused, indulgent look  
 Their innocent mirth has no rebuke.  
 They scarce can know my rugged rhymes,  
 The harsher songs of evil times,  
 Nor graver themes in minor keys  
 Of life's and death's solemnities :  
 But haply, as they bear in mind  
 Some verse of lighter, happier kind,—  
 Hints of the boyhood of the man,  
 Youth viewed from life's meridian,  
 Half seriously and half in play  
 My pleasant interviewers pay  
 Their visit, with no fell intent  
 Of taking notes and punishment.

As yonder solitary pine  
 Is ringed below with flower and vine,  
 More favored than that lonely tree,  
 The bloom of girlhood circles me.  
 In such an atmosphere of youth  
 I half forgot my age's truth ;  
 The shadow of my life's long date  
 Runs backward on the dial-plate,  
 Until it seems a step might span  
 The gulf between the boy and man.

My young friends smile, as if some jay  
 On bleak December's leafless spray  
 Essayed to sing the songs of May.  
 Well, let them smile, and live to know,  
 When their brown locks are flecked with  
 snow,  
 'T is tedious to be always sage  
 And pose the dignity of age,  
 While so much of our early lives  
 On memory's playground still survives,  
 And owns, as at the present hour,  
 The spell of youth's magnetic power.

But though I feel, with Solomon,  
 'T is pleasant to behold the sun,  
 I would not if I could repeat  
 A life which still is good and sweet ;  
 I keep in age, as in my prime,  
 A not uncheerful step with time,  
 And, grateful for all blessings sent,  
 I go the common way, content  
 To make no new experiment.  
 On easy terms with law and fate,  
 For what must be I calmly wait,  
 And trust the path I cannot see,—  
 That God is good sufficeth me.  
 And when at last on life's strange play

The curtain falls, I only pray  
 That hope may lose itself in truth,  
 And age in Heaven's immortal youth.  
 And all our loves and longing prove  
 The foretaste of diviner love !

The day is done. Its afterglow  
 Along the west is burning low.  
 My visitors, like birds, have flown ;  
 I hear their voices, fainter grown,  
 And dimly through the dusk I see  
 Their kerchiefs wave good-night to me, —  
 Light hearts of girlhood, knowing naught  
 Of all the cheer their coming brought ;  
 And, in their going, unaware  
 Of silent-following feet of prayer :  
 Heaven make their budding promise good  
 With flowers of gracious womanhood !

#### R. S. S. AT DEER ISLAND ON THE MERRIMAC

MAKE, for he loved thee well, our Merrimac,  
 From wave and shore a low and long  
 lament  
 For him whose last look sought thee, as  
 he went  
 The unknown way from which no step  
 comes back.  
 And ye, O ancient pine-trees, at whose  
 feet  
 He watched in life the sunset's reddening  
 glow,  
 Let the soft south wind through your  
 needles blow  
 A fitting requiem tenderly and sweet !  
 No fonder lover of all lovely things  
 Shall walk where once he walked, no  
 smile more glad  
 Greet friends than his who friends in all  
 men had,  
 Whose pleasant memory to that Island  
 clings,  
 Where a dear mourner in the home he left  
 Of love's sweet solace cannot be bereft.

#### BURNING DRIFT-WOOD

BEFORE my drift-wood fire I sit,  
 And see, with every waif I burn,  
 Old dreams and fancies coloring it,  
 And folly's unlaid ghosts return.

O ships of mine, whose swift keels cleft  
The enchanted sea on which they sailed,  
Are these poor fragments only left  
Of vain desires and hopes that failed ?

Did I not watch from them the light  
Of sunset on my towers in Spain,  
And see, far off, uploom in sight  
The Fortunate Isles I might not gain ?

Did sudden lift of fog reveal  
Arcadia's vales of song and spring,  
And did I pass, with grazing keel,  
The rocks whereon the sirens sing ?

Have I not drifted hard upon  
The unmapped regions lost to man,  
The cloud-pitched tents of Prester John,  
The palace domes of Kubla Khan ?

Did land winds blow from jasmine flowers,  
Where Youth the ageless Fountain fills ?  
Did Love make sign from rose blown bow-  
ers,

And gold from Eldorado's hills ?

Alas ! the gallant ships, that sailed  
On blind Adventure's errand sent,  
Howe'er they laid their courses, failed  
To reach the haven of Content.

And of my ventures, those alone  
Which Love had freighted, safely sped,  
Seeking a good beyond my own,  
By clear-eyed Duty piloted.

O mariners, hoping still to meet  
The luck Arabian voyagers met,  
And find in Bagdad's moonlit street,  
Haroun al Raschid walking yet,

Take with you, on your Sea of Dreams,  
The fair, fond fancies dear to youth.  
I turn from all that only seems,  
And seek the sober grounds of truth.

What matter that it is not May,  
That birds have flown, and trees are  
bare,  
That darker grows the shortening day,  
And colder blows the wintry air !

The wrecks of passion and desire,  
The castles I no more rebuild,

May fitly feed my drift-wood fire,  
And warm the hands that age has chilled.

Whatever perished with my ships,  
I only know the best remains ;  
A song of praise is on my lips  
For losses which are now my gains.

Heap high my hearth ! No worth is lost ;  
Nor wisdom with the folly dies.  
Burn on, poor shreds, your holocaust  
Shall be my evening sacrifice !

Far more than all I dared to dream,  
Unsought before my door I see ;  
On wings of fire and steeds of steam  
The world's great wonders come to me,

And holier signs, unmarked before,  
Of Love to seek and Power to save, —  
The righting of the wronged and poor,  
The man evolving from the slave ;

And life, no longer chance or fate,  
Safe in the gracious Fatherhood.  
I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait,  
In full assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,  
Though brief or long its granted days,  
If Faith and Hope and Charity  
Sit by my evening hearth-fire's blaze.

And with them, friends whom Heaven has  
spared,  
Whose love my heart has comforted,  
And, sharing all my joys, has shared  
My tender memories of the dead, —

Dear souls who left us lonely here,  
Bound on their last, long voyage, to  
whom  
We, day by day, are drawing near,  
Where every bark has sailing room.

I know the solemn monotone  
Of waters calling unto me ;  
I know from whence the airs have blown  
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn,  
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,  
And, fair in sunset light, discern  
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

## O. W. HOLMES ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

CLIMBING a path which leads back never more  
 We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer ;  
 Now, face to face, we greet him standing here  
 Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore !  
 Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
 Is closing and the shadows colder grow,  
 His genial presence, like an afterglow,  
 Following the one just vanishing away.  
 Long be it ere the table shall be set  
 For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
 And love repeat with smiles and tears thereat  
 His own sweet songs that time shall not forget.  
 Waiting with us the call to come up higher,  
 Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher !

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

FROM purest wells of English undefiled  
 None deeper drank than he, the New  
 World's child,  
 Who in the language of their farm-fields  
 spoke  
 The wit and wisdom of New England folk,  
 Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide laugh  
 Provoked thereby might well have shaken half  
 The walls of Slavery down, ere yet the ball  
 And mine of battle overthrew them all.

## HAVERHILL

1640-1890

Read at the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the City, July 2, 1890.

O RIVER winding to the sea !  
 We call the old time back to thee ;  
 From forest paths and water-ways  
 The century-woven veil we raise.

The voices of to-day are dumb,  
 Unheard its sounds that go and come ;  
 We listen, through long-lapsing years,  
 To footsteps of the pioneers.

Gone steeped town and cultured plain,  
 The wilderness returns again,  
 The drear, untrodden solitude,  
 The gloom and mystery of the wood !

Once more the bear and panther prowl,  
 The wolf repeats his hungry howl,  
 And, peering through his leafy screen,  
 The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,  
 Grave men and women anxious-eyed,  
 And wistful youth remembering still  
 Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

We summon forth to mortal view  
 Dark Passaquo and Saggahew, —  
 Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway  
 Of wizard Passaconaway.

Weird memories of the border town,  
 By old tradition handed down,  
 In chance and change before us pass  
 Like pictures in a magic glass, —

The terror of the midnight raid,  
 The death-concealing ambuscade,  
 The winter march, through deserts wild,  
 Of captive mother, wife, and child.

Ah ! bleeding hands alone subdued  
 And tamed the savage habitude  
 Of forests hiding beasts of prey,  
 And human shapes as fierce as they.

Slow from the plough the woods withdrew,  
 Slowly each year the corn-lands grew ;  
 Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill  
 The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound  
 Was lack of sturdy manhood found,  
 And never failed the kindred good  
 Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city is,  
 Its log-built huts are palaces ;  
 The wood-path of the settler's cow  
 Is Traffic's crowded highway now.

And far and wide it stretches still,  
Along its southward sloping hill,  
And overlooks on either hand  
A rich and many-watered land.

And, gladdening all the landscape, fair  
As Pison was to Eden's pair,  
Our river to its valley brings  
The blessing of its mountain springs.

And Nature holds with narrowing space,  
From mart and crowd, her old - time  
grace,  
And guards with fondly jealous arms  
The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her sunsets on Kenoza fall,  
Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall ;  
No lavished gold can richer make  
Her opulence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires  
To kindle here their household fires,  
And share the large content of all  
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,  
We prize the old inheritance,  
And feel, as far and wide we roam,  
That all we seek we leave at home.

Our palms are pines, our oranges  
Are apples on our orchard trees ;  
Our thrushes are our nightingales,  
Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns  
Is sweeter than our hillside ferns ;  
What tropic splendor can outvie  
Our autumn woods, our sunset sky ?

Cf, where the slow years came and went,  
And left not affluence, but content,  
Now flashes in our dazzled eyes  
The electric light of enterprise ;

And if the old idyllic ease  
Seems lost in keen activities,  
And crowded workshops now replace  
The hearth's and farm-field's rustic grace ;

No dull, mechanic round of toil  
Life's morning charm can quite despoil ;  
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,  
Will always find enchanted land.

No task is ill where hand and brain  
And skill and strength have equal gain,  
And each shall each in honor hold,  
And simple manhood outweigh gold.

Earth shall be near to Heaven when all  
That severs man from man shall fall,  
For, here or there, salvation's plan  
Alone is love of God and man.

O dwellers by the Merrimac,  
The heirs of centuries at your back,  
Still reaping where you have not sown,  
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,  
But let the free thought of the age  
Its light and hope and sweetness add  
To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's returnless tide,  
As waves that follow waves, we glide.  
God grant we leave upon the shore  
Some waif of good it lacked before ;

Some seed, or flower, or plant of worth,  
Some added beauty to the earth ;  
Some larger hope, some thought to make  
The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,  
So may we live our little day  
That only grateful hearts shall fill  
The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme,  
Upon whose outmost verge of time  
The shades of night are falling down,  
I pray, God bless the good old town !

TO G. G.

#### AN AUTOGRAPH

The daughter of Daniel Gurteen, Esq., delegate from Haverhill, England, to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Rev. John Ward of the former place and many of his old parishioners were the pioneer settlers of the new town on the Merrimac.

GRACEFUL in name and in thyself, our  
river  
None fairer saw in John Ward's pilgrim  
flock,

Proof that upon their century-rooted stock

The English roses bloom as fresh as ever.

Take the warm welcome of new friends with thee,  
And listening to thy home's familiar chime

Dream that thou hearest, with it keeping time,  
The bells on Merrimac sound across the sea.

Think of our thrushes, when the lark sings clear,

Of our sweet Mayflowers when the daisies bloom ;  
And bear to our and thy ancestral home  
The kindly greeting of its children here.

Say that our love survives the severing strain ;

That the New England, with the Old, holds fast

The proud, fond memories of a common past ;

Unbroken still the ties of blood remain !

#### INSCRIPTION

For the bass-relief by Preston Powers, carved upon the huge boulder in Denver Park, Col., and representing the Last Indian and the Last Bison.

THE eagle, stooping from yon snow-blown peaks,  
For the wild hunter and the bison seeks,  
In the changed world below ; and finds alone  
Their graven semblance in the eternal stone.

#### LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

Inscription on her Memorial Tablet in Christ Church at Hartford, Conn.

SHE sang alone, ere womanhood had known  
The gift of song which fills the air to-day :  
Tender and sweet, a music all her own  
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.

#### MILTON

Inscription on the Memorial Window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the gift of George W. Childs, of America.

THE new world honors him whose lofty plea

For England's freedom made her own more sure,  
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be

Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

#### THE BIRTHDAY WREATH

December 17, 1891.

BLOSSOM and greenness, making all  
The winter birthday tropical

And the plain Quaker parlors gay,  
Have gone from bracket, stand, and wall ;  
We saw them fade, and droop, and fall,  
And laid them tenderly away.

White virgin lilies, mignonette,  
Blown rose, and pink, and violet,

A breath of fragrance passing by ;  
Visions of beauty and decay.

Colors and shapes that could not stay,  
The fairest, sweetest, first to die.

But still this rustic wreath of mine,  
Of acorned oak and needled pine,

And lighter growths of forest lands,  
Woven and wound with careful pains,  
And tender thoughts and prayers, remains,  
As when it dropped from love's dear hands.

And not unfitly garlanded,  
Is he, who, country-born and bred,  
Welcomes the sylvan ring which gives  
A feeling of old summer days,  
The wild delight of woodland ways,  
The glory of the autumn leaves.

And, if the flowery meed of song  
To other bards may well belong,  
Be his, who from the farm-field spoke  
A word for Freedom when her need  
Was not of dulcimer and reed,  
This Isthmian wreath of pine and oak.

## THE WIND OF MARCH

Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing  
 Under the sky's gray arch ;  
 Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs,  
 knowing  
 It is the wind of March.

Between the passing and the coming season,  
 This stormy interlude  
 Gives to our winter-wearied hearts a reason  
 For trustful gratitude.

Welcome to waiting ears its harsh fore-warning  
 Of light and warmth to come,  
 The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morning,  
 The earth arisen in bloom !

In the loud tumult winter's strength is breaking ;  
 I listen to the sound,  
 As to a voice of resurrection, waking  
 To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I hearken  
 Of rivulets on their way ;  
 I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken  
 With the fresh leaves of May.

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering  
 Invite the airs of Spring,  
 A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering,  
 The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow  
 This northern hurricane,  
 And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow  
 Shall visit us again.

And, in green wood-paths, in the kine-fed pasture  
 And by the whispering rills,  
 Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master,  
 Taught on his Syrian hills.

Blow, then, wild wind ! thy roar shall end  
 in singing,  
 Thy chill in blossoming ;  
 Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel,  
 bringing  
 The healing of the Spring.

## BETWEEN THE GATES

BETWEEN the gates of birth and death  
 An old and saintly pilgrim passed,  
 With look of one who witnesseth  
 The long-sought goal at last.

“ O thou whose reverent feet have found  
 The Master's footprints in thy way  
 And walked thereon as holy ground,  
 A boon of thee I pray.

“ My lack would borrow thy excess,  
 My feeble faith the strength of thine ;  
 I need thy soul's white saintliness  
 To hide the stains of mine.

“ The grace and favor else denied  
 May well be granted for thy sake.”  
 So, tempted, doubting, sorely tried,  
 A younger pilgrim spake.

“ Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift ;  
 No power is mine,” the sage replied,  
 “ The burden of a soul to lift  
 Or stain of sin to hide.

“ Howe'er the outward life may seem,  
 For pardoning grace we all must pray ;  
 No man his brother can redeem  
 Or a soul's ransom pay.

“ Not always age is growth of good ;  
 Its years have losses with their gain ;  
 Against some evil youth withstand  
 Weak hands may strive in vain.

“ With deeper voice than any speech  
 Of mortal lips from man to man,  
 What earth's un wisdom may not teach  
 The Spirit only can.

“ Make thou that holy guide thine own,  
 And following where it leads the way  
 The known shall lapse in the unknown  
 As twilight into day.

“ The best of earth shall still remain,  
And heaven’s eternal years shall prove  
That life and death, and joy and pain,  
Are ministers of Love.”

## THE LAST EVE OF SUMMER

SUMMER’s last sun nigh unto setting shines  
Through yon columnar pines,  
And on the deepening shadows of the  
lawn  
Its golden lines are drawn,

Dreaming of long gone summer days like  
this,  
Feeling the wind’s soft kiss,  
Grateful and glad that failing ear and sight  
Have still their old delight,

I sit alone, and watch the warm, sweet  
day  
Lapse tenderly away ;  
And, wistful, with a feeling of forecast,  
I ask, “ Is this the last ? ”

“ Will nevermore for me the seasons run  
Their round, and will the sun  
Of ardent summers yet to come forget  
For me to rise and set ? ”

Thou shouldst be here, or I should be with  
thee  
Wherever thou mayst be,  
Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of  
speech  
Each answering unto each.

For this still hour, this sense of mystery  
far  
Beyond the evening star,  
No words outworn suffice on lip or scroll :  
The soul would fain with soul

Wait, while these few swift-passing days  
fulfil  
The wise-disposing Will,  
And, in the evening as at morning, trust  
The All-Merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels  
Immortal life reveals ;  
And human love, its prophecy and sign,  
Interprets love divine.

Come then, in thought, if that alone may be,  
O friend ! and bring with thee  
Thy calm assurance of transcendent Spheres  
And the Eternal Years !

## TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

8TH MO. 29TH, 1892

[This, the last of Mr. Whittier’s poems, was  
written but a few weeks before his death.]

AMONG the thousands who with hail and  
cheer  
Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by !

We have grown old together ; we have  
seen,  
Our youth and age between,  
Two generations leave us, and to-day  
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must back-  
ward run  
To those who, one by one,  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost ; our grateful memories  
still  
Their vacant places fill,  
And with the full-voiced greeting of new  
friends  
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood  
Of mingled ill and good,  
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,  
For pity more than blame, —

The gift is thine the weary world to make  
More cheerful for thy sake,  
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,  
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent  
With smiles for blessing sent.  
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,  
Thank God ! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday ; therein  
Are want, and woe, and sin.

Death and its nameless fears, and over all  
Our pitying tears must fall.

Sorrow is real ; but the counterfeit  
Which folly brings to it,  
We need thy wit and wisdom to resist,  
O rarest Optimist !

Thy hand, old friend ! the service of our  
days,  
In differing moods and ways  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,

Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with  
spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and  
late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our  
own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll ;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things  
give,  
And live because He lives.

## POEMS BY ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER

Originally published in the volume entitled *Hazel Blossoms*, and accompanied by the following prefatory note: —

I have ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister, ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. . . . These poems, with perhaps two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness, and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion. In the lines on

Dr. Kane her friends will see something of her fine individuality, — the rare mingling of delicacy and intensity of feeling which made her dear to them. This little poem reached Cuba while the great explorer lay on his death-bed, and we are told that he listened with grateful tears while it was read to him by his mother.

I am tempted to say more, but I write as under the eye of her who, while with us, shrank with painful depreciation from the praise or mention of performances which seemed so far below her ideal of excellence. To those who best knew her, the beloved circle of her intimate friends, I dedicate this slight memorial.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 9th mo., 1874.

### THE DREAM OF ARGYLE

EARTHLY arms no more uphold him  
On his prison's stony floor ;  
Waiting death in his last slumber,  
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

And he dreams a dream of boyhood ;  
Rise again his heathery hills,  
Sound again the hound's long baying,  
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

Now he stands amidst his clansmen .  
In the low, long banquet-hall,  
Over grim ancestral armor  
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

Once again, with pulses beating,  
Hears the wandering minstrel tell  
How Montrose on Inverary  
Thief-like from his mountains fell.

Down the glen, beyond the castle,  
Where the linn's swift waters shine,  
Round the youthful heir of Argyle  
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

Fairest of the rustic dancers,  
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,

Bends to him her snooded tresses.  
Treads with him the grassy floor.

Now he hears the pipes lamenting,  
Harpers for his mother mourn,  
Slow, with sable plume and pennon,  
To her cairn of burial borne.

Then anon his dreams are darker,  
Sounds of battle fill his ears,  
And the pibroch's mournful wailing  
For his father's fall he hears.

Wild Lochaber's mountain echoes  
Wail in concert for the dead,  
And Loch Awe's deep waters murmur  
For the Campbell's glory fled !

Fierce and strong the godless tyrants  
Trample the apostate land,  
While her poor and faithful remnant  
Wait for the Avenger's hand.

Once again at Inverary,  
Years of weary exile o'er,  
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,  
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

Once again to battle calling  
Sound the war-pipes through the glen,

And the court-yard of Dunstaffnage  
Rings with tread of arméd men.

All is lost ! The godless triumph,  
And the faithful ones and true  
From the scaffold and the prison  
Covenant with God anew.

On the darkness of his dreaming  
Great and sudden glory shone ;  
Over bonds and death victorious  
Stands he by the Father's throne !

From the radiant ranks of martyrs  
Notes of joy and praise he hears,  
Songs of his poor land's deliverance  
Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes ! but airs celestial  
Bathe him in immortal rest,  
And he sees with unsealed vision  
Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him  
As he leaves his prison door ;  
And to death as to a triumph  
Walks the great MacCallum More !

#### LINES

Written on the departure of Joseph Sturge,  
after his visit to the abolitionists of the United  
States.

FAIR islands of the sunny sea ! midst all  
rejoicing things,  
No more the wailing of the slave a wild  
discordance brings ;  
On the lifted brows of freemen the tropic  
breezes blow,  
The mildew of the bondman's toil the land  
no more shall know.

How swells from those green islands,  
where bird and leaf and flower  
Are praising in their own sweet way the  
dawn of freedom's hour,  
The glorious resurrection song from hearts  
rejoicing poured,  
Thanksgiving for the priceless gift, — man's  
regal crown restored !

How beautiful through all the green and  
tranquil summer land,

Uplifted, as by miracle, the solemn churches  
stand !

The grass is trodden from the paths where  
waiting freemen throng,  
Athirst and fainting for the cup of life de-  
nied so long.

Oh, blessed were the feet of him whose  
generous errand here  
Was to unloose the captive's chain and dry  
the mourner's tear ;  
To lift again the fallen ones a brother's  
robber hand  
Had left in pain and wretchedness by the  
waysides of the land.

The islands of the sea rejoice ; the harvest  
anthems rise ;  
The sower of the seed must own 't is mar-  
vellous in his eyes ;  
The old waste places are rebuilt, — the  
broken walls restored, —  
And the wilderness is blooming like the  
garden of the Lord !

Thanksgiving for the holy fruit ! should  
not the laborer rest,  
His earnest faith and works of love have  
been so richly blest ?  
The pride of all fair England shall her  
ocean islands be,  
And their peasantry with joyful hearts  
keep ceaseless jubilee.

Rest, never ! while his countrymen have  
trampled hearts to bleed,  
The stifled murmur of their wrongs his  
listening ear shall heed,  
Where England's far dependencies her  
*might*, not *mercy*, know,  
To all the crushed and suffering there his  
pitying love shall flow.

The friend of freedom everywhere, how  
mourns he for our land,  
The brand of whose hypocrisy burns on  
her guilty hand !  
Her thrift a theft, the robber's greed and  
cunning in her eye,  
Her glory shame, her flaunting flag on all  
the winds a lie !

For us with steady strength of heart and  
zeal forever true,

The champion of the island slave the conflict doth renew,  
His labor here hath been to point the Pharisai eye  
Away from empty creed and form to where the wounded lie.

How beautiful to us should seem the coming feet of such !  
Their garments of self-sacrifice have healing in their touch ;  
Their gospel mission none may doubt, for they heed the Master's call,  
Who here walked with the multitude, and sat at meat with all !

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

HE rests with the immortals ; his journey has been long :  
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pean full and strong !  
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,  
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the strife he passed ;  
The grandest hour of all his life was that of earth the last.  
Now midst his snowy hills of home to the grave they bear him down,  
The glory of his fourscore years resting on him like a crown.

The mourning of the many bells, the drooping flags, all seem like some dim, unreal pageant passing onward in a dream ;  
And following with the living to his last and narrow bed,  
Methinks I see a shadowy band, a train of noble dead.

"T is a strange and weird procession that is slowly moving on,  
The phantom patriots gathered to the funeral of their son !  
In shadowy guise they move along, brave Otis with hushed tread,  
And Warren walking reverently by the father of the dead.

Gliding foremost in the misty band a gentle form is there,  
In the white robes of the angels and their glory round her hair.  
She hovers near and bends above her world-wide honored child,  
And the joy that heaven alone can know beams on her features mild.

And so they bear him to his grave in the fulness of his years,  
True sage and prophet, leaving us in a time of many fears.  
Nevermore amid the darkness of our wild and evil day  
Shall his voice be heard to cheer us, shall his finger point the way.

## DR. KANE IN CUBA

A NOBLE life is in thy care,  
A sacred trust to thee is given ;  
Bright Island ! let thy healing air  
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life —  
The self-forgetting leader bold —  
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,  
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own  
Look dim with tears across the sea,  
Where from the dark and icy zone,  
Sweet Isle of Flowers ! he comes to thee

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime !  
Give back his wasted strength again ;  
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,  
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,  
From out the fragrant, flowery tree, —  
The ear that hears thee now has heard  
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,  
He saw the Bear in Northern skies ;  
Now, to the Southern Cross of light  
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched in fear  
When the dark North no answer gave,  
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,  
That still His love may help and save.

## LADY FRANKLIN

FOLD thy hands, thy work is over ;  
 Cool thy watching eyes with tears ;  
 Let thy poor heart, over-wearied,  
 Rest alike from hopes and fears, —

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision  
 One sad picture fading slow ;  
 Fears, that followed, vague and nameless,  
 Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,  
 Truest heart of woman, weep !  
 Owning still the love that granted  
 Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror  
 When, the long ice-battle o'er,  
 In the sunless day his comrades  
 Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,  
 Spared the fainting heart's despair,  
 What but that could mercy grant him ?  
 What but that has been thy prayer ?

Dear to thee that last memorial  
 From the cairn beside the sea ;  
 Evermore the month of roses  
 Shall be sacred time to thee.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree  
 O'er his slumbers may not wave ;  
 Sad it is the English daisy  
 May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter  
 Shape and fashion year by year,  
 Pile his mighty mausoleum,  
 Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal  
 Shall his stainless honor be,  
 While thy love, a sweet immortal,  
 Hovers o'er the winter sea.

## NIGHT AND DEATH

THE storm-wind is howling  
 Through old pines afar ;  
 The dear night is falling  
 Without moon or star.

The roused sea is lashing  
 The bold shore behind,  
 And the moan of its ebbing  
 Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,  
 A spec're, I pass  
 Where, like moaning of broken hearts  
 Surges the grass !

I see her lone head-stone, —  
 'T is white as a shroud ;  
 Like a pall hangs above it  
 The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night  
 And lull of the wind ?  
 'T is the sound of the pine-leaves  
 And sea-waves behind.

The dead girl is silent, —  
 I stand by her now ;  
 And her pulse beats no quicker,  
 Nor crimsons her brow.

The small hand that trembled,  
 When last in my own,  
 Lies patient and folded,  
 And colder than stone.

Like the white blossoms falling  
 To-night in the gale,  
 So she in her beauty  
 Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her ! I utter  
 Such words by her grave,  
 As I would not have spoken  
 Her last breath to save.

Of her love the angels  
 In heaven might tell,  
 While mine would be whispered  
 With shudders in hell !

'T was well that the white ones  
 Who bore her to bliss  
 Shut out from her new life  
 The vision of this ;

Else, sure as I stand here,  
 And speak of my love,  
 She would leave for my darkness  
 Her glory above.

## THE MEETING WATERS

CLOSE beside the meeting waters,  
Long I stood as in a dream,  
Watching how the little river  
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current  
Glide to the waiting sea ;  
On its breast serenely pictured  
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, " O human spirit !  
Strong and deep and pure and blest,  
Let the stream of my existence  
Blend with thine, and find its rest ! "

I could die as dies the river,  
In that current deep and wide ;  
I would live as live its waters,  
Flashing from a stronger tide !

## THE WEDDING VEIL

DEAR Anna, when I brought her veil,  
Her white veil, on her wedding night,  
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,  
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

" See, Bessie, see ! you wear at last  
The bridal veil, forsown for years ! "  
She saw my face, — her laugh was hushed,  
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand  
She drew away the gauzy mist ;  
" Forgive, dear heart ! " her sweet voice  
said :  
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching light ;  
The summer night was calm and fair :  
I did not see her pitying eyes,  
I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart ;  
Mid falling tears, at last I said,  
" Forsworn indeed to me that veil  
Because I only love the dead ! "

She stood one moment statue-still,  
And, musing, spake, in undertone,  
" The living love may colder grow ;  
The dead is safe with God alone ! "

## CHARITY

THE pilgrim and stranger who through the  
day  
Holds over the desert his trackless way,  
Where the terrible sands no shade have  
known,  
No sound of life save his camel's moan,  
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah  
to all,  
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's  
call :

*" Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of God, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait ! "*

For gifts in His name of food and rest  
The tents of Islam of God are blest ;  
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,  
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of  
Love ? —

O Christian ! open thy heart and door,  
Cry east and west to the wandering poor :  
*" Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait ! "*

## APPENDIX

### L EARLY AND UNCOLLECTED VERSES

I AM yielding to what seems, under the circumstances, almost a necessity, in adding to the pieces assigned for one reason or another to the limbo of an appendix, some of my very earliest attempts at verse, which have been kept alive in the newspapers for the last half century. A few of them have even been printed in book form without my consent, and greatly to my annoyance, with all their accumulated errors of the press added to their original defects and crudity. I suppose they should have died a natural death long ago, but their feline tenacity of life seems to contradict the theory of the "survival of the fittest." I have consented, at my publishers' request, to take the poor vagrants home and give them a more presentable appearance, in the hope that they may at least be of some interest to those who are curious enough to note the weak beginnings of the graduate of a small country district school, sixty years ago. That they met with some degree of favor at that time may be accounted for by the fact that the makers of verse were then few in number, with little competition in their unprofitable vocation, and that the standard of criticism was not discouragingly high.

The earliest of the author's verses that found their way into print were published in the Newburyport *Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, in 1826. [The poems here collected, with the exception of the last, were written during the years 1825-1833.]

#### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE

FOND scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,  
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu —  
A lasting adieu ! for now, dim in the distance,  
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.  
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,  
Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native land ;  
Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,  
The forest-crown'd hill and the water-wash'd strand.

I've fought for my country — I've brav'd all  
the dangers  
That throng round the path of the warrior in  
strife ;  
I now must depart to a nation of strangers,  
And pass in seclusion the remnant of life ;  
Far, far from the friends to my bosom most  
dear,  
With none to support me in peril and pain,  
And none but the stranger to drop the sad tear  
On the grave where the heart-broken Exile is  
lain.  
Friends of my youth ! I must leave you for-  
ever,  
And hasten to dwell in a region unknown : —  
Yet time cannot change, nor the broad ocean  
sever,  
Hearts firmly united and tried as our own.  
Ah, no ! though I wander, all sad and forlorn,  
In a far distant land, yet shall memory trace,  
When far o'er the ocean's white surges I'm  
borne,  
The scene of past pleasures, — my own native  
place.

Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of my fa-  
thers : —  
Once more, and forever, a mournful adieu !  
For round thy dim headlands the ocean-mist  
gathers,  
And shrouds the fair isle I no longer can view.  
I go — but wherever my footsteps I bend,  
For freedom and peace to my own native isle,  
And contentment and joy to each warm-hearted  
friend  
Shall be the heart's prayer of the lonely  
Exile !

#### THE DEITY

THE Prophet stood  
On the high mount, and saw the tempest cloud  
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reservoir  
Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,  
Torn from the earth, heaved high its roots  
where once  
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely  
form,  
Smote by the tempest, lashed the mountain's  
side.  
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the Seer  
Beheld the awful desolation, for  
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the storm.

**The tempest ceased.** The cavern'd earthquake burst  
 Forth from its prison, and the mountain rocked Even to its base. The topmost crags were thrown, With fearful crashing, down its shuddering sides. Unawed, the Prophet saw and heard; he felt Not in the earthquake moved the God of Heaven. The murmur died away; and from the height, Torn by the storm and shattered by the shock, Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame. Mighty and vast; the startled mountain deer Shrank from its glare, and cowered within the shade; The wild fowl shrieked — but even then the Seer Untrembling stood and marked the fearful glow, For Israel's God came not within the flame!

**The fiery beacon sank.** A still, small voice, Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart. Then bowed the holy man; his face he veiled Within his mantle — and in meekness owned The presence of his God, discerned not in The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame.

## THE VALE OF THE MERRIMAC

**THERE** are streams which are famous in history's story, Whose names are familiar to pen and to tongue, Renowned in the records of love and of glory, Where knighthood has ridden and minstrels have sung: — Fair streams thro' more populous regions are gliding, Tower, temple, and palace their borders adorning, With tall-masted ships on their broad bosoms riding, Their banners stretch'd out in the breezes of morning; And their vales may be lovely and pleasant — but never Was skiff ever wafted, or wav'd a white sail O'er a lovelier wave than my dear native river, Or brighter tides roll'd than in Merrimac's vale!

And fair streams may glide where the climate is milder, Where winter ne'er gathers and spring ever blooms, And others may roll where the region is wilder, Their dark waters hid in some forest's deep gloom, Where the thunder-scath'd peaks of Helvetia are frowning, And the Rhine's rapid waters encircle their bases,

Where the snows of long years are the hoary Alps crowning, And the tempest-charg'd vapor their tall tops embraces: — There sure might be fix'd, amid scenery so frightful, The region of romance and wild fairy-tale, — But such scenes could not be to my heart so delightful As the home of my fathers, — fair Merrimac's vale!

There are streams where the bounty of Providence musters The fairest of fruits by their warm sunny sides, The vine bending low with the grape's heavy clusters, And the orange-tree waving its fruit o'er their tides: — But I envy not him whose lot has been cast there, For oppression is there — and the hand of the spoiler, Regardless of justice or mercy, has past there, And made him a wretched and indigent toiler. No — dearer to me are the scenes of my childhood, The moss-cover'd bank and the breeze-wafted sail, The age-stinted oak and the green groves of wild-wood That wave round the borders of Merrimac's vale!

Oh, lovely the scene, when the gray misty vapor Of morning is lifted from Merrimac's shore; When the fire-fly, lighting his wild gleaming taper, Thy dimly seen lowlands comes glimmering o'er; When on the calm surface the moonbeam falls brightly, And the dull bird of night is his covert forsaking; When the whippoorwill's notes from thy margin sound lightly, And break on the sound which thy small waves are making, O brightest of visions! my heart shall forever, Till memory shall perish and reason shall fail, Still preference give to my own native river, The home of my fathers, and Merrimac's vale!

## BENEVOLENCE

HAIL, heavenly gift! within the human breast, Germ of unnumber'd virtues — by thy aid The fainting heart, with riving grief oppress, Survives the ruin adverse scenes have made: Woes that have wrung the bosom, cares that preyed Long on the spirit, are dissolv'd by thee — Misfortune's frown, despair's disastrous shade,

Ghastly disease, and pining poverty,  
Thy influence dread, and at thy approach they  
fee.

Thy spirit led th' immortal Howard on ;  
Nurtur'd by thee, on many a foreign shore  
Imperishable fame, by virtue won,  
Adorns his memory, tho' his course is o'er ;  
Thy animating smile his aspect wore,  
To cheer the sorrow-desolated soul,  
Compassion's balm in grief-worn hearts to pour,  
And snatch the prisoner from despair's con-  
trol,  
Steal half his woes away, and lighter make the  
whole.

Green be the sod on Cherson's honor'd field,  
Where wraps the turf around his mouldering  
clay ;  
There let the earth her choicest beauties yield,  
And there the breeze in gentlest murmurs  
play ;  
There let the widow and the orphan stray,  
To wet with tears their benefactor's tomb ;  
There let the rescued prisoner bend his way,  
And mourn o'er him, who in the dungeon's  
gloom  
Had sought him and averted misery's fearful  
doom.

His grave perfum'd with heartfelt sighs of  
grief,  
And moistened by the tear of gratitude, —  
Oh, how unlike the spot where war's grim chief  
Sinks on the field, in sanguine waves im-  
brued !  
Who mourns for him, whose footsteps can be  
viewed  
With reverential awe imprinted near  
The monument rear'd c'er the man of blood ?  
Or who waste on it sorrow's balmy tear ?  
None ! shame and misery rest alone upon his  
bier.

Offspring of heaven ! Benevolence, thy pow'r  
Bade Wilberforce its mighty champion be,  
And taught a Clarkson's ardent mind to soar  
O'er every obstacle, when serving thee : —  
Theirs was the task to set the sufferer free,  
To break the bonds which bound th' unwilling  
slave,  
To shed abroad the light of liberty,  
And leave to all the rights their Maker gave,  
To bid the world rejoice o'er hated slavery's  
grave.

Diffuse thy charms, Benevolence ! let thy light  
Pierce the dark clouds which ages past have  
thrown  
Before the beams of truth — and nature's right,  
Inborn, let every hardened tyrant own ;  
On our fair shore be thy mild presence known ;  
And every portion of Columbia's land  
Be as God's garden with thy blessings sown ;  
Yea, o'er Earth's regions let thy love expand  
Till all united are in friendship's sacred band !

Then in that hour of joy will be fulfilled  
The prophet's heart-consoling prophecy ;  
Then war's commotion shall on earth be stilled,  
And men their swords to other use apply ;  
Then Afric's injured sons no more shall try  
The bitterness of slavery's toil and pain,  
Nor pride nor love of gain direct the eye  
Of stern oppression to their homes again ;  
But peace, a lasting peace, throughout the  
world shall reign.

### OCEAN

UNFATHOMED deep, unfetter'd waste  
Of never-silent waves,  
Each by its rushing follower chas'd,  
Through unillum'd caves,  
And o'er the rocks whose turrets rude,  
E'en since the birth of time,  
Have heard amid thy solitude  
The billow's ceaseless chime.

O'er what recesses, depths unknown,  
Dost thou thy waves impel,  
Where never yet a sunbeam shone,  
Or gleam of moonlight fell ?  
For never yet did mortal eyes  
Thy gloom-wrapt deeps behold,  
And naught of thy dread mysteries  
The tongue of man hath told.

What, though proud man presume to hold  
His course upon thy tide,  
O'er thy dark billows uncontroll'd  
His fragil bark to guide —  
Yet who, upon thy mountain waves,  
Can feel himself secure  
While sweeping o'er thy yawning caves,  
Deep, awful, and obscure ?

But thou art mild and tranquil now —  
Thy wrathful spirits sleep,  
And gentle billows, calm and slow  
Across thy bosom sweep.  
Yet where the dim horizon's bound  
Rests on thy sparkling bed,  
The tempest-cloud, in gloom profound,  
Prepares its wrath to shed.

Thus, mild and calm in youth's bright bough  
The tide of life appears,  
When fancy paints, with magic spell,  
The bliss of coming years ;  
But clouds will rise, and darkness bring  
O'er life's deceitful way,  
And cruel disappointment fling  
Its shade on hope's dim ray.

### THE SICILIAN VESPEKS

SILENCE o'er sea and earth  
With the veil of evening fell,  
Till the convent-tower sent deeply forth  
The chime of its vesper bell.

One moment — and that solemn sound  
Fell heavy on the ear ;  
But a sterner echo passed around,  
And the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up,  
In the torchlight cold and dim ;  
And the priest let fall his incense-cup,  
And the virgin hushed her hymn,  
For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,  
And a summoning voice were heard,  
And fretted wall, and dungeon damp,  
To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,  
As he sat beside his hearth ;  
And the song and the dance were hushed around,  
With the fire-side tale of mirth.  
The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,  
As the sound of fear drew nigh,  
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,  
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe ! woe ! to the stranger, then,  
At the feast and flow of wine,  
In the red array of mailed men,  
Or bowed at the holy shrine ;  
For the wakened pride of an injured land  
Had burst its iron thrall,  
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band ;  
Woe ! woe ! to the sons of Gaul !

Proud beings fell that hour,  
With the young and passing fair,  
And the flame went up from dome and tower,  
The avenger's arm was there !  
The stranger priest at the altar stood,  
And clasped his beads in prayer,  
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood,  
The avenger found him there !

Woe ! woe ! to the sons of Gaul,  
To the surf and mailéd lord ;  
They were gathered darkly, one and all,  
To the harvest of the sword :  
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,  
Shone out o'er hill and glen,  
On ruined temple and smouldering pile,  
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,  
As its early glance came forth,  
It had no sympathy with the wild  
And terrible things of earth.  
And the man of blood that day might read,  
In a language freely given,  
How ill his dark and midnight deed  
Became the calm of Heaven.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

SPIRIT of the frozen North,  
Where the wave is chained and still,  
And the savage bear looks forth  
Nightly from his caverned hill !

Down from thy eternal throne,  
From thy land of cloud and storm,  
Where the meeting icebergs groan,  
Sweepeth on thy wrathful form.

Spirit of the frozen wing !  
Dweller of a voiceless clime,  
Where no coming on of spring  
Gilds the weary course of time !  
Monarch of a realm untrod  
By the restless feet of men,  
Where alone the hand of God  
'Mid his mighty works hath been !

Throned amid the ancient hills,  
Piled with undecaying snow,  
Flashing with the path of rills,  
Frozen in their first glad flow ;  
Thou hast seen the gloomy north,  
Gleaming with unearthly light,  
Spreading its pale banners forth,  
Checkered with the stars of night.

Thou hast gazed untroubled, where  
Giant forms of flame were driven,  
Like the spirits of the air,  
Striding up the vault of heaven !  
Thou hast seen that midnight glow,  
Hiding moon and star and sky,  
And the icy hills below  
Redeeming to the fearful dye.

Dark and desolate and lone,  
Curtained with the tempest-cloud,  
Drawn around thy ancient throne  
Like oblivion's moveless shroud,  
Dim and distantly the sun  
Glances on thy palace walls,  
But a shadow cold and dun  
Broods along its pillared halls.

Lord of sunless depths and cold !  
Chainer of the northern sea !  
At whose feet the storm is rolled,  
Who hath power to humble thee ?  
Spirit of the stormy north !  
Bow thee to thy Maker's nod ;  
Bend to him who sent thee forth,  
Servant of the living God.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE

CALMLY the night came down  
O'er Scylla's shatter'd walls ;  
How desolate that silent town !  
How tenantless the halls,  
Where yesterday her thousands trod,  
And princes graced their proud abode !

Low, on the wet sea sand,  
Humbled in anguish now,  
The despot, midst his menial band,  
Bent down his kingly brow ;  
And prince and peasant knelt in prayer,  
For grief had made them equal there.

Again as at the morn,  
The earthquake roll'd its car :  
Lowly the castle-towers were borne,  
That mock'd the storms of war ;  
The mountain reeled, its shiver'd brow  
Went down among the waves below.

Up rose the kneelers then,  
As the wave's rush was heard :  
The horror of those fated men  
Was uttered by no word.  
But closer still the mother prest  
The infant to her faithful breast.

One long, wild shriek went up,  
Full mighty in despair ;  
As bow'd to drink death's bitter cup,  
The thousands gathered there ;  
And man's strong wail and woman's cry  
Blent as the waters hurried by.

On swept the whelming sea ;  
The mountains felt its shock,  
As the long cry of agony  
Thrills thro' their towers of rock ;  
An echo round that fatal shore  
The death wail of the sufferers bore.

The morning sun shed forth  
Its light upon the scene,  
Where tower and palace strew'd the earth  
With wrecks of what had been.  
But of the thousands who were gone,  
No trace was left, no vestige shown.

#### JUDITH AT THE TENT OF HOLO- FERNES

NIGHT was down among the mountains,  
In her dim and quiet manner,  
Where Bethulia's silver fountains  
Gushed beneath the Assyrian banner.  
Moonlight, o'er her meek dominion,  
As a mighty flag unfurled,  
Like an angel's snowy pinion  
Resting on a darkened world !

Faintly rose the city's murmur,  
But the crowded camp was calm ;  
Girded in their battle armor,  
Each a falchion at his arm,  
Lordly chief and weary vassal  
In the arms of slumber fell ;  
It had been a day of wassail,  
And the wine had circled well.

Underneath his proud pavilion  
Lay Assyria's champion,  
Where the ruby's rich vermillion  
Shone beside the beryl-stone.  
With imperial purple laden,  
Breathing in the perfumed air,  
Dreams he of the Jewish maiden,  
With her dark and jewelled hair.

Who is she, the pale-browed stranger,  
Bending o'er that son of slaughter ?

God be with thee in thy danger,  
Israel's lone and peerless daughter !  
She hath bared her queenly beauty  
To the dark Assyrian's glance ;  
Now a high and sterner duty  
Bids her to his couch advance.

Beautiful and pale she bendeth  
In her earnest prayer to Heaven ;  
Look again, that maiden standeth  
In the strength her God has given !  
Strangely is her dark eye kindled,  
Hot blood through her cheek is poured ;  
Lo, her every fear hath dwindled,  
And her hand is on the sword !

Upward to the flashing curtain,  
See, that mighty blade is driven,  
And its fall ! — 'tis swift and certain  
As the cloud-fire's track in heaven !  
Down, as with a power supernal,  
Twice the lifted weapon fell ;  
Twice, his slumber is eternal —  
Who shall wake the infidel ?

Sunlight on the mountains streameth  
Like an air-borne wave of gold ;  
And Bethulia's armor gleameth  
Round Judea's banner-fold.  
Down they go, the mailed warriors,  
As the upper torrents sally,  
Headlong from their mountain-barriers  
Down upon the sleeping valley.

Rouse thee from thy couch, Assyrian !  
Dream no more of woman's smile ;  
Fiercer than the leaguered Tyrian,  
Or the dark-browed sons of Nile,  
Foes are on thy slumber breaking,  
Chieftain, to thy battle rise !  
Vain the call — he will not waken —  
Headless on his couch he lies.

Who hath dimmed your boasted glory ?  
What hath woman's weakness done ?  
Whose dark brow is up before ye,  
Blackening in the fierce-haired sun ?  
Lo ! an eye that never slumbers  
Looketh in its vengeance down ;  
And the thronged and mailed numbers  
Wither at Jehovah's frown !

#### METACOM

Metacomet, or Philip, the chief of the Wam-panoags, was the most powerful and sagacious Sachem who ever made war upon the English.

RED as the banner which enshrouds  
The warrior-dead, when strife is done,  
A broken mass of crimson clouds  
Hung over the departed sun.  
The shadow of the western hill  
Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,  
As if a sullen wave of night  
Were rushing on the pale twilight ;

The forest-openings grew more dim,  
As glimpses of the arching blue  
And waking stars came softly through  
The rifts of many a giant limb.  
Above the wet and tangled swamp  
White vapors gathered thick and damp,  
And through their cloudy curtaining  
Flapped many a brown and dusky wing —  
Pinions that fan the moonless dun,  
But fold them at the rising sun !

Beneath the closing veil of night,  
And leafy bough and curling fog,  
With his few warriors ranged in sight —  
Scarred relic of his latest fight —  
Rested the fiery Wampanoag.  
He leaned upon his loaded gun,  
Warm with its recent work of death,  
And, save the struggling of his breath,  
That, slow and hard and long-repressed,  
Shook the damp folds around his breast,  
An eye that was unused to scan  
The sterner moods of that dark man  
Had deemed his tall and silent form  
With hidden passion fierce and warm,  
With that fixed eye, as still and dark  
As clouds which veil their lightning spark,  
That of some forest-champion,  
Whom sudden death had passed upon —  
A giant frozen into stone !  
Son of the throned Sachem ! — Thou,  
The sternest of the forest kings, —  
Shall the scorned pale-one trample now,  
Unambushed on thy mountain's brow,  
Yea, drive his vile and hated plough  
Among thy nation's holy things,  
Crushing the warrior-skeleton  
In scorn beneath his arméd heel,  
And not a hand be left to deal  
A kindred vengeance fiercely back,  
And cross in blood the Spoiler's track ?

He turned him to his trustiest one,  
The old and war-tried Annawon —  
"Brother ! " — The favored warrior stood  
In hushed and listening attitude —  
"This night the Vision-Spirit hath  
Unrolled the scroll of fate before me ;  
And ere the sunrise cometh, Death  
Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me !  
Nay, start not — well I know thy faith —  
Thy weapon now may keep its sheath ;  
But, when the boleful morning breaks,  
And the green forest widely wakes  
Unto the roar of English thunder,  
Then trusted brother, be it thine  
To burst upon the foeman's line,  
And rend his serried strength asunder.  
Perchance thyself and yet a few  
Of faithful ones may struggle through,  
And, rallying on the wooded plain,  
Strike deep for vengeance once again,  
And offer up in pale-face blood  
An offering to the Indian's God."

A musket shot — a sharp, quick yell —  
And then the stifled groan of pain,

Told that another red man fell, —  
And blazed a sudden light again  
Across that kingly brow and eye,  
Like lightning on a clouded sky, —  
And a low growl, like that which thrills  
The hunter of the Eastern hills,  
Burst through clenched teeth and rigid lip —  
And, when the great chief spoke again  
His deep voice shook beneath its rein,  
As wrath and grief held fellowship.

" Brother ! methought when as but now  
I pondered on my nation's wrong,  
With sadness on his shadowy brow  
My father's spirit passed along !  
He pointed to the far south-west,  
Where sunset's gold was growing dim,  
And seemed to beckon me to him,  
And to the forests of the blest ! —  
My father loved the white men, when  
They were but children, shelterless,  
For his great spirit at distress  
Melted to woman's tenderness —  
Nor was it given him to know  
That children whom he cherished then  
Would rise at length, like arméd men,  
To work his people's overthrow.  
Yet thus it is ; — the God before  
Whose awful shrine the pale ones bow  
Hath frowned upon, and given o'er  
The red man to the stranger now !  
A few more moons, and there will be  
No gathering to the council tree ;  
The scorched earth — the blackened log —  
The naked bones of warriors slain,  
Be the sole relics which remain  
Of the once mighty Wampanoag !  
The forests of our hunting-land,  
With all their old and solemn green,  
Will bow before the Spoiler's axe —  
The plough displace the hunter's tracks,  
And the tall prayer-house steeple stand  
Where the Great Spirit's shrine hath been

" Yet, brother, from this awful hour  
The dying curse of Metacomet  
Shall linger with abiding power  
Upon the spoilers of my home.  
The fearful veil of things to come,  
By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from  
The shadows of the embryo years ;  
And I can see more clearly through  
Than ever visioned Powwow did,  
For all the future comes unbid  
Yet welcome to my trancéd view,  
As battle-yell to warrior-ears !  
From stream and lake and hunting-hill  
Our tribes may vanish like a dream,  
And even my dark curse may seem  
Like idle winds when Heaven is still,  
No bodeful harbinger of ill ;  
But, fiercer than the downright thunder,  
When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,  
And riven pine and knotted oak  
Are reeling to the fearful stroke,  
That curse shall work its master's will !  
The bed of yon blue mountain stream

Shall pour a darker tide than rain —  
The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,  
And broadly on its banks shall gleam  
The steel of those who should be brothers ;  
Yea, those whom one fond parent nursed  
Shall meet in strife, like fiends accused,  
And trample down the once loved form,  
While yet with breathing passion warm,  
As fiercely as they would another's !"

The morning star sat dimly on  
The lighted eastern horizon —  
The deadly glare of levelled gun  
Came streaking through the twilight haze  
And naked to its reddest blaze,  
A hundred warriors sprang in view ;  
One dark red arm was tossed on high,  
One giant shout came hoarsely through  
The clangor and the charging cry,  
Just as across the scattering gloom,  
Red as the naked hand of Doom,  
The English volley hurtled by —  
The arm — the voice of Metacomet ! —  
One piercing shriek — one vengeful yell,  
Sent like an arrow to the sky,  
Told when the hunter-monarch fell !

#### MOUNT AGIOCHOOK

The Indians supposed the White Mountains  
were the residence of powerful spirits, and in  
consequence rarely ascended them.

GRAY searcher of the upper air,  
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls,  
A crown upon thy forehead bare,  
A flash upon thy waterfalls,  
A rainbow glory in the cloud  
Upon thine awful summit bowed,  
The radiant ghost of a dead storm !  
And music from the leafy shroud  
Which swathes in green thy giant form,  
Mellowed and softened from above  
Steals downward to the lowland ear.  
Sweet as the first, fond dream of love  
That melts upon the maiden's ear.

The time has been, white giant, when  
Thy shadows veiled the red man's home,  
And over crag and serpent den,  
And wild gorge where the steps of men  
In chase or battle might not come,  
The mountain eagle bore on high  
The emblem of the free of soul,  
And, midway in the fearful sky,  
Sent back the Indian battle cry,  
And answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out,  
The moccasin has left no track ;  
Nor wolf nor panther roam about  
The Saco and the Merrimac.  
And thou, that liftest up on high  
Thy mighty barriers to the sky,  
Art not the haunted mount of old,  
Where on each crag of blasted stone

Some dreadful spirit found his throne,  
And hid within the thick cloud fold,  
Heard only in the thunder's crash,  
Seen only in the lightning's flash,  
When crumbled rock and riven branch  
Went down before the avalanche !

No more that spirit moveth there ;  
The dwellers of the vale are dead ;  
No hunter's arrow cleaves the air ;  
No dry leaf rustles to his tread.  
The pale-face climbs thy tallest rock,  
His hands thy crystal gates unlock ;  
From steep to steep his maidens call,  
Light laughing, like the streams that fall  
In music down thy rocky wall,  
And only when their careless tread  
Lays bare an Indian arrow-head,  
Spent and forgetful of the deer,  
Think of the race that perished here.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,  
Gray altar of the men of old !  
Not vainly to the listening ear  
The legends of thy past are told, —  
Tales of the downward sweeping flood,  
When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,  
Of armed hands, and spectral forms ;  
Of giants in their leafy shroud,  
And voices calling long and loud  
In the dread pauses of thy storms.  
For still within their caverned home  
Dwell the strange gods of heathendom !

#### THE DRUNKARD TO HIS BOTTLE

I was thinking of the temperance lyrics the  
great poet of Scotland might have written had  
he put his name to a pledge of abstinence, a  
thing unhappily unknown in his day. The  
result of my cogitation was this poor imitation  
of his dialect.

Hoot ! — daur ye shaw ye're face again,  
Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain ?  
For foul disgrace, for dool an' pain  
An' shame I ban ye :  
Wae's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en  
Your kiss uncanny !

Nae mair, auld knave, without a shillin'  
To keep a starvin' wight frae stealin'  
Ye'll sen' me hameward, blin' and reelin',  
Frae nightly swagger,  
By wall an' post my pathway feelin',  
Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,  
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,  
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle,  
Wi' frien' an' wife too,  
Nae mair o' deavin' din an' jangle  
My feckless life through.

Ye thievin', cheatin' auld Cheap Jack,  
Pedlin' your poison brose, I crack

Your banes against my ingle-back  
Wi' meikle pleasure.  
Deil meud ye i' his workshop black,  
E'en at his leisure !

I'll brak ye're neck, ye foul auld sinner,  
I'll spill ye're bluid, ye vile beginner  
O' a' the ill an' aches that winna  
Quat saul an' body !  
Gie me hale breeks an' weel-spread dinner —  
Deil tak' ye're toddy !

Nae mair wi' witches' broo gane gyte,  
Gie me ance mair the auld delight  
O' sittin' wi' my bairns in sight,  
The gude wife near,  
The weel-spent day, the peacefu' night,  
The mornin' cheer !

Cock a' ye're heids, my bairns fu' gleg,  
My winsome Robin, Jean, an' Meg,  
For food and claes ye shall na beg  
A doited daddie.  
Dance, auld wife, on your girl-day leg,  
Ye've foun' your laddie !

## THE FAIR QUAKERESS

SHE was a fair young girl, yet on her brow  
No pale pearl shone, a blemish on the pure  
And snowy lustre of its living light,  
No radiant gem shone beautifully through  
The shadowing of her tresses, as a star  
Through the dark sky of midnight ; and no  
wreath  
Of coral circled on her queenly neck,  
In mockery of the glowing cheek and lip,  
Whose hue the fairy guardian of the flowers  
Might never rival when her delicate touch  
Inges the rose of springtime.

Unadorned,  
Save by her youthful charms, and with a garb  
Simple as Nature's self, why turn to her  
The proud and gifted, and the versed in all  
The pageantry of fashion ?

She hath not  
Moved down the dance to music, when the hall  
Is lighted up like sunshine, and the thrill  
Of the light viol and the mellow flute,  
And the deep tones of manhood, softened down  
To very music melt upon the ear. —  
She has not mingled with the hollow world  
Nor tampered with its mockeries, until all  
The delicate perceptions of the heart,  
The innate modesty, the watchful sense  
Of maiden dignity, are lost within  
The maze of fashion and the din of crowds.

Yet Beauty hath its homage. Kings have  
bowed  
From the tall majesty of ancient thrones  
With a prostrated knee, yea, cast aside  
The awfulness of time-created power

For the regardful glances of a child.  
Yea, the high ones and powerful of Earth,  
The heimel sons of victory, the grave  
And schooled philosophers, the giant men  
Of overwhelming intellect, have turned  
Each from the separate idol of his high  
And vehement ambition for the low  
Idolatry of human loveliness ;  
And bartered the sublimity of mind,  
The godlike and commanding intellect  
Which nations knelt to, for a woman's tear,  
A soft-toned answer, or a wanton's smile.

And in the chastened beauty of that eye,  
And in the beautiful play of that red lip,  
And in the quiet smile, and in the voice  
Sweet as the tuneful greeting of a bird  
To the first flowers of springtime, there is more  
Than the perfection of the painter's skill  
Or statuary's moulding. *Mind* is there,  
The pure and holy attributes of soul,  
The seal of virtue, the exceeding grace  
Of meekness blended with a maiden pride ;  
Nor deem ye that beneath the gentle smile,  
And the calm temper of a chastened mind  
No warmth of passion kindles, and no tide  
Of quick and earnest feeling courses on  
From the warm heart's pulsations. There are  
springs

Of deep and pure affection, hidden now,  
Within that quiet bosom, which but wait  
The thrilling of some kindly touch, to flow  
Like waters from the Desert-rock of old.

## BOLIVAR

A DIRGE is wailing from the Gulf of storm-  
vexed Mexico,  
To where through Pampas' solitudes the mighty  
rivers flow ;  
The dark Sierras hear the sound, and from each  
mountain rift,  
Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful sum-  
mits lift,  
Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon  
heaven,  
And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper  
sky has riven ;  
From mount to mount, from wave to wave, a  
wild and long lament,  
A sob that shakes like her earthquakes the  
startled continent !

A light dies out, a life is sped — the hero's at  
whose word  
The nations started as from sleep, and girded  
on the sword ;  
The victor of a hundred fields where blood was  
poured like rain,  
And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled down  
the hosts of Spain,  
The eagle soul on Junin's slope who showed his  
shouting men  
A grander sight than Balboa saw from wave-  
washed Darien,

As from the snows with battle red died out the sinking sun,  
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world for freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with banners o'er him thrown,  
With trumpets in his failing ear, by charging squadrons blown,  
With scattered foemen flying fast and fearfully before him,  
With shouts of triumph swelling round and brave men bending o'er him?  
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council hall,  
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the inevitable call.  
Alone he perished in the land he saved from slavery's ban,  
Malign'd and doubted and denied, a broken-hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above the fallen chief,  
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet with tears of grief!  
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friendship hatred grown,  
Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priestly mass atone?  
Better to leave unmourned the dead than wrong men while they live;  
What if the strong man failed or erred, could not his own forgive?  
O people freed by him, repent above your hero's bier:  
The sole resource of late remorse is now his tomb to rear!

#### ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA

Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.

MIDST the palace bowers of Hungary, imperial Presburg's pride,  
With the noble born and beautiful assembled at her side,  
She stood beneath the summer heavens, the soft wind sighing on,  
Stirring the green and arching boughs like dancers in the sun.  
The beautiful pomegranate flower, the snowy orange bloom,  
The lotus and the trailing vine, the rose's meek perfume,

The willow crossing with its green some statue's marble hair,  
All that might charm the fresh young sense, or light the soul, was there!

But she, a monarch's treasured care, leaned gloomily apart,  
With her dark eyes tearfully cast down; and a shadow on her heart.  
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath she known?  
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own?  
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or tower?  
The wisest in the council-hall, the gayest in the bower?  
Is not his love as full and deep as his own Danube's tide?  
And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jewelled hand, and flung her veiling tresses back,  
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black.  
A tear fell on the orange leaves, rich gem and mimic blossom,  
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing bosom.  
"Smile on, smile on," she murmured low,  
"for all is joy around,  
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs,  
and blossomed ground.  
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile,  
when nature's smile is fair,  
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air.

"But ask me not to share with you the beauty of the scene,  
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and breadth of tender green;  
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun,  
I know how very fair is all the hand of God has done.  
The hills, the sky, the sunlit cloud, the waters leaping forth,  
The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green robes of earth,--  
I love them well, but I have learned to turn aside from all,  
And nevermore my heart must own their sweet but fatal thrall.

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,  
And closer to my breaking heart his princely image wear,  
And I could love our sweet young flower, unfolding day by day,  
And taste of that unearthly joy which mothers only may,  
But what am I to cling to these? — A voice is in my ear,

A shadow lingers at my side, the death-wail  
and the bier!  
The cold and starless night of Death where  
day may never beam,  
The silence and forgetfulness, the sleep that  
hath no dream!

"O God, to leave this fair bright world, and  
more than all to know  
The moment when the Spectral One shall  
strike his fearful blow;  
To know the day, the very hour, to feel the  
tide roll on,  
To shudder at the gloom before and weep the  
sunshine gone;  
To count the days, the few short days, of light  
and love and breath  
Between me and the noisome grave, the voice-  
less home of death!  
Alas! — if feeling, knowing this, I murmur at  
my doom,  
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend dark-  
ness to the tomb.

"Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled  
amidst the chill  
Remembrance of my certain doom which lingers  
with me still;  
I would not cloud my fair child's brow, nor let  
a tear-drop dim  
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it  
should sadden him;  
But there are moments when the strength of  
feeling must have way;  
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor  
love can stay.  
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones! Your  
sun of joy is high:  
Smile on, and leave the doomed of Heaven  
alone to weep and die!"

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's  
holy pile,  
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along  
the aisle;  
The drooping flags of many lands waved slow  
above the dead,  
A mighty band of mourners came, a king was  
at its head, —  
A youthful king, with mournful tread, and  
dim and tearful eye;  
He scarce had dreamed that one so pure as his  
fair bride could die.  
And sad and long above the throng the funeral  
anthem rung:  
"Mourn for the hope of Austria! Mourn for  
the loved and young!"

The wail went up from other lands, the valleys  
of the Hun,  
Fair Parma with its orange bowers, and hills of  
vine and sun:  
The lilies of imperial France drooped as the  
sound went by,  
The long lament of cloistered Spain was min-  
gled with the cry.

The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak at  
his cave,  
The bowed at the Escurial, the Magyar stoutly  
brave,  
All wept the early stricken flower; and still  
the anthem rung:  
"Mourn for the pride of Austria! Mourn for  
the loved and young!"

## THE FRATRICIDE

HE stood on the brow of the well-known hill,  
Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still;  
The last of that forest which cast the gloom  
Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home;  
And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
With its quivering leaves, and its streams at  
play,  
And the sunshine over it all the while  
Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,  
And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,  
And the delicate stream which crept beneath  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath;  
And the flowers which lean'd to the West  
wind's sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by;  
And he knew every valley and wooded swell,  
For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,  
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of  
stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sunlight  
thrown?  
What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,  
And the great owl sat on the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's  
eye,  
As if a spectre were stealing by,  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old  
man?  
His childhood's home, and his father's toil,  
And his sister's kiss, and his mother's smile,  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,  
At the village school and the winter hearth;  
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly fiel and the midnight flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpsless dead,

Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,  
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm —  
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,  
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm  
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,  
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling  
breath,  
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could  
feel  
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel !

And the old man groan'd — for he saw, again,  
The mangled corsse of his kinsman slain,  
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen !  
And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,  
And pointed its bloodied finger at him !  
And his heart grew cold — and the curse of  
Cain  
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise  
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies ?  
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient  
wood,  
It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
And glared by night through the wigwam door ;  
And here, on his own familiar hill,  
It rose on his haunted vision still !

Whose corsse was that which the morrow's  
sun,  
Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly  
on ?  
There were those who bent o'er that rigid face  
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
The features of him who, a traitor, fled  
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,  
And there, on the spot where he strangely died,  
They made the grave of the Fratricide !

## ISABEL

I DO not love thee, Isabel, and yet thou art  
most fair !  
I know the tempting of thy lips, the witchcraft  
of thy hair,  
The winsome smile that might beguile the shy  
bird from his tree ;  
But from their spell I know so well, I shake my  
manhood free.

I might have loved thee, Isabel ; I know I  
should if aught  
Of all thy words and ways had told of one un-  
selfish thought ;  
If through the cloud of fashion, the pictured  
veil of art,  
One casual flash had broken warm, earnest  
from the heart

But words are idle, Isabel, and if I praise or  
blame,  
Or cheer or warn, it matters not ; thy life will  
be the same ;  
Still free to use, and still abuse, unmindful of  
the harm,  
The fatal gift of beauty, the power to choose  
and charm.

Then go thy way, fair Isabel, nor heed that  
from thy train  
A doubtful follower falls away, enough will still  
remain.  
But what the long-rebuking years may bring to  
them or thee  
No prophet and no prophet's son am I to guess  
or see.

I do not love thee, Isabel ; I would as soon put  
on  
A crown of slender frost-work beneath the  
heated sun,  
Or chase the winds of summer, or trust the  
sleeping sea,  
Or lean upon a shadow as think of loving thee.

## STANZAS

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun !  
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian  
stone ;  
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreath  
ingcurls.

Smile, for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,  
And the face of an angel is meeting thine  
own !  
Beautiful creature, I marvel not  
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught ;  
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told  
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away, there is danger here !  
A terrible phantom is bending near :  
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye  
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully,  
With no human look, with no human breath,  
He stands beside thee, the haunter, Death !

Fly ! but, alas ! he will follow still,  
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will ;  
In thy noonday walk, in thy midnight sleep,  
Close at thy hand will that phantom keep ;  
Still in thine ear shall his whispers be ;  
Woe, that such phantom should follow thee !

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro ;  
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless  
white,  
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight ;  
And not one star in the holy sky  
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye !

Oh, then, even then, he will follow thee,  
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;  
In the soften'd light, in the turning dance,  
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance;  
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,  
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
While thy soul is open as thy brow;  
While thy heart is fresh, while its feelings still  
Gush clear as the unsol'd mountain-rill;  
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,  
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,  
When the bud shall wither before its bloom;  
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness  
And changeful fashion of human bliss;  
When the weary torpor of blighted feeling  
Over thy heart as ice is stealing;

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,  
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's love;  
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirr'd,  
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Then will that phantom of darkness be  
Gladness, and promise, and bliss to thee.

#### MOGG MEGONE

This poem was commenced in 1830, but did not assume its present shape until four years after. It deals with the border strife of the early settlers of eastern New England and their savage neighbors; but its personages and incidents are mainly fictitious. Looking at it, at the present time, it suggests the idea of a big Indian in his war-paint strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid.

#### PART I

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on  
high,  
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone ?  
Close to the verge of the rock is he,  
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,  
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea.  
And slow through the rock its pathway hewing !  
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,  
Which rises up like an incense ever,  
The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
With water howling and vexed between,  
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath  
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth !  
  
But Mogg Megone never trembled yet  
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
He is watchful: each form in the moonlight  
dim,  
Of rock or of tree, is seen of him :

He listens; each sound from afar is caught,  
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,  
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet,—  
And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked root  
Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow  
His head is bare, save only where  
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
Reserved for him, who'ev he be,  
More mighty than Megone in strife,  
When breast to breast and knee to knee,  
Above the fallen warrior's life  
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and gun,  
And his gaudy and tasseled blanket on :  
His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
And magic words on its polished blade,—  
'T was the gift of Castine to Mogg Megone,  
For a scalp or twain from the Yengees torn :  
His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
And Modocawando's wives had strung  
The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine  
On the polished breech, and broad bright line  
Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone ? His foes are near,—  
Grey Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping,  
And the garrison lights are burning clear,  
Where Phillips' men their watch are keeping.  
Let him him away through the dank river fog,  
Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the rocks,  
For the eyes and the ears which are watching  
for Mogg  
Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts, — there's a rustle among the leaves :  
Another, — the click of his gun is heard !  
A footstep, — is it the step of Cleaves,  
With Indian blood on his English sword ?  
Steals Harmon down from the sands of York,  
With hand of iron and foot of cork ?  
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,  
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle ?  
Hark ! at that whistle, soft and low,  
How lights the eye of Mogg Megone !  
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow, —  
"Boon welcome, Johnny Boniton !"

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
And quick, keen glances to and fro,  
The hunted outlaw, Boniton !  
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,  
With blanket-garb and busked knee,  
And naught of English fashion on ;  
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,  
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.  
  
"Hush, — let the Sachem's voice be weak ;  
The water-rat shall hear him speak, —

The owl shall whoop in the white man's ear,  
That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is here ! ”  
He pauses, — dark, over cheek and brow,  
A flush, as of shame, is stealing now :  
“ Sachem ! ” he says, “ let me have the land,  
Which stretches away upon either hand,  
As far about as my feet can stray  
In the half of a gentle summer's day,  
From the leaping brook to the Saco river, —  
And the fair-haired girl thou hast sought of  
me  
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be  
The wife of Mogg Megone forever.”

There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance,  
A moment's trace of powerful feeling,  
Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
“ The words of my father are very good ;  
He shall have the land, and water, and wood ;  
And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone ;  
But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep on my  
breast,  
And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my  
nest.”

“ But, father ! ” — and the Indian's hand  
Falls gently on the white man's arm,  
And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
As the deep voice is slow and calm, —  
“ Where is my father's singing-bird, —  
The sunny eye, and sunset hair ?  
I know I have my father's word  
And that his word is good and fair ;  
But will my father tell me where  
Megone shall go and look for his bride ? —  
For he sees her not by her father's side.”

The dark, stern eye of Boniton  
Flashed over the features of Mogg Megone,  
In one of those glances which search within ;  
But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
Remains, where the trace of emotion has been.  
“ Does the Sachem doubt ? Let him go with  
me,  
And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see.”

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
The twain are stealing through the wood,  
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
Whose deep and solemn roar behind  
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark ! — is that the angry howl  
Of the wolf, the hills among ? —  
Or the hooting of the owl,  
On his leafy cradle swung ? —  
Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
Listening to each sound they go  
Round the columns of the pine,  
Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
Like some old and pillared shrine ;  
With the soft and white moonshine,  
Round the foliage-tracery shed  
Of each column's branching head,

For its lamps of worship gleaming !  
And the sounds awakened there,  
In the pine-leaves fine and small,  
Soft and sweetly musical,  
By the fingers of the air,  
For the anthem's dying fall,  
Lingering round some temple's wall !  
Niche and cornice round and round  
Wailing like the ghost of sound !  
Is not Nature's worship thus,  
Ceaseless ever, going on ?  
Hath it not a voice for us  
In the thunder, or the tone  
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,  
Speaking to the unsealed ear  
Words of blended love and fear.  
Of the mighty Soul of all ?

Naught had the twain of thoughts like these  
As they wound along through the crowded trees,  
Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked  
oak ;  
Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
Turning aside the wild grapevine,  
And lightly crossing the quaking bog,  
Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,  
And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
Creeps into the chill moonshine !

Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard  
The preaching of the Holy Word :  
Sanctekantacket's isle of sand  
Was once his father's hunting land,  
Where zealous Hiaccomes stood, —  
The wild apostle of the wood,  
Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
And trampled on the Powwow's charm ;  
Until the wizard's curses hung  
Suspended on his palsying tongue,  
And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
Trembled before the forest Paul !

A cottage hidden in the wood, —  
Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
A narrow lustre throwing.  
“ Who's there ? ” a clear, firm voice demands,  
“ Hold, Ruth, — 't is I, the Sagamore ! ”  
Quick, at the summons, hasty hands  
Unclose the bolted door ;  
And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
Like some young priestess of the wood.  
The freeborn child of Solitude,  
And bearing still the wild and rude,  
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain  
More from the sunshine than the rain ;  
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
A pure white brow into light is starting ;  
And, where the folds of her blanket sever,  
Are neck and a bosom as white as ever  
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.

But in the convulsive quiver and grip  
Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
There is something painful and sad to see ;  
And her eye has a glance more sternly wild  
Than even that of a forest child

In its fearless and untam'd freedom should  
be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,  
As freely and smiling she welcomes them  
there, —

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone :  
"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare ?  
And, Sachem, say, — does Scamman wear,  
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own ?"  
Hurried and light is the maddog's tone ;  
But a fearful meaning lurks within  
Her glance, as it questions the eye of Me-  
gone, —

An awful meaning of guilt and sin ! —  
The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there  
Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair !  
With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath,  
She meets that ghastly sign of death.  
In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
Had power to change at sight alone,  
Even as the fearful locks which wound  
Medusa's fatal forehead round,  
The gazer into stone.  
With such a look Herodias read  
The features of the bleeding head,  
So looked the mad Moor on his dead,  
Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
O'er-dabbled with a father's blood !

Look ! — feeling melts that frozen glance,  
It moves that marble countenance,  
As if at once within her strove  
Pity with shame, and hate with love.  
The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
Old memories rise before her brain, —  
The lips which love's embraces met,  
The hand her tears of parting wet,  
The voice whose pleading tones beguiled  
The pleased ear of the forest-child, —  
And tears she may no more repress  
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh, woman wronged can cherish hate  
More deep and dark than manhood may ;  
But when the mockery of Fate

Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
And the fell curse, which years have nursed,  
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst, —  
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain, —  
Still lingers something of the spell

Which bound her to the traitor's bosom, —  
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Boniton's eyebrows together are drawn  
With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn, —  
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware !  
Is this the time to be playing the fool, —

Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
Like a love-sick girl at school ? —  
Curse on it ! — an Indian can see and hear ;  
Away, — and prepare our evening cheer !"

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
Her tearful eye and her varying brow, —  
With a serpent eye, which kindles and burns,  
Like a fiery star in the upper air :  
On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns : —  
"Has my old white father a scalp to spare ?  
For his young one loves the pale brown hair  
Of the scalp of an English dog far more  
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor ;  
Go, — Mogg is wise : he will keep his land, —  
And Sagamore John, when he feels with his  
hand,  
Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone, —  
The lip is clenched, — the tears are still, —  
God pity thee, Ruth Boniton !

With what a strength of will  
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
As with an iron hand, repressed !  
And how, upon that nameless woe,  
Quick as the pulse can come and go,  
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet  
The bosom heaves, — the eye is wet, —  
Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
The heart's wild current on its way ?

And whence that baleful strength of guile,  
Which over that still working brow  
And tearful eye and cheek can throw

The mockery of a smile ?  
Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
With one strong effort crushing down  
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
And scarcely look or tone betrays  
How the heart strives beneath its chain.

"Is the Sachem angry, — angry with Ruth,  
Because she cries with an ache in her tooth, —  
Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry,  
And look about with a woman's eye ?  
No, — Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door  
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
And weave his wampum, and grind his corn, —  
For she loves the brave and the wise, and none  
Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone !"

The Indian's brow is clear once more :  
With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,  
He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
And watches Ruth go by,  
Intent upon her household care ;  
And ever and anon, the while,  
Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone ! — what dreams are thine,  
But those which love's own fancies dress, —  
The sum of Indian happiness ! —

A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
Looks in among the groves of pine, —  
A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
The trout and salmon dart in view,  
And the fair girl, before thee now,  
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,  
Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
Thy birchen dish of hominy !

From the rude board of Boniton,  
Venison and succotash have gone, —  
For long these dwellers of the wood  
Have felt the gnawing want of food.  
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer, —  
With head averted, yet ready ear,  
She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire  
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,  
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,  
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Boniton's hunting flask  
The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone :  
" Will the Sachem hear what his father shall  
ask ?

Will he make his mark, that it may be known,  
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,  
From the Sachem's own, to his father's hand ? "

The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,

As he rises, the white man's bidding to do :  
" Wuttamuttata — weekan ! Mogg is wise, —

For the water he drinks is strong and new,  
Mogg's heart is great ! — will he shut his hand,  
When his father asks for a little land ? " —

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
On the parchment the shape of a hunter's  
bow,

" Boon water, — boon water, — Sagamore John !  
Wuttamuttata, — weekan ! our hearts will  
grow ! "

He drinks yet deeper, — he mutters low, —  
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro, —  
His head falls down on his naked breast, —  
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

" Hump — drunk as a beast ! " — and Boni-  
ton's brow

Is darker than ever with evil thought —

" The fool has signed his warrant ; but how  
And when shall the deed be wrought ?  
Speak, Ruth ! why, what the devil is there,  
To fix thy gaze in that empty air ? —  
Speak, Ruth ! by my soul, if I thought that tear  
Which shames thyself and our purpose here,  
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,  
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,

And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping ;  
This — this ! " — he dashes his hand upon

The rattling stock of his loaded gun, —

" Should send thee with him to do thy weep-  
ing ! "

" Father ! " — the eye of Boniton  
Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,

Hollow and deep, as it were spoken  
By the unmoving tongue of death, —  
Or from some statue's lips had broken.

A sound without a breath !

" Father ! — my life I value less  
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress ;  
And how it ends it matters not,  
By heart-break or by rifle-shot ;  
But spare awhile the scoff and threat, —  
Our business is not finished yet."

" True, true, my girl, — I only meant  
To draw up again the bow unbent,  
Harm thee, my Ruth ! I only sought  
To frighten off thy gloomy thought ;  
Come, — let's be friends ! " He seeks to clasp  
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.  
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
Instinctively, the touch of guilt  
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg :  
" What shall be done with yonder dog ?  
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine, —  
The deed is signed and the land is mine ;  
And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,  
'T were Christian mercy to finish him, Ruth,  
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor, —  
If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
Rather than let the poor dog awake  
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
Such a forest devil to run by his side, —  
Such a Wetuomanit as thou wou'dst make ! "

He laughs at his jest. Hush — what is there ? —

The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes ! —  
" Wagh ! — Mogg will have the pale-face's hair,  
For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help  
The hair to pull and the skin to peel, —  
Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,  
The great Captain Scamman must lose his  
scalp !

And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with  
Mogg."

His eyes are fixed, — but his lips draw in, —  
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin, —  
And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak, — she does not stir ;  
But she gazes down on the murderer,  
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell  
Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.  
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
And the dark fingers clutching the bearskin  
bed !

What thoughts of horror and madness whirl  
Through the burning brain of that fallen girl !

John Boniton lifts his gun to his eye,

Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear, —  
But he drops it again. " Some one may be  
nigh,  
And I would not that even the wolves should  
hear."

He draws his knife from his deer-skin belt, —  
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt ; —  
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's  
side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket wide ;  
And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.

“I cannot,” — he mutters, — “ did he not save  
My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
When the storm came down from Agiochook,  
And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops  
shook,

And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,  
Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,  
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep !  
I cannot strike him — Ruth Boniton !

In the Devil's name, tell me — what's to be  
done ? ”

Oh, when the soul, once pure and high,  
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
As, with the downcast star of morn,  
Some gems of light are with it drawn,  
And, through its night of darkness, play  
Some tokens of its primal day,  
Some lofty feelings linger still, —

The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
Whatever threatens with defeat

Its all-indomitable will ! —  
But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
Though eager for the gains of crime,  
Or, at his chosen place and time,  
The strength to bear his evil part ;  
And, shielded by his very Vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect, — with bloodshot eye,

And lips drawn tight across her teeth  
Showing their locked embrace beneath,  
In the red firelight : “ Mogg must die !  
Give me the knife ! ” The outlaw turns,  
Shuddering in heart and limb away.

But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
And he sees on the wall strange shadows  
play.

A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,  
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that  
cry

Again — and again — he sees it fall,  
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall !  
He hears quick footsteps — a shape flits by —  
The door on its rusted hinge creaks : —  
“ Ruth — daughter Ruth ! ” the outlaw shrieks.  
But no sound comes back, — he is standing  
alone  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone !

#### PART II

“T is morning over Norridgewock, —  
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock,  
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
At intervals by breeze and bird,

And wearing all the hues which glow  
In heaven's own pure and perfect bower.  
That glorious picture of the air,  
Which summer's light-robed angel forms  
On the dark ground of fading storms,  
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there, —  
And, stretching out, on either hand,  
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
The aching and the dazzled eye  
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky, —  
Slumbers the mighty wilderness !

The oak, upon the windy hill,

Its dark green burthen upward heaves —  
The hemlock broods above its rill,  
Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
Against the birch's graceful stem,  
And the rough walnut-bough receives  
The sun upon its crowded leaves,  
Each colored like a topaz gem ;  
And the tall maple wears with them  
The coronal, which autumn gives,

The brief, bright sign of ruin near,

The hectic of a dying year !

The hermit priest, who lingers now  
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,  
The gray and thunder-smitten pile  
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,  
While gazing on the scene below,  
May half forget the dreams of home,  
That nightly with his slumbers come, —  
The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
The vines around the hillsides wreathing,  
The soft air midst their clusters breathing,  
The wings which dipped, the stars which shone  
Within thy bosom, blue Garonne !

And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
At morning spring and even-fall,

Sweet voices in the still air singing, —

The chant of many a holy hymn, —  
The solemn bell of vespers ringing, —

And hallowed torchlight falling dim  
On pictured saint and seraphim !

For here beneath him lies unrolled,  
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,

A vision gorgeous as the dream  
Of the beatified may seem,

When, as his Church's legends say,  
Born upward in ecstatic bliss,

The rapt enthusiast soars away  
Unto a brighter world than this :

A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale, —  
A moment's lifting of the veil !

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,  
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay ;

And gently from that Indian town  
The verdant hillside slopes adown,

To where the sparkling waters play  
Upon the yellow sands below ;

And shooting round the winding shores  
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie

Slumbering to ocean's lullaby, —  
With birchen boat and glancing oars,

The red man to their fishing go ;

While from their planting ground is borne  
The treasure of the golden corn,  
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow  
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.  
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,  
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,  
Watching the huskers, with a smile  
For each full ear which swells the pile;  
And the old chief, who nevermore  
May bend the bow or pull the oar,  
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,  
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye  
A thousand wooded islands lie,  
Gems of the waters! with each hue  
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees  
Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
And, with the motion of each breeze,  
A moment seen, a moment lost,  
Changing and blent, confused and tossed,  
The brighter with the darker crossed,  
Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
Down in the restless waves below,  
And tremble in the sunny skies,  
As if, from waving bough to bough,  
Flitted the birds of paradise.  
There sleep Placentia's group, and there  
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;  
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,  
On which the Father's hut is seen,  
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,  
Half trembling, as he seeks to look  
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.  
There, gloomily against the sky  
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;  
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,  
Seen from afar, like some stronghold  
Built by the ocean kings of old;  
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,  
Swells in the north vast Katahdin:  
And, wandering from its marshy feet,  
The broad Penobscot comes to meet  
And mingle with his own bright bay.  
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,  
Arched over by the ancient woods,  
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,  
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
The beauty of thy azure tide,  
And with their falling timbers block  
Thy broken currents, Kennebec!  
Gazes the white man on the wreck  
Of the down-trodden Norridgewock;  
In one lone village hemmed at length,  
In battle shorn of half their strength,  
Turned, like the panther in his lair,  
With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,  
For one last struggle of despair,  
Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!  
Unreaped, upon the planting lands,

The scant, neglected harvest stands:  
No shout is there, no dance, no song:  
The aspect of the very child  
Scowls with a meaning sad and wild  
Of bitterness and wrong.  
The almost infant Norridgewock  
Essays to lift the tomahawk;  
And plucks his father's knife away,  
To mimic, in his frightful play,  
The scalping of an English foe:  
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,  
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while  
Some bough or sapling meets his blow.  
The fisher, as he drops his line,  
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver  
Along the margin of the river,  
Looks up and down the rippling tide,  
And grasps the firelock at his side.  
For Bomazeen from Taconock  
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,  
With tidings that Moulton and Harmon of  
York

Far up the river have come:  
They have left their boats, they have entered  
the wood,  
And filled the depths of the solitude  
With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet  
The flowing river, and bathe its feet;  
The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,  
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass,  
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,  
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands,  
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,  
For the holy sign of the cross is there:  
And should he chance at that place to be,

Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
When prayers are made and masses are said,  
Some for the living and some for the dead,  
Well might that traveller start to see

The tall dark forms, that take their way  
From the birch canoe, on the river shore,  
And the forest paths, to that chapel door;  
And marvel to mark the naked knees

And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
While, in coarse white vesture, over these  
In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,  
Which a stranger is telling him.  
That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
And wet with dew and loosely worn;  
Her fair neglected hair falls down  
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown;  
Yet still, in that disordered face,  
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
Those elements of former grace  
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low  
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears,

While through her clasp'd fingers flow,  
From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,  
Her penitential tears, —  
She tells the story of the woe  
And evil of her years.

“ O father, bear with me ; my heart  
Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,  
Whose scorching links will never part,  
And never cool again.  
Bear with me while I speak, but turn  
Away that gentle eye, the while ;  
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn  
Beneath its holy smile ;  
For half I fancy I can see  
My mother's sainted look in thee.

“ My dear lost mother ! sad and pale,  
Mournfully sinking day by day,  
And with a hold on life as frail  
As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,  
Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
And tremble in the gale ;  
Yet watching o'er my childishness  
With patient fondness, not the less  
For all the agony which kept  
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept ;  
And checking every tear and groan  
That haply might have waked my own,  
And bearing still, without offence,  
My idle words, and petulance ;  
Reproving with a tear, and, while  
The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
Upon her very heart, repaying  
My brief repentance with a smile.

“ Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye  
There was a brightness not of mirth,  
A light whose clear intensity  
Was borrowed not of earth.  
Along her cheek a deepening red  
Told where the feverish hectic fed ;  
And yet, each fatal token gave  
To the mild beauty of her face  
A newer and a dearer grace,  
Unwarning of the grave.  
‘ T was like the hue which Autumn gives  
To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
Breathed over by his frosty breath ;  
Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
The mocking-smile of Death !

“ Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
When summer's eve was dear to us,  
And, fading from the darkening dell,  
The glory of the sunset fell  
On wooded Agamemticus, —  
When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco's fall,  
And the south-wind's expiring sighs,  
Came, softly blending, on my ear  
With the low tones I loved to hear :  
Tales of the pure, the good, the wise,  
The holy men and maids of old,  
In the all-sacred pages told ;

Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,  
Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming,  
As the bright angels of his dreaming,  
On Padan-aran's holy rock ;  
Of gentle Ruth, and her who kept  
Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;  
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing  
The song for grateful Israel meet,  
While every crimson wave was bringing  
The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;  
Of her, Samaria's humble daughter,  
Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ;  
And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,  
Revealed before her wondering eyes !

“ Slowly she faded. Day by day  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,  
Her sad voice died away.  
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,  
Sat Resignation's holy smile :  
And even my father checked his tread,  
And hushed his voice, beside her bed :  
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
Of her meek eye's imploring look,  
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,  
And in his stern and gloomy eye,  
At times, a few unwonted tears  
Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

“ Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
As if an angel's hand had smoothed  
The still, white features into rest,  
Silent and cold, without a breath  
To stir the drapery on her breast,  
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang.  
The horror of the mortal pang,  
The suffering look her brow had worn,  
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone, —  
She slept at last in death !

“ Oh, tell me, father, can the dead  
Walk on the earth, and look on us,  
And lay upon the living's head  
Their blessing or their curse ?  
For, oh, last night she stood by me,  
As I lay beneath the woodland tree !”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe, —  
“ Jesu ! what was it my daughter saw ? ”

“ She came to me last night.  
The dried leaves did not feel her tread ;  
She stood by me in the wan moonlight,  
In the white robes of the dead !  
Pale, and very mournfully  
She bent her light form over me.  
I heard no sound, I felt no breath  
Breathe o'er me from that face of death :  
Its blue eyes rested on my own.

Rayless and cold as eyes of stone ;  
 Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
 Something, which spoke of early days, —  
 A sadness in their quiet glare,  
 As if love's smile were frozen there, —  
 Came o'er me with an icy thrill  
 O God ! I feel its presence still ! ”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign, —  
 “ How passed the vision, daughter mine ? ”

“ All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
 As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,  
 And scatter, and melt into the light ;  
 So scattering, melting on my sight,  
 The pale, cold vision passed ;  
 But those sad eyes were fixed on mine  
 Mournfully to the last.”

“ God help thee, daughter, tell me why  
 That spirit passed before thine eye ! ”

“ Father, I know not, save it be  
 That deeds of mine have summoned her  
 From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
 To leave her last rebuke with me.  
 Ah, woe for me ! my mother died  
 Just at the moment when I stood  
 Close on the verge of womanhood,  
 A child in everything beside ;  
 And when my wild heart needed most  
 Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

“ My father lived a stormy life,  
 Of frequent change and daily strife ;  
 And — God forgive him ! left his child  
 To feel, like him, a freedom wild ;  
 To love the red man's dwelling-place,  
 The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
 The wild excitement of the chase  
 Sweeping the ancient woods,  
 The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
 Of the still lakes, the clear stream where  
 The idle fisher sets his weir,  
 Or angles in the shade, far more  
 Than that restraining awe I felt  
 Beneath my gentle mother's care,  
 When nightly at her knee I knelt,  
 With childhood's simple prayer.

“ There came a change. The wild, glad mood  
 Of unchecked freedom passed.  
 Amid the ancient solitude  
 Of unshorn grass and waving wood  
 And waters glancing bright and fast,  
 A softened voice was in my ear,  
 Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine  
 The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
 Now far and faint, now full and near —  
 The murmur of the wind-swept pine.  
 A manly form was ever nigh,  
 A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
 Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake  
 Both fear and love, to awe and charm ;  
 “ T was as the wizard rattlesnake,  
 Whose evil glances lure to harm —  
 Whose cold and small and glittering eye,

And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
 Draw, step by step, the gazer near,  
 With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
 Yet powerless all to turn away,  
 A conscious, but a willing prey !

“ Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long  
 Merged in one feeling deep and strong,  
 Faded the world which I had known,  
 A poor vain shadow, cold and waste ;  
 In the warm present bliss alone

Seemed I of actual life to taste.  
 Fond longings dimly understood,  
 The glow of passion's quickening blood,  
 And cherished fantasies which press  
 The young lip with a dream's caress ;  
 The heart's forecast and prophecy  
 Took form and life before my eye,  
 Seen in the glance which met my own,  
 Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
 Felt in the arms around me cast,  
 And warm heart-pulses beating fast.  
 Ah I scarcely yet to God above  
 With deeper trust, with stronger love,  
 Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,  
 Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
 Than I, before a human shrine,  
 As mortal and as frail as mine,  
 With heart, and soul, and mind, and form.  
 Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

“ Full soon, upon that dream of sin,  
 An awful light came bursting in.  
 The shrine was cold at which I knelt,  
 The idol of that shrine was gone ;  
 A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
 Outcast, and spurned and lone,  
 Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
 With withering heart and burning brain,  
 And tears that fell like fiery rain,  
 I passed a fearful time.

“ There came a voice — it checked the tear,  
 In heart and soul it wrought a change ;  
 My father's voice was in my ears ;  
 It whispered of revenge !  
 A new and fiercer feeling swept  
 All lingering tenderness away ;  
 And tiger passions, which had slept  
 In childhood's better day,  
 Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
 In all their own demoniac strength.

“ A youthful warrior of the wild,  
 By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
 Of crime the cheated instrument,  
 Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilderness  
 He tracked his victim ; and at last,  
 Just when the tide of hate had passed,  
 And milder thoughts came warm and fast,  
 Exulting, at my feet he cast

The bloody token of success.

“ O God ! with what an awful power  
 I saw the buried past arise,  
 And gather, in a single hour.

Its ghost-like memories !  
And then I felt, alas ! too late,  
That underneath the mask of hate,  
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown  
O'er feelings which they might not own,  
The heart's wild love had known no change ;  
And still that deep and hidden love,  
With its first fondness, wept above  
The victim of its own revenge !  
There lay the fearful scalp, and there  
The blood was on its pale brown hair !  
I thought not of the victim's scorn,  
I thought not of his baleful guile,  
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,  
The characters of sin and shame  
On heart and forehead drawn ;  
I only saw that victim's smile,  
The still green places where we met, —  
The moonlit branches, dewy wet ;  
I only felt, I only heard,  
The greeting and the parting word, —  
The smile, the embrace, the tone, which made  
An Eden of the forest shade.

" And oh, with what a loathing eye,  
With what a deadly hate, and deep,  
I saw that Indian murderer lie  
Before me, in his drunken sleep !  
What though for me the deed was done,  
And words of mine had sped him on !  
Yet when he murnured, as he slept,  
The horrors of that deed of blood,  
The tide of utter madness swept  
O'er brain and bosom, like a flood, —  
And, father, with this hand of mine ? —  
" Ha ! what didst thou ? " the Jesuit cries,  
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,  
And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,  
With the other he makes the holy sign.  
" — I smote him as I would a worm ;  
With heart as steeld, with nerves as firm :  
He never woke again ! "

" Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
Speak, I would know that victim's name." —  
" Father," she gasped, " a chieftain, known  
As Saco's Sachem, — Mogg Megone ! "

Pale priest ! What proud and lofty dreams,  
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,  
What hopes, that time may not recall,  
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall !  
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,  
To lift the hatchet of his sire,  
And, round his own, the Church's foe,  
To light the avenging fire ?  
Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,  
For thine and for the Church's sake ?  
Who summon to the scene  
Of conquest and unsparing strife,  
And vengeance dearer than his life,  
The fiery-souled Castine ?  
Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,  
His long, thin frame as ague shakes ;  
And loathing hate is in his eye,  
As from his lips these words of fear

Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear, —  
" The soul that sinneth shall surely die ! "

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,  
Checked midway in the fearful chase,  
When bursts, upon his eye and ear,  
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,  
Between him and his hiding-place ;  
While still behind, with yell and blow,  
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.  
" Save me, O holy man ! " her cry  
Fills all the void, as if a tongue  
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,  
Thrilling with mortal agony ;  
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,  
And her eye looks fearfully into his own ; —  
" Off, woman of sin ! nay, touch not me  
With the fingers of blood ; begone ! "  
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form  
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
With a keener woe be riven,  
For its weak and sinful trust  
In the strength of human dust ;  
And its anguish thrill afresh,  
For each vain reliance given  
To the failing arm of flesh.

## PART III

AH, weary Priest ! with pale hands pressed  
On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
Overworn with toiling vain,  
How ill thy troubled musings fit  
The holy quiet of a breast  
With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
Sweetly brooding over it.  
Thoughts are thine which have no part  
With the meek and pure of heart,  
Undisturbed by outward things,  
Resting in the heavenly shade,  
By the overspreading wings  
Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
Sweep thy heated brain along,  
Fading hopes for whose success  
It were sin to breathe a prayer ; —  
Schemes which Heaven may never bless, —  
Fears which darken to despair.  
Hoary priest ! thy dream is done  
Of a hundred red tribes won  
To the pale of Holy Church ;  
And the heretic o'erthrown,  
And his name no longer known,  
And thy weary brethren turning,  
Joyful from their years of mourning  
'Twixt the altar and the porch.  
Hark ! what sudden sound is heard  
In the wood and in the sky,  
Shriller than the scream of bird,  
Than the trumpet's clang more high :  
Every wolf-cave of the hills,  
Forest arch and mountain gorge

Rook and dell, and river verge,  
With an answering echo thrills.  
Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
Which summons the Norridgewock to die,  
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.  
He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,  
And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
And taunt and menace, — answered well  
By the Indians' mocking cry and yell, —  
The bark of dogs, — the squaw's mad scream,  
The dash of paddles along the stream,  
The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
Of the maples around the church's eaves,  
And the glide of hatchets fiercely thrown  
On wigwam-log and tree and stone.  
Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
Spotted and streaked with human gore,  
A grim and naked head is thrust

Within the chapel-door.  
"Ha — Bomazeen! In God's name say,  
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"  
Silent, the Indian points his hand  
To where across the echoing glen  
Swept Harmon'ns' dreaded ranger-band,  
And Moulton with his men.  
"Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?  
Where are De Rouville and Castine,  
And where the braves of Sawga's queen?"  
"Let my father find the winter snow  
Which the sun drank up long moons ago!  
Under the falls of Taconock,  
The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;  
Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!  
On Sawga's banks the man of war  
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw;  
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,  
Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
Lies stiff and stark as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,  
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,  
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other chase.  
One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
For a last vain struggle for cherished life, —  
The next, he hurls the blade away,  
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;  
Over his beads his fingers stray,  
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
On the Virgin and her Son;  
For terrible thoughts his memory crowd  
Of evil seen and done,  
Of scalps brought home by his savage flock  
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock  
In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,  
As scowling on the priest he looks:  
"Cowesass — cowesass — tawhich wessa seen?  
Let my father look upon Bomazeen, —  
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,  
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw;  
Let my father ask his God to make  
A dance and a feast for a great sagamore,  
When he paddles across the western lake.

With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's  
shore.  
Cowesass — cowesass — tawhich wessa seen?  
Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
And through each window in the walls,  
Round the priest and warrior pours  
The deadly shower of English balls.  
Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;  
While at his side the Norridgewock,  
With failing breath, essays to mock  
And menace yet the hated foe,  
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro  
Exultingly before their eyes,  
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!  
Death to the Babylonish dog!  
Down with the beast of Rome!"  
With shouts like these, around the dead,  
Unconscious on his bloody bed,

The rangers crowding come.  
Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear  
The unfeeling taunt, — the brutal jeer;  
Spurn — for he sees ye not — in wrath,  
The symbol of your Saviour's death;  
Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal  
And trample, as a thing accursed,  
The cross he cherished in the dust:  
The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,  
With callous heart and hand of strife,  
How like a fiend may man be made,  
Plying the foul and monstrous trade  
Whose harvest-field is human life,  
Whose sickle is the reeking sword!  
Quenching, with reckless hand in blood  
Sparks kindled by the breath of God;  
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,  
Of open guilt or secret sin,

Before the bar of that pure Heaven  
The holy only enter in!

Oh, by the widow's sore distress,  
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
Embraces of polluting Lust,  
By the fell discord of the Pit,  
And the pained souls that people it,  
And by the blessed peace which fills

The Paradise of God forever,  
Resting on all its holy hills,  
And flowing with its crystal river, —  
Let Christian hands no longer bear  
In triumph on his crimson car  
The foul and idol god of war;  
No more the purple wreaths prepare  
To bind amid his snaky hair;  
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white.  
Glimpses on the soldier's sight  
A thing of human shape I ween,  
For a moment only seen.

With its loose hair backward streaming,  
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,  
From the world of light and breath,  
Hurrying to its place again,  
Spectre-like it vanisheth !

Wretched girl ! one eye alone  
Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
Watching o'er a lost world ever,  
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
By the gushing forest-fountain,  
Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
Searching for the ground-nut's root,  
Peering in the she-wolf's den,  
Wading through the marshy fen,  
Where the sluggish water-snake  
Basks beside the sunny brake,  
Coiling in his slimy bed,  
Smooth and cold against thy tread ;  
Purposeless, thy mazy way  
Threading through the lingering day,  
And at night securely sleeping  
Where the dogwood's dews are weeping !  
Still, though earth and man discard thee,  
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard thee :  
He who spared the guilty Cain,  
Even when a brother's blood,  
Crying in the ear of God,  
Gave the earth its primal stain ;  
He whose mercy ever liveth,  
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
And the broken heart receiveth ;  
Wanderer of the wilderness,  
Haunted, guilty, crazed and wild,  
He regardeth thy distress,  
And careth for His sinful child !

'T is springtime on the eastern hills !  
Like torr.-nts gush the summer rills ;  
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves  
The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
For glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
The branches of the dull gray wood ;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks ;  
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,  
And odors from the springing grass,  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kenn 'bre his flood ;  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress ;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek,  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattering snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.

In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace ;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood  
Urges the hoary veteran on :  
The fire of conquest and the mood  
Of chivalry have gone.  
A mournful task is his, — to lay  
Within the earth the bones of those  
Who perished in that fearful day,  
When Norridgewock became the prey  
Of all unsparing foes.  
Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,  
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks  
Dig up their buried tomahawks  
For firm defence or swift attack ;  
And him whose friendship formed the tie  
Which held the stern self-exile back  
From lapsing into savagery ;  
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
Recalled a younger, happier day,  
And prompted memory's fond essay,  
To bridge the mighty waste which lay  
Between his wild home and that gray,  
Tall chateau of his native France :  
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din,  
Ushered his birth-hour gayly in,  
And counted with its solemn toll  
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band  
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;  
For now on the very spot they stand  
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.  
No wigwam smoke is curling there ;  
The very earth is scorched and bare :  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life, — but there comes not one.  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;  
But here and there, on the blackened ground,  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness.  
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank ;  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,  
Tethered to tree and stump and rock  
Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she  
Leaning against that maple-tree ?  
The sun upon her face burns hot,  
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;  
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear  
From the dry bough above her ear ;  
Dashing from rock and root its spray,  
Close at her feet the river rushes ;  
The blackbird's wing against her bushes,

And sweetly through the hazel-bushes  
The robin's mellow music gushes ;  
God save her ! will she sleep alway ?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper :  
" Wake, daughter, — wake ! " but she stirs  
no limb :  
The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim ;  
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,  
Until the angel's oath is said,  
And the final blast of the trump goes forth  
To the graves of the sea and the graves of  
earth.  
Ruth Boniton is dead !

## THE PAST AND COMING YEAR

WAVE of an awful torrent, thronging down,  
With all the wealth of centuries, and the cold  
Embraces of eternity, o'erstrown  
With the great wrecks of empire, and the old  
Magnificence of nations, who are gone ;  
Thy last, faint murmur — thy departing sigh,  
Along the shore of being, like a tone  
Thrilling on broken harp-strings, or the swell  
Of the chained winds' last whisper, hath gone  
by,  
And thou hast floated from the world of  
breath  
To the still guidance of o'ermastering Death,  
Thy pilot to eternity. Farewell !

Go, swell the throngful past. Go, blend with  
all  
The garnered things of Death ; and bear with  
thee  
The treasures of thy pilgrimage, the tall  
And beautiful dreams of Hope, the ministry  
Of Love and high Ambition. Man remains  
To dream again as idly ; and the stains  
Of passion will be visible once more.  
The wingéd spirit will not be confined  
By the experience of thy journey. Mind  
Will struggle in its prison-house, and still,  
With Earth's strong fetters binding it to ill,  
Unfurл the pinions fitted but to soar  
In that pure atmosphere, where spirits range —  
The home of high existences — where change  
And blighting may not enter. Love again  
Will bloom, a fickle flower, upon the grave  
Of old affections ; and Ambition wave  
His eagle-plume most proudly, for the rein  
Of Conscience will be loosened from the soul  
To give his purpose freedom. The control  
Of reason will be changeful, and the ties  
Which gather hearts together, and make up  
The romance of existence, will be rent :  
Yea, poison will be poured in Friendship's cup ;  
And for Earth's low familiar element,  
Even Love itself forsake its kindred skies.

But not alone dark visions ! happier things  
Will float above existence, like the wings  
Of the starred bird of paradise ; and Love  
Will not be all a dream, or rather prove  
A dream — a sweet forgetfulness — that hath

No wakeful changes, ending but in Death.  
Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath the  
eyes

Of the beholding heaven, and in the light  
Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet Night  
Shall hear that language underneath the skies  
Which whispereth above them, as the prayer  
And the deep vow are spoken. Passing fair  
And gifted creatures, with the light of truth  
And undebarred affection, as a crown,  
Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,  
Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling down  
Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's hand  
Shall clasp its brothers ; and Affection's tear  
Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier  
Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which  
Death

Giveith his awful work, and earnest Faith  
Shall look beyond the shadow of the clay,  
The pulseless sepulchre, the cold decay ;  
And to the quiet of the spirit-land  
Follow the mourned and lovely. Gifted ones  
Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like suns,  
Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and beat  
The agony of scorn, the preying care,  
Wedded to burning bosoms ; and go down  
In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,  
With one lone hope embracing like a crown  
The cold and death-like forehead of Despair,  
That after times shall treasure up their fame  
Even as a proud inheritance and high ;  
And beautiful beings love to breathe their name,  
With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea  
Of infinite Oblivion — speed thou on ;  
Another gift of time succeedeth thee  
Fresh from the hand of God ; for thou hast done  
The errand of thy destiny ; and none  
May dream of thy returning. Go, and bear  
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,  
Eternal prison-house ; the midnight prayer  
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care  
Of worldly hearts ; the miser's dream of gold ;  
Ambition's grasp at greatness ; the quenched  
light  
Of broken spirits ; the forgiven wrong  
And the abiding curse — ay, bear along  
These wrecks of thy own making. Lo, thy knell  
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,  
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well !

## THE MISSIONARY

" It is an awful, an arduous thing to root out  
every affection for earthly things, so as to live  
only for another world. I am now far, very  
far, from you all ; and as often as I look around  
and see the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of  
the distance which separates us." — *Letters of  
Henry Martyn, from India.*

" SAY, whose is this fair picture, which the light  
From the unshutter'd window rests upon  
Even as a lingering halo ? Beautiful !

The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip  
Lovely as that of Hylas, and impressed  
With the bright signet of some brilliant thought ;  
That broad expanse of forehead, clear and high,  
Marked visibly with the characters of mind,  
And the free locks around it, raven black,  
Luxuriant and unsilver'd ! — who was he ? "

A friend, a more than brother. In the spring  
And glory of his being he went forth  
From the embraces of devoted friends,  
From ease and quiet happiness, from more —  
From the warm heart that loved him with a love  
Holier than earthly passion, and to whom  
The beauty of his spirit shone above  
The charms of perishing nature. He went forth  
Strengthened to suffer, gifted to subdue  
The might of human passion, to pass on  
Quietly to the sacrifice of all  
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn  
The high ambition written on that brow,  
From its first dream of power and human fame,  
Unto a task of seeming lowliness,  
Yet God-like in its purpose. He went forth  
To bind the broken spirit, to pluck back  
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut ;  
To place the spiritual image of a God  
Holy and just and true, before the eye  
Of the dark-minded Brahmin, and unseal  
The holy pages of the Book of Life,  
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all  
The sacred tomes of Vedas, to unbind  
The widow from her sacrifice, and save  
The perishing infant from the worshipped river !

" And, lady, where is he ? " He slumbers well  
Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.  
There is no stone above his grave. The wind,  
Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves  
Heavy and long above him, sighs alone  
Over his place of slumber.

      " God forbid  
That he should die alone ! " Nay, not alone.  
His God was with him in that last dread hour ;  
His great arm underneath him, and His smile  
Melting into a spirit full of peace.  
And one kind friend, a human friend, was  
near —

One whom his teachings and his earnest prayers  
Had snatch'd as from the burning. He alone  
Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,  
Caught the last glimpse of his closing eye,  
And laid the green turf over him with tears,  
And left him with his God.

      " And was it well,  
Dear lady, that this noble mind should cast  
Its rich gifts on the waters ? That a heart  
Full of all gentleness and truth and love  
Should wither on the suicidal shrine  
Of a mistaken duty ? If I read  
Aright the fine intelligence which fills  
That amplitude of brow, and gazes out  
Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,  
He might have borne him loftily among  
The proudest of his land, and with a step

Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,  
Gone up the paths of greatness, — bearing still  
A sister spirit with him, as some star,  
Pre-eminent in Heaven, leads steadily up  
A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams  
Baptized in its great glory. Was it well  
That all this promise of the heart and mind  
Should perish from the earth, and leave no  
trace,  
Unfolding like the Cereus of the clime  
Which hath its sepulchre, but in the night  
Of pagan desolation — was it well ? "

Thy will be done, O Father ! — it *was* well.  
What are the honors of a perishing world  
Grasp'd by a palsied finger ? the applause  
Of the unthoughtful multitude which greets  
The dull ear of decay ? the wealth that loads  
The bier with costly drapery, and shines  
In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up  
The cold substantial monument ? Can these  
Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour  
When heart and flesh are failing, and the grave  
Is opening under us ? Oh, dearer then  
The memory of a kind deed done to him  
Who was our enemy, one grateful tear  
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,  
One smile call'd up by unseen charity  
On the wan lips of hunger, or one prayer  
Breathed from the bosom of the penitent —  
The stain'd with crime and outcast, unto whom  
Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love  
A merciful God hath bless'd.

      " But, lady, say  
Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath  
The burden of his toil, and turn aside  
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home,  
Still green in memory ? Clung not to his hear,  
Something of earthly hope uncrucified,  
Of earthly thought unchasteled ? Did he bring  
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice —  
Its loves, hopes, sorrows — and become as one  
Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,  
No love but of the sin-endangered soul,  
No hope but of the winning back to life  
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought  
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent  
As to a martyrdom ? "

      Nay, though the heart  
Be consecrated to the holiest work  
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be  
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all  
Its perilous devotion, it must keep  
Its own humanity. And it is well.  
Else why wept He, who with our nature veiled  
The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jerusalem.  
And the cold grave of Lazarus ? And why  
In the dim garden rose his earnest prayer,  
That from his lips the cup of suffering  
Might pass, if it were possible ?

      My friend  
Was of a gentle nature, and his heart  
Gushed like a river-fountain of the hills.

Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,  
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.  
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed  
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of home,  
For love and its companionship, and all  
The blessings left behind him ; yet above  
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,  
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold  
Of the eternal promises of God,  
And steadfast in its faith.

Here are some lines  
Penned in his lonely mission-house and sent  
To a dear friend at home who even now  
Lingers above them with a mournful joy,  
Holding them well-nigh sacred as a leaf  
Plucked from the record of a breaking heart.

## EVENING IN BURMAH

A night of wonder ! piled afar  
With ebon feet and crests of snow,  
Like Himalaya's peaks, which bar  
The sunset and the sunset's star  
From half the shadowed vale below,  
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,  
And over them, and down the sky,  
Paled in the moon, the lightnings go.  
  
And what a strength of light and shade  
Is chequering all the earth below !  
And, through the jungle's verdant braid,  
Of tangled vine and wild reed made,  
What blossoms in the moonlight glow !  
The Indian rose's loveliness,  
The ceiba with its crimson dress,  
The twining myrtle dropped with snow.

And flitting in the fragrant air,  
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,  
A thousand bright-hued birds are there —  
Strange plumage, quivering wild and rare,  
With every faintly breathing breeze ;  
And, wet with dew from roses shed,  
The bulbul droops her weary head,  
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange-leaves,  
The tall pagoda's turrets glow ;  
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves,  
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,  
And hangs in flowering wreaths below ;  
And where the clustered palms eclipse  
The moonbeams, from its marble lips  
The fountain's silver waters flow.

Strange beauty fills the earth and air,  
The fragrant grove and flowering tree,  
And yet my thoughts are wandering where  
My native rocks lie bleak and bare,  
A weary way beyond the sea.  
The yearning spirit is not here ;  
It lingers on a spot more dear  
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street —  
The tree my childhood loved is there,

Its bare-worn roots are at my feet,  
And through its open boughs I meet  
White glimpses of the place of prayer,  
And unforgotten eyes again  
Are glancing through the cottage pane,  
Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair.

Oh, holy haunts ! oh, childhood's home !  
Where, now, my wandering heart, is thine ?  
Here, where the dusky heathen come  
To bow before the deaf and dumb,  
Dead idols of their own design ;  
Where in their worshipped river's tide  
The infant sinks, and on its side  
The widow's funeral altars shine !

Here, where, mid light and song and flowers,  
The priceless soul in ruin lies ;  
Lost, dead to all those better powers  
Which link this fallen world of ours  
To God's clear-shining Paradise ;  
And wrong and shame and hideous crime  
Are like the foliage of their clime,  
The unshorn growth of centuries !

Turn, then, my heart ; thy home is here ;  
No other now remains for thee :  
The smile of love, and friendship's tear,  
The tones that melted on thine ear,  
The mutual thrill of sympathy,  
The welcome of the household band,  
The pressure of the lip and hand,  
Thou mayst not hear, nor feel, nor see.

God of my spirit ! Thou, alone,  
Who watchest o'er my pillow'd head,  
Whose ear is open to the moan  
And sorrowing of thy child, hast known  
The grief which at my heart has fed ;  
The struggle of my soul to rise  
Above its earth-born sympathies ;  
The tears of many a sleepless bed !

Oh ! be Thine arm, as it hath been,  
In every test of heart and faith, —  
The tempter's doubt, the wiles of men,  
The heathen's scoff, the bosom sin, —  
A helper and a stay beneath ;  
A strength in weakness, through the strife  
And anguish of my wasting life —  
My solace and my hope, in death !

## MASSACHUSETTS

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. Cushing to the House of Representatives of the United States [in 1837] had been laid on the table unread and unrefuted, under the infamous rule of "Patton's Resolution."

AND have they spurned thy word,  
Thou of the old Thirteen !

Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first poured,  
Hath yet a darker green?  
To outworn patience suffering long  
Is insult added to the wrong?

And have they closed thy mouth,  
And fixed the padlock fast?  
Dumb as the black slave of the South!  
Is this thy fate at last?  
Oh shame! thy honored seal and sign  
Trod under hoofs so asinine!

Call from the Capitol  
Thy chosen ones again,  
Unmeet for them the base control  
Of Slavery's curbing rein!  
Unmeet for men like them to feel  
The spurring of a rider's heel.

When votes are things of trade  
And force is argument,  
Call back to Quincy's shade  
Thy old man eloquent.  
Why leave him longer striving thus  
With the wild beasts of Ephesus!

Back from the Capitol —  
It is no place for thee!  
Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall,  
Thy voice may still be free!  
What power shall chain thy utterance there,  
In God's free sun and freer air?

A voice is calling thee,  
From all the martyr graves  
Of those stern men, in death made free,  
Who could not live as slaves.  
The slumberings of thy honored dead  
Are for thy sake disquieted.

So let thy Faneuil Hall  
By freemen's feet be trod,  
And give the echoes of its wall  
Once more to Freedom's God!  
And in the midst unseen shall stand  
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gathered sons shall feel  
The soul of Adams near,  
And Otis with his fiery zeal,  
And Warren's onward cheer;  
And heart to heart shall thrill as when  
They moved and spake as living men.

Not on Potomac's side,  
With treason in thy rear,  
Can Freedom's holy cause be tried:  
Not there, my State, but here.  
Here must thy needed work be done,  
The battle at thy hearth-stone won.

Proclaim a new crusade  
Against the foes within;  
From bar and pulpit, press and trade,  
Cast out the shame and sin.  
Then speak thy now-unheeded word,  
Its lightest whisper shall be heard.

## II. POEMS PRINTED IN THE "LIFE OF WHITTIER"

### THE HOME-COMING OF THE BRIDE

[The home of Sarah Greenleaf was upon the Newbury shore of the Merrimac, nearly opposite the home of the Whittiers. The house was standing until a recent date. Among Mr. Whittier's papers was found the following fragment of a ballad about the home-coming, as a bride, of his grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, now first published.]

SARAH GREENLEAF, of eighteen years,  
Stepped lightly her bride-groom's boat within,  
Waving mid-river, through smiles and tears,  
A farewell back to her kith and kin.  
With her sweet blue eyes and her new gold gown,  
She sat by her stalwart lover's side —  
Oh, never was brought to Haverhill town  
By land or water so fair a bride.  
Glad as the glad autumnal weather,  
The Indian summer so soft and warm,  
They walked through the golden woods together,  
His arm the girdle about her form.

They passed the dam and the gray gristmill,  
Whose walls with the jar of grinding shook,  
And crossed, for the moment awed and still,  
The haunted bridge of the Country Brook.  
The great oaks seemed on Job's Hill crown  
To wave in welcome their branches strong,  
And an upland streamlet came rippling down  
Over root and rock, like a bridal song.  
And lo! in the midst of a clearing stood  
The rough-built farmhouse, low and lone,  
While all about it the unhewn wood  
Seemed drawing closer to claim its own.

But the red apples dropped from orchard trees,  
The red cock crowed on the low fence rail,  
From the garden hives came the sound of bees,  
On the barn floor pealed the smiting flail.

• • • • •

### THE SONG OF THE VERMONTERS, 1779

[Written during school-days, and published anonymously in 1833. The secret of authorship was not discovered for sixty years.]

Ho — all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,  
With your breeches of deerskin and jackets of brown;  
With your red woollen caps, and your moccasins, come,  
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles! Let gray wolf  
and fox  
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks:

Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall;  
Here's two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our south came the Dutchmen, enveloped in grease;  
And arming for battle while canting of peace;  
On our east, crafty Meshech has gathered his band  
To hang up our leaders and eat up our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! For Satan shall work  
No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York!  
They claim our possessions—the pitiful knaves—  
The tribute we pay shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Brook, with bribes in their hands,  
Still seek to divide and parcel our lands;  
We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are;  
The warp is of feathers—the filling of tar:

Does the "old Bay State" threaten? Does Congress complain?  
Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?  
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake—  
Let 'em come; what they can they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth  
Is comfort, contentment, and labor, and health,  
And lands which, as Freemen, we only have trod,  
Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance, we bow to no throne,  
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;  
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,  
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters are fair,  
With their blue eyes of smiles and their light flowing hair,  
All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,  
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking, and ball!

We've sheep on the hillsides, we've cows on the plain,  
And gay-tasselled corn-fields and rank-growing grain;  
There are deer on the mountains, and wood-pigeons fly  
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers which take  
Their course from the hills to our broad-bosomed lake;

Through rock-arched Winooski the salmon leaps free,  
And the portly shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sunbeam the pickerel glides through the pool,  
And the spotted trout sleeps where the water is cool,  
Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root  
At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully rise,  
Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies;  
And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn,  
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours,  
And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers,  
Far dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Hurrah for Vermont! For the land which we till  
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill;  
Leave the harvest to rot on the fields where it grows,  
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Michiscom's wild valley, to where Poosonsuck steals down from his wood-circled lair,  
From Shocticook River to Lutterlock town—  
Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down!

Come York or come Hampshire, come traitors or knaves,  
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;  
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled,  
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!

#### TO A POETICAL TRIO IN THE CITY OF GOTHAM

[This *jeu d'esprit* was written by Whittier in 1832. The notes are his own. The authorship was not discovered till after his death.]

Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl.

BARDS of the island city!—wher' of old  
The Dutchman smoked beneath his favorite tree,  
And the wild eyes of Indian hunters rolled  
On Hudson plunging in th' Tappan Zee,  
Scene of Stuyvesant's might and chivalry.

And Knickerbocker's fame, — I have made bold  
To come before ye, at the present time,  
And reason with ye in the way of rhyme.

Time was when poets kept the quiet tenor  
Of their green pathway through th' Arcadian vale, —  
Chiming their music in the low sweet manner  
Of song-birds warbling to the "Soft South" gale;  
Wooing the Muse where gentle zephyrs fan her,  
Where all is peace and earth may not assail;  
Telling of lutes and flowers, of love and fear,  
Of shepherds, sheep and lambs, and "such small deer."

But ye! lost recreants — straying from the green  
And pleasant vista of your early time,  
With broken lutes and crownless skulls — are seen  
Spattering your neighbors with abhorrent slime

Of the low world's pollution!<sup>1</sup> Ye have been  
So long apostates from the Heaven of rhyme,  
That of the Muses, every mother's daughter  
Blushes to own such graceless bards e'er sought her.

"*Hurrah for Jackson!*" is the music now  
Which your cracked lutes have learned alone  
to utter,  
As, crouching in Corruption's shadow low,  
Ye daily sweep them for your bread and butter,<sup>2</sup>  
Cheered by the applauses of the friends who show  
Their heads above the offal of the gutter,  
And, like the trees which Orpheus moved at will,  
Reel, as in token of your matchless skill!

Thou son of Scotia!<sup>3</sup> — nursed beside the grave  
Of the proud peasant-minstrel, and to whom  
The wild muse of thy mountain-dwelling gave  
A portion of its spirit, — if the tomb  
Could burst its silence, o'er the Atlantic's wave,  
To thee his voice of stern rebuke would come,  
Who dared to waken with a master's hand  
The lyre of freedom in a fettered land.

And thou! — once treading firmly the proud deck  
O'er which thy country's honored flag was sleeping,  
Calmly in peace, or to the hostile beck

<sup>1</sup> Editors of the *Mercantile Advertiser* and the *Evening Post* in New York, — the present organs of Jacksonism.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps, after all, they get something better; inasmuch as the Heroites have for some time had exclusive possession of the Hall of St. Tammany, and we have the authority of Halleck that

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany hall  
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long."

<sup>3</sup> James Lawson, Esq., of the *Mercantile*. A fine,

Of coming foes in starry splendor sweeping, —  
Thy graphic tales of battle or of wreck,  
Or lone night-watch in middle ocean keeping,  
Have made thy "Leisure Hours" more prized  
by far  
Than those now spent in Party's wordy war.<sup>4</sup>

And last, not least, thou! — now nurtured in  
the land  
Where thy bold-hearted fathers long ago  
Rocked Freedom's cradle, till its infant hand  
Strangled the serpent fierceness of its foe, —  
Thou, whose clear brow in early time was  
fanned  
By the soft airs which from Castalia flow!<sup>5</sup> —  
Where art thou now? feeding with hickory  
ladle  
The curs of Faction with thy daily twaddle!

Men have looked up to thee, as one to be  
A portion of our glory; and the light  
And fairy hands of woman beckoned thee  
On to thy laurel guerdon; and those bright  
And gifted spirits, whom the broad blue sea  
Hath shut from thy communion, bid thee,  
"Write"  
Like John of Patmos. Is all this forgotten,  
For Yankee brawls and Carolina cotton?

Are autumn's rainbow hues no longer seen?  
Flows the "Green River" through its vale  
no more?  
Steals not thy "Rivulet" by its banks of  
green?  
Wheels upward from its dark and sedgy  
shore  
Thy "Water Fowl" no longer? — that the  
mean  
And vulgar strife, the ranting and the roar  
Extempore, like Bottom's should be thine, —  
Thou feeblest truck-horse in the Hero's line!

Lost trio! — turn ye to the minstrel pride  
Of classic Britain. Even effeminate Moore  
Has cast the wine-cup and the lute aside  
For Erin and O'Connell; and before  
His country's altar, Bulwer breasts the tide  
Of old oppression. Sadly brooding o'er  
The fate of heroes struggling to be free,  
Even Campbell speaks for Poland. *Where are ye?*

Hirelings of traitors! — know ye not that men  
Are rousing up around ye to retrieve  
Our country's honor, which too long has been  
Debased by those for whom ye daily weave

warm-hearted Scotchman, who, having unfortunately blundered into Jacksonism, is wondering "how i' the Deil's name" he got there. He is the author of a volume entitled *Tales and Sketches*, and of the tragedy of *Giorlano*.

William Leggett, Esq., of the *Post*, a gentleman of good talents, favorably known as the editor of the *New York Critic*, etc.

<sup>5</sup> William C. Bryant, Esq., well known to the public at large as a poet of acknowledged excellence; and as a very dull editor to the people of New York.

Your web of fustian; that from tongue and pen

Of those who o'er our tarnished honor grieve,  
Of the pure-hearted and the gifted, come  
Hourly the tokens of your master's doom?

Turn from their ruin! Dash your chains aside!

Stand up like men for Liberty and Law,  
And free opinion. Check Corruption's pride,  
Soothe the loud storm of fratricidal war, —  
And the bright honors of your eventide  
Shall share the glory which your morning

saw;

The patriot's heart shall gladden at your name,  
Ye shall be blessed with, and not "damned to  
fame"!

#### ALBUM VERSES

[Written in the album of May Pillsbury of West Newbury, in the fall of 1838, when Whittier was at home on a visit from Philadelphia, where he was engaged in editorial work.]

PARDON a stranger hand that gives  
Its impress to these gilded leaves.  
As one who graves in idle mood  
An idler's name on rock or wood,  
So in a careless hour I claim  
A page to leave my humble name.  
Accept it; and when o'er my head  
A Pennsylvanian sky is sw'ad,  
And but in dreams my eye looks back  
On broad and lovely Merrimac,  
And on my ear no longer breaks  
The murmuring music which it makes,  
When but in dreams I look again  
On Salisbury beach — Grasshopper plain —  
Or Powow stream — or Amesbury mills,  
Or old Crane neck, or Pipestave hills,  
Think of me then as one who keeps,  
Where Delaware's broad current sweeps,  
And down its rugged limestone-bed  
The Schuylkill's arrowy flight is sped,  
Deep in his heart the scenes which grace  
And glorify his "native place;"  
Loves every spot to childhood dear,  
And leaves his heart "untraveled" here;  
Longs, midst the Dutchman's kraut and greens,  
For pumpkin-pie and pork and beans,  
And sighs to think when, sweetly near,  
The soft piano greets his ear,  
That the fair hands which, small and white,  
Glance on its ivory polished light,  
Have ne'er an Indian pudding made,  
Nor fashioned rye and Indian bread.  
And oh! whene'er his footsteps turn,  
Whatever stars above him burn,  
Though dwelling where a Yankee's name  
Is coupled with reproach or shame,  
Still true to his New England birth,  
Still faithful to his home and hearth,  
Even 'midst the scornful stranger band  
His boast shall be of YANKEE LAND.

#### WHAT STATE STREET SAID TO SOUTH CAROLINA, AND WHAT SOUTH CAROLINA SAID TO STATE STREET

[Published in *The National Era*, May 22, 1851.]

MUTTERING "fine upland staple," "prime Sea Island finer,"

With cotton bales pictured on either retina,  
"Your pardon!" said State Street to South Carolina;

"We feel and acknowledge your laws are diviner

Than any promulgated by the thunders of Sinai!

Sorely pricked in the sensitive conscience of business

We own and repent of our sins of remissness:  
Our honor we've yielded, our words we have swallowed;

And quenching the lights which our forefathers followed,

And turning from graves by their memories hallowed,

With teeth on ball-cartridge, and finger on trigger,

Reversed Boston Notions, and sent back a nigger!"

"Get away!" cried the Chivalry, busy a-drumming,

And fife and drilling, and such Quattle-bumming;

"With your April-fool slave hunt! Just wait till December

Shall see your new Senator stalk through 'e Chamber,

And Puritan heresy prove neither dumb nor blind in that pestilent Anakim, Sumner!"

#### A FRÉMONT CAMPAIGN SONG

SOUND now the trumpet warningly!

The storm is rolling nearer,

The hour is striking clearer,

In the dusky dome of sky.

If dark and wild the morning be,

A darker morn before us

Shall fling its shadows o'er us

If we let the hour go by.

Sound we then the trumpet chorus!

Sound the onset wild and high!

Country and Liberty!

Freedom and Victory!

These words shall be our cry, —

Frémont and Victory!

Sound, sound the trumpet fearlessly!

Each arm its vigor lending,

Bravely with wrong contending,

And shouting Freedom's cry!

The Kansas homes stand cheerfully,

The sky with flame is ruddy,

The prairie turf is bloody,

Where the brave and gentle die.

Sound the trumpet stern and steady !  
 Sound the trumpet strong and high !  
 Country and Liberty !  
 Freedom and Victory !  
 These words shall be our cry, —  
 Frémont and Victory !

Sound now the trumpet cheerily !  
 Nor dream of Heaven's forsaking  
 The issue of its making,  
 That Right with Wrong must try.  
 The cloud that hung so drearily  
 The Northern winds are breaking ;  
 The Northern Lights are shaking  
 Their fire-flags in the sky.  
 Sound the signal of awaking ;  
 Sound the onset wild and high !  
 Country and Liberty !  
 Freedom and Victory !  
 These words shall be our cry, —  
 Frémont and Victory !

## THE QUAKERS ARE OUT

[A campaign song written to be sung at a Republican Mass Meeting held in Newburyport, Mass., October 11, 1860.]

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,  
 The buds of our hope have all burst into flowers.  
 No room for misgiving — no loop-hole of  
 doubt, —  
 We've heard from the Keystone ! The Quakers are out.

The plot has exploded — we've found out the  
 trick ;  
 The bribe goes a-begging ; the fusion won't  
 stick.  
 When the Wide-awake lanterns are shining  
 about,  
 The rogues stay at home, and the true men are  
 out !

The good State has broken the cords for her  
 spun ;  
 Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one ;  
 The Dutchman has seasoned with Freedom his  
 kvout,  
 And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are  
 out !

Give the flags to the winds ! set the hills all  
 afame !  
 Make way for the man with the Patriarch's  
 name !  
 Away with misgiving — away with all doubt,  
 For Lincoln goes in, when the Quakers are out !

## A LEGEND OF THE LAKE

[This poem, originally printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," was withheld from publication in his volumes by Mr. Whittier, in deference to living relatives of the hero of the poem. Death finally removed the restriction.]

SHOULD you go to Centre Harbor,  
 As haply you some time may,  
 Sailing up the Winnepesaukee  
 From the hills of Alton Bay, —

Into the heart of the highlands,  
 Into the north wind free,  
 Through the rising and vanishing islands  
 Over the mountain sea, —

To the little hamlet lying  
 White in its mountain fold,  
 Asleep by the lake and dreaming  
 A dream that is never told, —

And in the Red Hill's shadow  
 Your pilgrim home you make,  
 Where the chambers open to sunrise.  
 The mountains, and the lake, —

If the pleasant picture wearies,  
 As the fairest sometimes will,  
 And the weight of the hills lies on you  
 And the water is all too still, —

If in vain the peaks of Gunstock  
 Redden with sunrise fire,  
 And the sky and the purple mountains  
 And the sunset islands tire, —

If you turn from in-door thrumming  
 And the clatter of bowls without,  
 And the folly that goes on its travels,  
 Bearing the city about, —

And the cares you left behind you  
 Come hunting along your track,  
 As Blue-Cap in German fable  
 Rode on the traveller's pack, —

Let me tell you a tender story ;  
 Of one who is now no more,  
 A tale to haunt like a spirit  
 The Winnepesaukee shore, —

Of one who was brave and gentle,  
 And strong for manly strife,  
 Riding with cheering and music  
 Into the tourney of life.

Faltering and failing midway  
 In the Tempter's subtle snare.  
 The chains of an evil habit  
 He bowed himself to bear.

Over his fresh young manhood  
 The bestial veil was flung, —  
 The curse of the wine of Circe,  
 The spell her weavers sung.

Yearly did hill and lakeside  
 Their summer idyls frame ;  
 Alone in his darkened dwelling  
 He hid his face for shame.

The music of life's great marches  
 Sounded for him in vain ;

The voices of human duty  
Smote on his ear like pain.

In vain over island and water  
The curtains of sunset swung ;  
In vain on the beautiful mountains  
The pictures of God were hung.

The wretched years crept onward,  
Each sadder than the last ;  
All the bloom of life fell from him,  
All the freshness and greenness past.

But deep in his heart forever  
And unprofaned he kept  
The love of his saintly mother,  
Who in the graveyard slept.

His house had no pleasant pictures ;  
Its comfortless walls were bare :  
But the riches of earth and ocean  
Could not purchase his mother's chair.

The old chair, quaintly carven,  
With oaken arms outspread,  
Whereby, in the long gone twilights,  
His childish prayers were said.

For thence in his long night watches,  
By moon or starlight dim,  
A face full of love and pity  
And tenderness looked on him.

And oft, as the grieving presence  
Sat in his mother's chair,  
The groan of his self-upbraiding  
Grew into wordless prayer.

At last, in the moonless midnight,  
The summoning angel came,  
Severe in his pity, touching  
The house with fingers of flame.

The red light flashed from its windows  
And flared from its sinking roof ;  
And baffled and awed before it  
The villagers stood aloof.

They shrank from the falling rafters.  
They turned from the furnace glare ;  
But its tenant cried, " God help me !  
I must save my mother's chair ! "

Under the blazing portal,  
Over the floor of fire,  
He seemed, in the terrible splendor,  
A martyr on his pyre.

In his face the mad flames smote him,  
And stung him on either side ;  
But he clung to the sacred relié, —  
By his mother's chair he died !

O mother, with human yearnings !  
O saint, by the altar stairs !  
Shall not the dear God give thee  
The child of thy many prayers ?

O Christ ! by whom the loving,  
Though erring, are forgiven,  
Hast thou for him no refuge,  
No quiet place in heaven ?

Give palms to thy strong martyrs,  
And crown thy saints with gold,  
But let the mother welcome  
Her lost one to thy fold !

#### LETTER TO LUCY LARCOM

25th 3d mo., 1866.

BELIEVE me, Lucy Larcom, it gives me real sorrow  
That I cannot take my carpet-bag and go to town to-morrow ;  
But I'm "snow-bound," and cold on cold,  
like layers of an onion,  
Have piled my back and weighed me down as  
with the pack of Bunyan.  
The north-east wind is damper and the north-west wind is colder,  
Or else the matter simply is that I am growing older.  
And then I dare not trust a moon seen over one's left shoulder,  
As I saw this with slender horns caught in a west hill-pine,  
As on a Stamboul minaret curves the arch-impostor's sign, —  
So I must stay in Amesbury, and let you go your way,  
And guess what colors greet your eyes, what  
shapes your steps delay ;  
What pictured forms of heathen lore, of god  
and goddess please you,  
What idol graven images you bend your wicked knees to.  
But why should I of evil dream, well knowing  
at your head goes  
That flower of Christian womanhood, our dear good Anna Meadows.  
She'll be discreet, I'm sure, although once, in a freak romantic,  
She flung the Doge's bridal ring, and married  
"The Atlantic" !  
And spite of all appearances, like the woman in  
a shoe,  
She's got so many "Young Folks" now, she  
don't know what to do.  
But I must say I think it strange that thee and  
Mrs. Spaulding,  
Whose lives with Calvin's five-raided creed have  
been so tightly walled in,  
Should quit your Puritan homes, and take the  
pains to go  
So far, with malice aforethought, to "walk in  
a vain show" !  
Did Emmons hunt for pictures ? Was Jonathan  
Edwards peeping  
Into the chambers of imagery, with maids for  
Tammuz weeping ?  
Ah well ! the times are sadly changed and I  
myself am feeling

The wicked world my Quaker coat from off my shoulders peeling.  
God grant that in the strange new sea of change wherein we swim,  
We still may keep the good old plank, of simple faith in Him !

## LINES ON LEAVING APPLIEDORE

[Sent in a letter to Celia Thaxter.]

UNDER the shadow of a cloud, the light Died out upon the waters, like a smile Chased from a face by grief. Following the flight Of a lone bird that, scudding with the breeze, Dipped its crank wing in leaden-colored seas, I saw in sunshine lifted, clear and bright, On the horizon's rim the Fortunate Isle That claims thee as its fair inhabitant, And glad of heart I whispered, "Be to her, Bird of the summer sea, my messenger; Tell her, if Heaven a fervent prayer will grant, This light that falls her island home above Making its slopes of rock and greenness gay, A partial glory midst surrounding gray, Shall prove an earnest of our Father's love, More and more shining to the perfect day."

## MRS. CHOATE'S HOUSE-WARMING

[ "His washerwoman, Mrs. Choate, by industry and thrift had been enabled to build for her family a comfortable house. When it was ready for occupancy, there was a house-warming, attended by all the neighbors, who brought substantial tokens of their good-will, including all the furniture needed in her new parlor. Mr. Whittier's hand was to be seen in the whole movement; he was present at the festivity, and made a little speech, congratulating Mrs. Choate upon her well-deserved success in life, and said he would read a piece of machine poetry which had been intrusted to him for the occasion. These are the lines, which were, of course, of his own composition." — S. T. PICKARD, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.* ]

Or rights and of wrongs  
Let the feminine tongues  
Talk on — none forbid it.  
Our hostess best knew  
What her hands found to do,  
Asked no questions, but DID IT.

Here the lesson of work,  
Which so many 'olks shirk,  
Is so plain all may learn it;  
Each brick in this dwelling,  
Each timber is telling,  
If you want a home, EARN IT.

The question of labor  
Is solved by our neighbor,  
The old riddle guessed out:  
The wisdom sore need'd,  
The truth long unheeded,  
Her flat-iron's pressed out !

Thanks, then, to Kate Choate !  
Let the idle take note  
What their fingers were made for :  
She, cheerful and jolly,  
Worked on late and early,  
And bought — what she paid for !

Never vainly repining,  
Nor begging, nor whining ;  
The morning-star twinkles  
On no heart that's lighter  
As she makes the world whiter  
And smooths out its wrinkles.

So, long life to Kate !  
May her heirs have to wait  
Till they're gray in attendance ;  
And her flat-iron press on,  
Still teaching its lesson  
Of brave independence !

## AN AUTOGRAPH

[Written for an old friend, Rev. S. H. Emery, of Quincy, Ill., who revisited Whittier in 1868.]

THE years that since we met have flown  
Leave as they found me, still alone :  
No wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine the heart of age to cheer.  
More favored thou, with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze ;  
For one like her to lisp thy name  
Is better than the voice of fame.

## TO LUCY LARCOM

3d mo. 1870.

. . . . .  
PRAY give the "Atlantic"  
A brief unpedantic  
Review of Miss Phelps' book,  
Which teaches and helps folk  
To deal with the offenders  
In love which surrenders  
All pride unforgiving,  
The lost one receiving  
With truthful believing  
That she like all others,  
Our sisters and brothers,  
Is only a sinner  
Whom God's love within her  
Can change to the whiteness  
Of heaven's own brightness.  
For who shall see tarnish  
If He sweep and garnish ?

When He is the cleanser  
Shall we dare to censure ?  
Say to Fields, if he ask of it,  
I can't take the task of it.

P. S. — For myself, if I'm able,  
And half comfortable,  
I shall run for the seashore  
To some place as before,  
Where blunt we at least find  
The teeth of the East wind,  
And spring does not tarry  
As it does at Amesbury ;  
But where it will be to  
I cannot yet see to.

#### A FAREWELL

[Written for Mr. and Mrs. Claffin as they were about to sail to Europe.]

WHAT shall I say, dear friends, to whom I owe  
The choicest blessings, dropping from the hands  
Of trustful love and friendship, as you go  
Forth on your journey to those older lands,  
By saint and sage and bard and hero trod ?  
Scarcely the simple farewell of the Friends  
Sufficeth ; after you my full heart sends  
Such benediction as the pilgrim hears  
Where the Greek faith its golden dome uprears,  
From Crimea's roses to Archangel snows,  
The fittest prayer of parting : " Go with God ! "

#### ON A FLY-LEAF OF LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

[Written at the Asquam House in the summer of 1882.]

HUSHED now the sweet consoling tongue  
Of him whose lyre the Muses strung ;  
His last low swan-song has been sung !

His last ! And ours, dear friend, is near ;  
As clouds that rake the mountains here,  
We too shall pass and disappear.

Yet howsoever changed or lost,  
Not even a wreath of mist is lost,  
No atom can itself exhaust.

So shall the soul's superior force  
Live on and run its endless course  
In God's unlimited universe.

And we, whose brief reflections seem  
To fade like clouds from lake and stream,  
Shall brighten in a holier beam.

#### SAMUEL E. SEWALL

[An inscription for a marble bust, modelled by Anne Whitney, and placed in the Cary Library, Lexington, Mass., May, 1884.]

LIKE that ancestral judge who bore his name,  
Faithful to Freedom and to Truth, he gave,  
When all the air was hot with wrath and blame,  
His youth and manhood to the fettered slave.

And never Woman in her suffering saw  
A helper tender, wise, and brave as he ;  
Lifting her burden of unrighteous law,  
He shamed the boasts of ancient chivalry.

Noiseless as light that melts the darkness is,  
He wrought as duty led and honor bid,  
No trumpet heralds victories like his, —  
The unselfish worker in his work is hid.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

[The album belonged to the grandson of Whittier's life-long friend, Theodore D. Weld, and the lines were written in April, 184.]

WHAT shall I wish him ? Strength and health  
May be abused, and so may wealth,  
Even fame itself may come to be  
But wearying notoriety.

What better can I ask than this ? —  
A life of brave unselfishness,  
Wisdom for council, eloquence  
For Freedom's need, for Truth's defence,  
The championship of all that's good,  
The manliest faith in womanhood,  
The steadfast friendship changing not  
With change of time or place or lot,  
Hatred of sin, but not the less  
A heart of pitying tenderness  
And charity, that, suffering long,  
Shames the wrong-doer from his wrong :  
One wish expresses all — that he  
May even as his grandsire be !

#### A DAY'S JOURNEY

[Written in 1886, for the tenth anniversary of the wedding of his niece.]

AFTER your pleasant morning travel  
You pause as at a wayside inn,  
And take with grateful hearts your breakfast  
Though served in dishes all of TIN.

Then go, while years as hours are counted,  
Until the dial's hand at noon  
Invites you to a dinner-table  
Garnished with SILVER fork and spoon.

And when the vesper bell to supper  
Is calling, and the day is old,  
May love transmute the tin of morning  
And noonday's silver into GOLD.

#### A FRAGMENT

[Found among Mr. Whittier's papers, in his handwriting, but undated.]

THE dreadful burden of our sins we feel,  
The pain of wounds which Thou alone canst  
heal,  
To whom our weakness is our strong appeal.

From the black depths, the ashes, and the dross  
Of our waste lives, we reach out to Thy cross,  
And by its fullness measure all our loss !

That holy sign reveals Thee : throned above  
No Moloch sits, no false, vindictive Jove —  
Thou art our Father, and Thy name is Love !<sup>1</sup>

### III. NOTES

Page 5. *Sole Pythoness of Ancient Lynn.*

The Pythoness of ancient Lynn was the redoubtable Moll Pitcher, who lived under the shadow of High Rock in that town, and was sought far and wide for her supposed powers of divination. She died about 1810. Mr. Upham, in his *Salem Witchcraft*, has given an account of her.

Page 12. *St. John.*

[Dr. Francis Parkman has given a detailed account of this episode in New England history in *The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, February, 1893. The same series of incidents forms the basis of the romance by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, entitled *The Lady of Fort St. John.*]

Page 21. *The New Wife and the Old.*

[General Moulton's mansion may still be seen [1894] from the train, a hip-roofed house, standing on the right-hand side of the track, just before reaching the Hampton station as one comes from Boston. Twenty-five years after writing the poem, Mr. Whittier received a letter from a lady who had been spending a summer in the Moulton house, in which she said : "I remember my mother's repeating to me her recollections of the exorcising of the ghosts of General Moulton and his wife by a parson Milton or Bodily [the Rev. John Bodily, who died in 1802, and is buried in a Newburyport burying-ground]. My grandfather Whipple being absent, the servants (several of them had been slaves in Newport) insisted that General Moulton and his wife disturbed the house so much at night, he thumping with his cane, and her dress 'a-rustling up and down the stairs,' that nothing could allay their terror ; and one Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, persisted so strongly that she frequently saw them both, he in a snuff-colored suit and enormous wig, holding a gold-headed cane, that nothing could induce them to remain in the house. Many persons in the vicinity came to the exorcising, or 'laying the ghosts' as they termed it. My mother said the scene was very impressive to her as a child, and she could never

<sup>1</sup> This is an alternative reading which has been canonised : —

" No lawless Terror dwells in light above,  
Cruel as Moloch, deaf and false as Jove —  
Thou art our Father, and Thy name is Love !"

forget the white and black servants and neighbors, standing in solemn awe, and the abjuring of the minister. The servants, I believe, never afterwards complained of being disturbed or of seeing the ghosts, after this ceremony."

In his work on *The Supernaturalism of New England*, published in 1847, Mr. Whittier relates the legend of the ancient house. "General Moulton's house was once burned in revenge, it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the general with a boot full of gold and silver, poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off on one occasion the foot of the boot, and the Devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. When the general died, he was laid out, and put in a coffin as usual ; but on the day of the funeral it was whispered about that his body was missing, and the neighbors came to the charitable conclusion that the enemy had got his own at last."

Page 26. *Here the mighty Bashaba.*

Bashaba was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (*Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii. pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devil appeareth more familiarly than to others." — Winslow's *Relation*.

Page 28. *Thus o'er the heart of Wetamoo.*

"The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

Page 29. *Drawn from that great stone vase.*

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

Page 31. *Aukeetamit.*

The Spring God. — See Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*.

Page 33. *Mat wonck kunn-a-monee.*

We shall see thee or her no more. — See Roger Williams's *Key*.

Page 33. *Sowanna.*

"The Great South West God." — See Roger Williams's *Observations*, etc.

Page 34. *As we charged on Tilly's line.*

The barbarities of Count De Tilly after the siege of Magdeburg made such an impression upon our forefathers that the phrase "like old

"Tilly" is still heard sometimes in New England of any piece of special ferocity.

Page 42. *A fire-mount in a frozen zone.*

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south, — a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice: —

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes tilting off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

Page 59. *Here is the place.*

"The place Whittier had in mind was his birthplace. There were bee-hives on the garden terrace near the well-sweep, occupied perhaps by the descendants of Thomas Whittier's bees. The approach to the house from over the northern shoulder of Job's Hill by a path that was in constant use in his boyhood and still in existence, is accurately described in the poem. The 'gap in the old wall' is still to be seen, and 'the stepping stones in the shallow brook' are still in use. His sister's garden was down by the brook-side in front of the house, and her daffodils are perpetuated and may now be found in their season each year in that place. The red-barred gate, the poplars, the cattle yard with 'the white horns tossing above the wall,' were all part of Whittier's boy life on the old farm. Even the touch of 'the sundown's blaze on her window pane' is realistic. The only place from which the blaze of the setting sun could be seen reflected in the windows of the old mansion is from the path so perfectly described. . . . All the story about Mary and her lover is wholly imaginative." S. T. PICKARD in his *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*.

Page 67. *Of the fast which the good man life-long kept.*

It was the custom in Sewall's time for churches and individuals to hold fasts whenever any public or private need suggested the fitness; and as state and church were very closely con-

nected, the General Court sometimes ordered a fast. Out of this custom sprang the annual fast in spring, now observed [1888], but it is of comparatively recent date. Such a fast was ordered on the 14th of January, 1697, when Sewall made his special confession of guilt in condemning innocent persons under the supposition that they were witches. He is said to have observed the day privately on each annual return thereafter.

Page 68. *His burden of prophecy yet remains.*

[In point of fact the "old man wise and good," "propped on his staff of age," was forty-five years old when he uttered his prophecy.]

Page 69. *The Red River Voyageur.*

[The church of St. Boniface was burned in 1860, the year after *The Red River Voyageur* was printed. The bells were broken in their fall, and the fragments were sent to London, recast by their original founder, and restored to their place in the new cathedral of St. Boniface.]

Page 77. *Cobbler Keezar's Vision.*

[For a fuller account of Cobbler Keezar, see Whittier's paper on *The Border War of 1708* in his *Prose Works*, volume II, pp. 373, 376. Cobbler Keezar was wont to pitch his tent on Po Hill and mend the foot-gear of the Amesbury people. The old towns of Amesbury and Salisbury, within a few years consolidated, were divided by the Powow River. The falls described in the poem are concealed from view now by the factories and the arches which span the river.]

Page 78. *Or the stone of Dr. Dee.*

Dr. John Dee was a man of erudition, who had an extensive museum, library, and apparatus; he claimed to be an astrologer, and had acquired the reputation of having dealings with evil spirits, and a mob was rais'd which destroyed the greater part of his possessions. He professed to raise the dead and had a magic crystal. He died pauper in 1608.

Page 81. *The Countess.*

[There is a slight inaccuracy in Whittier's head note to *The Countess*. According to Miss Rebecca I. Davis, *Cleanings from the Valley of the Merrimac*, where she gives her authorities, the marriage took place March 21, 1805. The Countess died January 5, 1807. Count Vipart returned to Guadaloupe whence he had come to this country at the time of the insurrection; there he married again, and there he died and was buried, but his remains were afterward removed to the family tomb in Bordeaux, France. Mr. Matthew Whittier, the poet's only brother, married Abby, daughter of Joseph Rochement de Poyen.]

Page 103. *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.*

[The following long note originally was used as an introduction to the poem.] The beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics,

who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Dr. Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck, feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Crefield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognized head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Auna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in *The Friend* (Vol. XVIII. No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a *Description of Pennsylvania*, in which he alludes to the settlement: —

"The German town of which I spoke before,  
Which is at least in length one mile or more,  
Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,  
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much, —  
There grows the flax, as also you may know  
That from the same they do divide the tow.  
Their trade suits well their habitation,  
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700 and 1701. His *Lives of the Saints*, etc., written in German and dedicated to Professor Schurinberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled *Hive Beestock, Melittotropium Alucar, or Rusca Apium*, still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer: —

"Quisquis in hec furtim reptas ziridaria nostra  
Tangere fallaci poma cavo manu,  
Si non obsequeri fixit Deus omne quod opto,  
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta fieris."

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical *The Penn Monthly*, of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius: —

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; that Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice and to the mighty influence of their endeavors to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker

pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering, — faint, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their *Magnalia*; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her country-women, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer:<sup>1</sup> "The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no eternal splendor and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles."

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist, — a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the pres-

ent time, such a picture will find favor may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

Page 104. *As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's bower.*

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker Historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Anna Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

Page 106. *Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den.*

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rathe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement "The Woman in the Wilderness" (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring "that he could, as little agree with the *Dannamus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent."

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous "Stone of Wisdom" into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

Page 108. *Or Sluyter, saintly familist, whose word.*

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam, and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wierard; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector

<sup>1</sup> Mulford's *The Nation*, pp. 267, 268.

Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679, Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently [1872] published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermans, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favorably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them cautiously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

Page 107. *Its long-disused and half-forgotten lore.*

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the

beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book; also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinae, id est Initia Physica inaudita progressus medicinae novus in morborum ultionam ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers." It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

P. 107. *As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting.*

"The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1688. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

Page 109. *The Indian from his face washed all his war-paint off.*

In one of his letters addressed to German Friends, Pastorius says: "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and slylshness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth - Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink."

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many

among those who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seidensticker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says in *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."

Page 112. *To-morrow shall bring another day.*

A common saying of Valdemar; hence his sobriquet *Alvorday*.

Page 117. *The Witch of Wenham.*

[The house referred to in the head-note is that known as the old Prince house, near Oak Knoll, on the estate now owned by the Xaverian Brothers. In sending the poem to *The Atlantic*, where it was first published, Whittier wrote to the editor: "I do not know how it may strike thee; to me (who am no good judge) it seems one of my best."]

Page 135. *The Homestead.*

[In a letter written after the appearance of *The Homestead*, Whittier wrote: "I saw in the country several of these melancholy spectacles of abandoned homes. I think the farmers of New England are better off as a class, on their hard soil, than those who are on the rich lands of the West. They are not rich, but they are not poor; they live comfortably, and as a rule own their farms clear of mortgage. If they were content to live and toil as the poorer farmers in the West do, they would double their deposits in the savings banks."]

Page 138. *And led by Him, nor man nor devil I fear.*

"He [Macy] shook the dust from off his feet, and departed with all his worldly goods and his family. He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit that impelled him broke forth: 'Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on

earth, or the devils in hell!'" — *Life of Robert Pike*, page 55.

Page 142. *The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood.*

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

Page 142. *The sweetest name in all his story.*

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

Page 153. *The Old Burying-Ground.*

[This poem was written with a thought of the ancient cemetery at East Haverhill, near Rocks Village. "The entire piece," Whittier wrote to Lowell, "has now to me a deep and solemn significance. It was written in part while watching at the sick-bed of my dear mother — now no longer with us. She passed away a few days ago, in the beautiful serenity of a Christian faith, a quiet and peaceful dismissal."]

Page 155. *The River Path.*

[To a friend who inquired as to the origin of this poem, Whittier wrote: "The poem was suggested by an evening on the Merrimac River in company with my dear sister, who is no longer with me, having crossed the river (as I fervently hope), to the glorified hill of God."]

Page 157. *The Vanishers.*

[This was the first poem written by Whittier after the death of his sister Elizabeth. In a letter to Mr. Fields he says: "If thee have read Schoolcraft thee will remember what he says of the Packwud-jinies or 'little vanishers.' The reference is to *History, Condition and Prospects of the American Indians*, pp. 122, 123.]

Page 160. *I see the gray fort's broken wall.*

[The place that was in the mind of the poet when he wrote this stanza was on the rocks at Marblehead, where he had spent an early morning more than forty years before.]

Page 171. *Over Sibmah's vine.*

"O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!" *Jeremiah*, xlviii., 32.

Page 172.

*Even as the great Augustine*

*Questioned earth and sea and sky.*

"Interrogavi Terram," etc. August. *Soliloq.* Cap. xxxi.

Page 173. *To a Friend.*

[The friend was Elizabeth Neall, afterward Mrs. Sydney Howard Gay.]

Page 174. *Lucy Hooper.*

[It was in the summer of 1837, while residing in New York, that Whittier made the acquaintance of Lucy Hooper. She was a native of Essex County, and was at that time living with her parents in Brooklyn. Whittier encouraged her literary ambition, for she had given promise of poetic excellence, and was con-

sidering the advisability of publishing a volume. When Whittier shortly afterward was editing *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, he printed several of her poems. Later in 1839 he was with her by the Merrimac one August afternoon.]

Page 190.

*And the goodman's voice, at strife  
With his shrill and tipsy wife.*

[When Whittier first went to school with his sister Mary, the school-house was undergoing repairs, and the school was held in a dwelling house, the other part of which was occupied by a tipsy and quarrelsome couple.]

Page 192. *Homilies from Oldbug hear.*

Dr. Withington, author of *The Puritan*, under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.

Page 192. *The holy monk of Kempen spake.*  
Thomas & Kempis in *De Imitatione Christi*.

Page 196. *When, years ago, beside the summer sea.*

[In the great political contest of 1850, in Massachusetts, when the United States senatorship was in question, Whittier took an active part in forming the coalition between the Free Soilers and the Democrats. He went to Phillips Beach, Swampscott, to see Sumner and induce him to accept the nomination.]

Page 226. *I thank you for sweet summer days.*

[At one of the Laurel festivals the guests who had so often enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ashby presented them with an album containing photographs and other tokens of their appreciation. Upon the first page were written these lines by Whittier : —

DEAR FRIENDS : —

Accept this book whose pages hold  
The sun-traced shadows manifold  
Of friends, who 've known you long and well  
At city hearth, in sylvan dell,  
Enjoying under roof and tree  
Your liberal hospitality ;  
Who grateful own that while you gave  
Your life-long labor to the slave,  
(A labor crowned with more success  
Than hope could dream, or wisdom guess)  
You kept warm hearts, and opened wide  
Your windows on life's sunny side.  
Take, then, the volume with our thanks,  
And long upon your river banks  
When in azalea-gladened woods  
The June sun swells the laurel buds,  
May we still meet as we have met,  
And larger make to you our debt.]

Page 228. *Hymn for the House of Worship at Georgetown.*

[Whittier published the following card in the *Boston Transcript*, January 30, 1868: "In writing the *Hymn for the Memorial Church at Georgetown*, the author, as his verses indicate, has sole reference to the tribute of a brother and sister to the memory of a departed mother, — a tribute which seemed, and still seems to him in itself considered, very beautiful and appropriate ; but he has since seen with surprise and sorrow a letter read at the dedication, imposing certain extraordinary restrictions upon the society which is to occupy the house. It is due to himself, as a simple act of justice, to say

that had he known of the existence of that letter previously, the Hymn would never have been written, nor his name in any way connected with the proceedings." The restrictions imposed were designed to prevent the use of the building for any lecture or discussion on political subjects or other matters inconsistent with the preaching of the gospel.]

Page 245. *Fie on the witch !*

Goody Cole was brought before the Quarter Sessions in 1640 to answer to the charge of being a witch. The court could not find satisfactory evidence of witchcraft, but so strong was the feeling against her that Major Waliron, the presiding magistrate, ordered her to be imprisoned, with a "lock kept on her leg," at the pleasure of the Court. In such judicial action one can read the fear and vindictive spirit of the community at large.

Page 246. "Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

[Evidence found in favor of the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, an ancestor of the poet, after the poem was first printed, led Whittier to modify lines which upheld the guilt of the clergyman.]

Page 249. *His Crimean camp-song hints to us.*

The reference is to Bayard Taylor's poem, *The Song of the Camp*.

Page 258. *The Palatine.*

[The legend on which this ballad is founded was told to Mr. Whittier by his friend, Joseph P. Hazard, of Newport, R. I., two years before the poem was written. About two years after it was published, he received a curious letter from Mr. Benjamin Corydon, of Napoli, N. Y., then in the ninety-second year of his age, who wrote : —

"The Palatine was a ship that was driven upon Block Island, in a storm, more than a hundred years ago. Her people had just got ashore, and were on their knees thanking God for saving them from drowning, when the Islanders rushed upon them and murdered them all. That was a little more than the Almighty could stand, so he sent the Fire or Phantom Ship, to let them know He had not forgotten their wickedness. She was seen once a year on the same night of the year on which the murders occurred, as long as any of the wreckers were living ; but never after all were dead. I must have seen her eight or ten times — perhaps more — in my early days. It is seventy years or more since she was last seen. My father lived right opposite Block Island, on the mainland, so we had a fair view of her as she passed down by the island, then she would disappear. She resembled a full-rigged ship, with her sails all set and all ablaze. It was the grandest sight I ever saw in all my life. I know of only two living who ever saw her, — Benjamin L. Knowles, of Rhode Island, now ninety-four years old, and myself, now in my ninety-second year."]

Page 262. *Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France : —

Toussaint! — thou most unhappy man of men! Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough Within thy hearing, or thou liest now Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den; O miserable chieftain! — where and when Wilt thou find patience? — Yet, die not, do thou Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow; Though fallen thyself, never to rise again, Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies, — There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee; thou hast great allies. Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Page 282. *And he, the basest of the base.*  
The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

Page 289.

*So shalt thou defly raise  
The market price of human flesh.*

There was at the time when this poem was written an Association in Liberty County, Georgia, for the religious instruction of negroes. One of their annual reports contains an address by the Rev. Josiah Spry Law, in which the following passage occurs: "There is a growing interest in this community in the religious instruction of Negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the quiet and order of the people, and the pecuniary interest of the owners."

Page 293. *The Pine-Tree.*

[Whittier wrote this poem immediately upon reading the proceedings of the convention. He enclosed it in the following note to Charles Sumner: "I have just read the proceedings of your Whig convention and the lines enclosed are a feeble expression of my feelings. I look upon the rejection of Stephen C. Phillips's resolutions as an evidence that the end and aim of the managers of the convention was to go just far enough to scare the party and no farther. All thanks for the free voices of thyself, Phillips, Allen, and Adams. Notwithstanding the result you have not spoken in vain. If thee thinks well enough of these verses, hand them to the *Whig* or *Chronotype*."]

Page 298. *I hear the Free-Wills singing.*

The book-establishment of the Free-Will Baptists in Dover was refused the act of incorporation by the New Hampshire Legislature, for the reason that the newspaper organ of that sect and its leading preachers favored abolition.

Page 299. *Our Belknap brother heard with awe.*

The senatorial editor of the *Belknap Gazette* all along manifested a peculiar horror of "niggers" and "nigger parties."

Page 299. *At Pittsfield, Reuben Leavitt saw.*

The justice before whom Elder Storrs was brought for preaching abolition on a writ drawn by Hon. M. N., Jr., of Pittsfield. The sheriff served the writ while the elder was praying.

Page 299. *The schoolhouse, out of Canaan sauled.*

The academy at Canaan, N. H., received one

or two colored scholars, and was in consequence dragged off into a swamp by Democratic teams.

Page 299.

*What boots it that we pelted out  
The anti-slavery women.*

The Female Anti-Slavery Society, at its first meeting in Concord, was assailed with stones and brickbats.

Page 299.

*For this did shifty Atherton  
Make gao rules for the great House!*

"Papers and memorials touching the subject of slavery shall be laid on the table without reading, debate, or reference." So read the gag-law, as it was called, introduced into the House by Mr. Atherton.

Page 315.

*The first great triumph won  
In Freedom's name.*

The election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the United States officials and the armed police of Boston.

Page 332. *To William H. Seward.*

[ "Tell Mr. Seward," Whittier wrote to A. W. Thayer, February 1, 1861, "I have bound him to good behavior in my verse, and that if he yields the ground upon which the election was carried and consents to the further extension of slavery he will compromise me, as well as the country and himself."]

Page 350. *Garrison.*

[Whittier's tribute to "Garrison" was published in the *Independent*, June 5, 1879, and was accompanied by the following letter to the editor: —

"At the solemn and impressive funeral of my beloved and early friend, William Lloyd Garrison, one of the speakers read a part of the following poem, which I now send, asking a place for it in thy paper, although after the surpassingly beautiful tribute of Wendell Phillips, and the perhaps still more touchingly eloquent words of Theodore D. Weld, it may seem almost superfluous. Something on my part seems due to the intimate friendship of more than fifty years, unbroken and undisturbed by any differences of opinion and action during the long anti-slavery struggle."]

Page 357. *And beauty is its own excuse.*

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his imitable sonnet to the Rhodora, —

*If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.*

Page 400.

*No social smoke*

*Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.*

So isolated was the Whittier homestead that from the date of its erection to the present time no neighbor's roof has been in sight.]

Page 401. *Ah, brother! only I and thou.*

[Matthew Franklin Whittier, born July 4, 1812, died January 7, 1883. In middle life, during his residence in Portland, he took a deep interest in the anti-slavery movement, and wrote

a series of caustic letters under the signature Ethan Spike of Hornby.]

Page 401.

*The African Chief* was the title of a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, wife of the Hon. Perez Morton, a former attorney-general of Massachusetts. Mrs. Morton's *nom de plume* was *Philenia*. The school book in which *The African Chief* was printed was Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*, and the poem contained fifteen stanzas, of which the first four were as follows: —

See how the black ship cleaves the main  
High-bounding o'er the violet wave,  
Remurming with the groans of pain,  
Deep freighted with the prifely slave.

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,  
Forgetful of their guardian love,  
When the white traitors of the deep  
Betrayed him in the palmy grove?

A chief of Gambia's golden shore,  
Whose arm the band of warriors led,  
Perhaps the lord of boundless power,  
By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,  
"Claim the first right which nature gave;  
From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
Nor deign to live a burdened slave"?

Page 402. *Or Chalkley's Journal old and quaint.*

Chalkley's own narrative of this incident, as given in his *Journal*, is as follows: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me,' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me. (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware."

Page 402. *Our uncle, innocent of books.*

[For further account of Whittier's uncle Moses, the reader is referred to Whittier's *Prose Works*, volume I. p. 322.]

Page 403. *There, too, our elder sister plied.*

[Mary Whittier, born September 3, 1806, married Jacob Caldwell of Haverhill, had two children, Lewis Henry and Mary Elizabeth, and died January 7, 1860.]

Page 403. *Our youngest and our dearest sat.*

[Elizabeth Hussey Whittier, born December 7, 1815, was to her brother John what Dorothy Wordsworth was to William. It was her brother's opinion that "had her health, sense of duty, and almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers." Some of her poems are given in this volume. She died September 3, 1864.]

Page 403. *The master of the district school.*

[Until near the end of his life, Whittier was unable to recall the name of the schoolmaster who stood for this figure in *Snow-Bound*. At last he remembered his name as Haskell, and from this clue the person was traced. He was George Haskell from Waterford, Maine, a Dartmouth student, who studied medicine, and died in Vineland, New Jersey, in 1876.]

Page 404. *Another guest that winter night.*

[In his introductory note, Whittier adds somewhat to his characterization of Harriet Livermore. At the time when *Snow-Bound* was written he did not know that she was living, or he might not have introduced her. She died in 1867.]

Page 404. *The crazy Queen of Lebanon.*

[An interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope may be found in Kinglake's *Eothen*, chap. viii.

Page 406. *These Flemish pictures of old days.*

[In 1888 Whittier wrote the following lines on the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of *Snow-Bound*: —

Twenty years have taken flight  
Since these pages saw the light.  
All home loves are gone,  
But not all with sadness, still,  
Do the eyes of memory fit  
As I gaze thereon.

Lone and weary life seemed when  
First these pictures of the pen  
Grew upon my page;  
But I still have loving friends  
And the peace our Father sends  
Cheers the heart of age.

Page 410. *From the Bay State's graceful daughter.*

[The late Mrs. Jettie Morrill Wason, daughter of the late Hon. George Morrill of Amesbury.

Page 438. *O Beauty, old yet ever new.*

"Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee." — August. *Soliq.*, Book X.

Page 438. *Who saw the Darkness overflowed.*

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Dark

ness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite Love of God." — *George Fox's Journal*.

Page 438. *The Cry of a Lost Soul*.

The story of the origin of this name, *El alma perdida*, is thus related by Lieut. Herndon. "An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring, she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination syllabled into *pa-pa, ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spaniards heard this story, and with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird 'The Lost Soul.'" — *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon made under direction of the Navy Department*. By William Lewis Herndon and Lardner Gibbon, Part I. p. 156.

Page 464. *The Light that is felt*.

[The origin of this poem is explained in the following letter from Mrs. George A. Palmer, of Elmira, N. Y. —

"When my oldest daughter was two and a half years old she knew Whittier's *Barefoot Boy* by heart, thus: when I would repeat it to her the omission of a line would be instantly corrected, as one day she said to me, 'Mamma, you skipped out "apples of Cuperides." ' Once, in going ahead of me in a dark hall, she turned with sudden fear, and said, 'Mamma, take hold of my hand, so it will not be so dark.' This incident and the fact of her affection for Mr. Whittier's poetry was reported to him by a friend of the family. My surprise and delight were great when, in April, 1884, I received a kind letter from the poet and a manuscript copy of the poem, which was afterward published in the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*. In his letter Mr. Whittier said, "I am glad to have such a friend in thy little girl. Her good opinion of my verses is worth more to me than that of a learned reviewer. I send a rhymed paraphrase of her own beautiful thought." ]

Page 495. *Mogg Megone*.

Mogg Megone, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as

their agent in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

Page 495. *'Twas the gift of Castine to Mogg Megone*.

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando, — the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

Page 495. *Grey Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping*.

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

Page 495. *Where Phillips' men their watch are keeping*.

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

Page 495. *Steals Harmon down from the sands of York*.

Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was for many years the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

Page 495. *For vengeance left his vine-hung isle*.

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: "Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and over spread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus." — *Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, liv. 2, c. 8.

Page 495. *The hunted outlaw, Bonython*.

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find by the Court Records that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary, his

wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court adjudged John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." (*Court Records of the Province*, 1645.) In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "the Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph :

Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco;  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobomoko.

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the *History of Saco and Biddeford*. — Part I. p. 11.

Page 496. *From the leaping brook to the Saco River.*

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. In this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

Page 496. *Where zealous Hiacoomes stood.*

Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws; then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would with out fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them." — Mayhew, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

Page 497. *Because she cries with an ache in her tooth.*

"The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only paine which will force their stoute hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women

never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this paine."

Page 498. *Wuttamuttata, "Let us drink."* *Weekan, "It is sweet."* *Vide Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language*, "in that parte of America called New England." — London, 1643, p. 35.

Page 498. *Wetuomanit, — a house god, or demon.* "They — the Indians — have given me the names of thirty-seven gods which I have, all which in their solemnie Worships they invocate!" — R. Williams's *Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships, etc., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death:* on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use — upon all occasions — to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene: p. 110, c. 21.

Page 499. *Which marks afar the desert isle.*

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

Page 500. *Half trembling, as he seeks to look.*

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

Page 500. *For Bomazeen from Taconock.*

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

Page 500. *Like a shrouded ghost the Jesuit stands.*

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who at the beginning of the seventeenth century penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits to the savages in North America was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois, — Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerde, Gonpil, Constantin, and Liegeous. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1644, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of

our religion without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his Praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. His Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church and his own labors: "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day: first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints' days, I seldom let a working-day pass without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue."

— Vide *Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, vol. vi. p. 127.

Page 503. *Pale priest! what proud and lofty dreams.*

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the *History of Saco and Biddeford*, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit." — p. 215.

Page 504. *Where are De Rouville and Cassine.*

Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparring enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth,

without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

Page 504. *Cowesass? — tawhich wessaseen?*  
Are you afraid? — why fear you?

#### IV. A LIST OF MR. WHITTIER'S POEMS

##### ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY

THIS list follows the dates given with the poems. In the few cases where the dates have not been determined exactly, the poems are placed in the group with which they were published when collected in volumes. The order is by years, and no attempt has here been made to preserve the exact order of composition under the year.

- 1825. The Exile's Departure.  
The Deity.  
The Vale of the Merrimac.  
Benevolence.
- 1827. Ocean.
- 1828. The Sicilian Vespers.  
The Earthquake.  
The Song of the Vermonters.
- 1829. The Spirit of the North.  
Judith at the Tent of Holofernes.  
Metacomet.
- 1830. The Drunkard to his Bottle.  
The Past and Coming Year.  
The Fair Quakeress.  
Bolivar.  
The Vaudois Teacher.  
The Star of Bethlehem.  
The Frost Spirit.
- 1831. Isabella of Austria.  
The Fratricide.  
The Cities of the Plain.
- 1832. Isabel.  
Stanzas: "Bind up thy tresses."  
To William Lloyd Garrison.  
To a Poetical Trio in the City of Gotham.
- 1833. The Female Martyr.  
The Missionary.  
The Call of the Christian.  
Extract from "A New England Legend."
- 1834. Toussaint L'Ouverture.  
Mogg Megone.  
The Crucifixion.  
Hymn: "O Thou whose presence went before."  
The Slave-Ships.  
To the Memory of Charles B. Storrs.  
Expostulation
- 1835. A Lament.  
The Demon of the Study.  
The Yankee Girl.  
The Hunters of Men.  
Stanzas for the Times.  
The Prisoner for Debt.
- 1836. A Day.

	Clerical Oppressors.	The Pine-Tree.
	A Summons.	Lines from a Letter to a Young Clerical Friend.
	To the Memory of Thomas Shipley.	To Ronge.
	The Moral Warfare.	Forgiveness.
1837.	Massachusetts.	The Branded Hand.
	The Fountain.	The Reformer.
	Palestine.	To a Southern Statesman.
	Hymns from the French of Lamartine.	Daniel Neall.
	Hymn: "O Holy Father, just and true."	A Letter supposed to be written by the Chairman of the Central Clique at Concord, N. H.
	Ritual.	The Freed Islands.
	The Pastoral Letter.	The Lost Statesman.
1838.	Lines on the Death of S. Oliver Torrey.	The Angels of Buena Vista.
	Pentucket.	Barclay of Ury.
	The Familiist's Hymn.	Yorktown.
	Pennsylvania Hall.	To Delaware.
	Album Verses.	Song of Slaves in the Desert.
	The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother.	The Huskers.
	The Quaker of the Olden Time.	The Drovers.
1839.	The New Year.	Daniel Wheeler.
	The Relic.	My Soul and I.
	The World's Convention.	To my Sister.
1840.	To —, with a copy of Woolman's Journal.	The Wife of Manoah to her Husband.
1841.	The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon.	The Angel of Patience.
	St. John.	What the Voice said.
	The Exiles.	A Dream of Summer.
	Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.	My Thanks.
	The Norsemen.	Randolph of Roanoke.
	Memories.	Proem.
	The Merrimac.	The Slaves of Martinique.
	Lucy Hooper.	The Curse of the Charter-Breakers.
	To a Friend.	The Wish of To-Day.
	Leggett's Monument.	Paeon.
	Democracy.	The Poor Voter on Election Day.
1842.	Follen.	The Crisis.
	The Gallows.	The Reward.
	Raphael.	The Holy Land.
1843.	The Knight of St. John.	Worship.
	Cassandra Southwick.	The Peace Convention at Brussels.
	The New Wife and the Old.	Calef in Boston.
	Hampton Beach.	To Pius IX.
	Ego.	On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior.
	To J. P.	Kathleen.
	Chalkley Hall.	Our State.
	Massachusetts to Virginia.	To Fredrika Bremer.
	The Christian Slave.	The Men of Old.
	Seed-Time and Harvest.	The Christian Tourists.
	To the Reformers of England.	The Lakeside.
	The Human Sacrifice.	Autumn Thoughts.
1844.	The Pumpkin.	The Legend of St. Mark.
	The Bridal of Pennacook.	The Well of Loch Maree.
	Ezekiel.	Ichabod.
	Channing.	In the Evil Day.
	To Massachusetts.	Elliott.
	The Sentence of John L. Brown.	The Hill-Top.
	To Faneuil Hall.	To Avis Keene.
	Texas.	A Sabbath Scene.
1845	New Hampshire.	Derne.
	At Washington.	Lines on the Portrait of a Celebrated Publisher.
	To my Friend on the Death of his Sister.	All's Well.
	Gone.	Remembrance.
	The Shoemakers.	The Chapel of the Hermits.
	The Fishermen.	The Prisoners of Naples.
1846.	The Lumbermen.	
	The Ship-Builders.	

	To my Old Schoolmaster. Invocation. Wordsworth. In Peace. Kossuth. To — : Lines written after a Summer Day's Excursion. What State Street said.	The Palm-Tree. From Perugia. Le Marais du Cygne. The Eve of Election. The Old Burying-Ground. Trinitas. The Sisters. The Pipes at Lucknow. The Swan Song of Parson Avery. Telling the Bees. A Song of Harvest. George B. Cheever. The Cable Hymn.
1852.	Pictures. The Cross. First-Day Thoughts. Questions of Life. April. The Disenthralled. The Peace of Europe. Eva. Astraea. Tauler. Summer by the Lakeside. Trust. The Dream of Pio Nono. The Hero. Rantoul. Official Piety. 1854. The Voices. Burns. William Forster. Charles Sumner. The Rendition. The Haschish. The Fruit Gift. Maud Muller. The Hermit of the Thebaid. Letter from a Missionary of the Method- ist Episcopal Church, South. The Kansas Emigrants. A Memory.	1859. Kenoza Lake. The Preacher. The Red River Voyageur. The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury "The Rock" in El Ghor. In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge. The Over-Heart. My Psalm. The Memory of Burns. Brown of Ossawatomie. On a Prayer-Book. The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall. 1860. For an Autumn Festival. The Truce of Piscataqua. The Shadow and the Light. My Playmate. The River Path. Italy. Naples. The Summons. The Quaker Alumni. The Quakers are out. 1861. To William H. Seward. Thy Will be done. To John C. Frémont. A Word for the Hour. "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Cobbler Keezar's Vision. Our River. A Legend of the Lake. 1862. Amy Wentworth. At Port Royal. The Cry of a Lost Soul. Mountain Pictures. To Englishmen. The Watchers. The Waiting. The Battle Autumn of 1862. Astrea at the Capitol. 1863. The Proclamation. The Answer. To Samuel E. Sewall and Harriet W. Sewall. A Memorial. Andrew Rykman's Prayer. The Countess. Barbara Frietchie. Anniversary Poem. Hymn sung at Christmas by the Scholars of St. Helena's Island, S. C. Mithridates at Chios. The Vanishers. What the Birds said. The Brother of Mercy.
1855.	The Barefoot Boy. My Dream. Flowers in Winter. Arisen at Last. For Righteousness' Sake. Inscription on a Sun-Dial.	
1856.	The Ranger. The Mayflower. The Conquest of Finland. The New Exodus. A Lay of Old Time. A Song, inscribed to the Frémont Clubs. A Frémont Campaign Song. What of the Day. A Song for the Time. The Pass of the Sierra. The Panorama. Burial of Barber. To Pennsylvania. Mary Garvin.	
1857.	Moloch in State Street. The First Flowers. The Sycamores. Mabel Martin, Skipper Ireson's Ride. The Garrison of Cape Ann. The Last Walk in Autumn. The Gift of Tritemius. My Namesake.	
1858.	To James T. Fields.	

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	The Memory.	Norumbega Hall.
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	Garden.	To a Cape Ann Schooner.
	An Autograph.	Samuel J. Tilden.
	An Easter Flower Gift.	A Day's Journey.
	Godspeed.	1887. On the Big Horn.
	The Wishing Bridge	A Legacy.
	Storm on Lake Asquam.	1888. The Brown Dwarf of Rügen.
	On a Fly-Leaf of Longfellow's Poems.	Lydia H. Sigourney, Inscription on Tab let.
	At Last.	One of the Signers.
	A Greeting.	The Christmas of 1888.
	The Poet and the Children.	1889. The Vow of Washington.
	Wilson.	O. W. Holmes on his Eightieth Birth day.
	The Mystic's Christmas.	1890. R. S. S., At Deer Island on the Merri mac.
	Our Country.	Burning Drift-Wood.
	St. Gregory's Guest.	The Captain's Well.
	How the Women went from Dover.	Haverhill.
	What the Traveller said at Sunset.	To G. G.
	A Summer Pilgrimage	Milton, on Memorial Window.
	Winter Roses.	The Last Eve of Summer.
1884.	The Light that is Felt.	To E. C. S.
	The Two Loves.	1891. James Russell Lowell.
	The "Story of Ida."	Preston Powers, Inscription for Bass Relief.
	Samuel E. Sewall.	The Birthday Wreath.
	Sweet Fern.	Between the Gates.
	Abram Morrison.	1892. An Outdoor Reception.
	Birchbrook Mill.	The Wind of March.
	Lines written in an Album.	To Oliver Wendell Holmes.
1885.	Hymns of the Brahmo Samaj	[Date unknown.] The Home Coming of the Bride.
	The Two Elizabeths.	Mrs. Choate's House-Warming.
	Requital.	A Fragment.
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